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LIFE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

By Peter MacQueen and J. Hyatt Smith.

OURS is the noisiest civilization the world has ever seen. The tireless American deserves a vacation more than the citizen of any other country. He lives amid the rumble of wheels and the clang of

tion; another a prophecy; another a fiery tongue.

Out from the great commercial centers of the United States the weary toilers go, seeking change and rest in every country, from the gla-



WEST INLET, CHATEAUGAY LAKE.

From a photograph by Baldwin, Plattsburgh.

hurrying footsteps. Moving loom and whirring spindle, screeching engine and rattling dray, the roar of the street and the tension of the counting house, jade his nerves and haunt his brain. Every morning has its snowfall of newspapers; every evening its telegrams and latest editions. The first man he encounters has a patent; the next has an inven-

tion; another a prophecy; another a fiery tongue. Out from the great commercial centers of the United States the weary toilers go, seeking change and rest in every country, from the gla-

One of the most delightful and accessible of American retreats is the State Park of New York, the Adirondack Forest, with its three million acres of wild uplands, averaging two thousand feet above the sea level. It stretches, roughly speaking, from the St. Lawrence to Fort William Henry, and from Lake Champlain to the Black River Railroad, covering portions of nine counties, in an area about seventy five miles square.

According to Dana, this was the first dry land in the western hemisphere, the surface rocks being of the same strata as the lowest beds of the Alleghanies or of the Rocky Mountains. Its name is connected with interesting historical events. After the great Indian battle near Quebec, in which the Iroquois almost annihilated the Algonquins, the remnant of the latter nation sought refuge in the wilderness of the New York woods. Reduced to starvation, they subsisted for weeks upon roots and the bark of trees, and their enemies in derision called them "Hade-ron-dack" or Tree Eaters. The French afterwards dropped the "h" and called the forest Adirondack.

Entering this great reserve at its southwestern extremity by the way of Utica or Boonville, the first camping ground we reach is the Fulton Chain of eight lakes. Nothing can be prettier than this series of clear mountain ponds. It lies in the John Brown Tract. The whole surrounding country is rugged and untamed; a combination of mountains, of rivulets and woods, of lakes in their beauty and hills in their strength. To the south are Woodhull, Panther, Nick's, Little Moose, and the Bisby Lakes; eastward lie Beaver, Indian, Squaw, and Canachagala—"rocks in the water"—sleeping in peerless beauty in its mountain cradle.

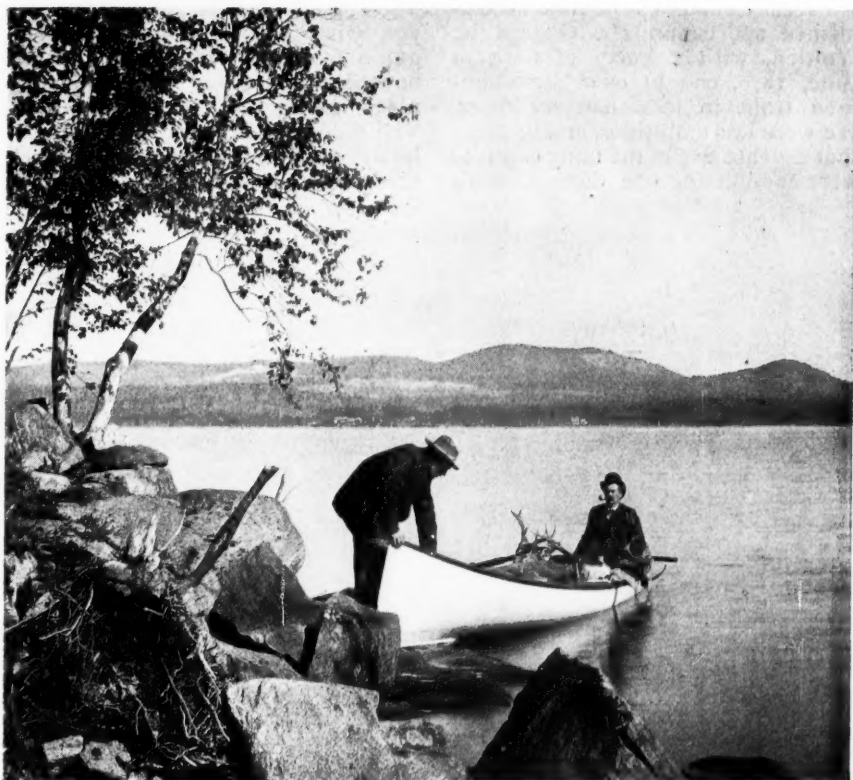
What we first saw of this country was the low line of hills that faced us as we left "Studor's," at White Lake Corners, with Captain Van Dyke, in a buckboard. Our way lay over a corduroy road. Majestic pines bowed to us as we passed. An impudent squirrel yawped out at us,

and asked our business. A gossipy old partridge waddled across the road in front of the horses. A little brook was singing a love song to the water cresses; butterflies were floating about like scattered snowflakes. What the bee could not tell us, the song bird communicated.

The old captain, the leader of our party, was a mighty hunter. Tall, swarthy, keen of sight, and fleet of foot; his skin as leathery as a piece of his own jerked venison; his voice cracked like his own rifle, and his eye was as blue as the lake he loved. He lost an arm defending the government in 1863; and now, in time of peace, he defies the government, and lives on venison the whole year round. If you wish to know where he did his poaching and kept his larder I won't tell you, for I don't know, and no one else ever did. Often would he leave the camp with a cheery "Good by, boys," and later on appear with a gallant buck, from no one knew where.

Late in the afternoon of the day that we left Studor's we reached Woodhull Lake, the feeder of the Black River Canal. Here we filled the boat with our baggage and ourselves and moved north to the captain's primitive camp, three miles back from the lake.

At the head of the lake was a primitive hotel kept by "Chris" Herig, and called "Herig's Castle." Never was there a more unpretentious hostelry, with its paper partitions, floors that creaked to the tread, and a nightly chorus of deerhounds, frogs, and owls. Herig's was the base of our supplies, a sort of commissary agency for potatoes, onions, and bread. A clear trail ran from our camp to the hotel, and a morning walk through the forest was a natural tonic. The solemn stillness, broken only by the whirr of a partridge as it crossed the path; the marvelous interblending of light and shade; the cadence of the towering pines; the purring of a mountain brook; the balmy odor of the balsam and spruce—these robbed life of its weariness and made us new men.



MEAD'S ISLAND, CHATEAUGAY LAKE.
From a photograph by Baldwin, Plattsburgh.

The Adirondack camp, as every one knows, is a three sided shanty, with log walls and bark roof, and a fireplace in front. It is usually built on a slight elevation near a stream. Beds are formed of hemlock boughs, frequently renewed. Your guide is your *chef*, and you sit down to a morning meal of venison and trout with the appetite of a cannibal. For a refrigerator, find one of the icy mountain streams, and for an extension table, use bark in strips.

At night the hooting of the owls, the sighing of the wind, and the flickering of the cheerful log fire, prove a certain opiate, and you draw a blanket over you and gently sleep, breathing pine scented air and dreaming of the early days when Algonquin and Iroquois met in these forests in deadly war.

Of course this is the roseate side of the picture. There are days, and not a few, when steady rains drench the forests for miles about you. Insidious drops bore their way through the roof and trickle down your neck. Your fire goes out, the dinner hour approaches, and you have no dry wood. The whole scene is one of wet desolation, and your spirits droop toward the zero point. You are a prisoner, and you pray for the sunshine. You turn to the larder and find the salt caked, the coffee damp, the bread moldy, and one by one the matches fail to strike. But still congenial company and songs, pipes, and stories fill out the day, and dry weather comes at last.

On the Moose River, the silver trout, the most beautiful of all the species, are to be found in plenty.

On West Canada Creek that accomplished sportsman Mr. George H. Worden, with a party of four, in June, 1876, caught over three hundred trout in less than six hours. We were less ambitious, and thought that seventy five of the finny captives were enough for one day. Comb's

You engage a guide for the night, if you wish to "still hunt." Your guide places a "jack light" in the bow of the boat, and you take your place, rifle in hand, behind the jack. The guide sits in the stern and noiselessly paddles you where the deer are expected to appear. The cold,



THE GRAVE OF THE BROWNS, NORTH ELBA.

Spring Hole supplied our camp. We often woke after a good night's rest to find our breakfast swimming about "in the still waters"; and glorious were the days spent in wooing these peerless fish, as we waded up narrow brooks of wondrous beauty, and cast our flies on pools, motionless as glass, into whose icy recesses one could gaze for many a foot.

These trouting expeditions will haunt a man if he lives to be a century old. Often in his dreams he will long to cast a fly once more upon the dancing waters, and feel the tug of wild brook beauties at his hook.

But deer hunting is the most exciting sport in the Adirondacks.

as morning draws on, is intense. You dare not move. Your teeth chatter. The suspense is fearful. Suddenly, from out the morning mist, two balls of fire peer at you, and you raise your rifle. How it shakes! You fire—and with a great snort, the forest monarch bounds away into the bushes, unharmed. It is your first attack of "buck fever."

Still hunting usually lasts from the fifteenth of August until the first of November. But still hunting, as an old guide told me one day, "don't give the deer an equal chance of his eyes and ears." Hunting with dogs is allowed from the tenth of September to the tenth of October, except in St. Lawrence County.

During September the woods glow with a hundred colors beneath a Venetian sky; the flying pests of the wilderness have ceased to annoy, and the air is wonderfully bracing and clear. It was on one of those days, at Canachagala Stillwater, that we chased the deer. Three of us guarded the "runways." I remember it well. I had practiced for a week with my rifle in all sorts of positions. No deer had been seen, and I had become interested in "Les Miserables."

It was clear midday. The dogs barked—they had barked before and it had meant nothing. I was at the barricades of Paris in my book when the branches on the opposite side of the river divided with rustling noise, and an antlered buck bounded into the water.

He was ten yards away, full faced. I drew on him once, twice, six times, hit an island a hundred yards away, and barked the trees in front of my friends, who were about a quarter of a mile farther down the river.

But the buck was splendid. Snorting in displeasure, head thrown back, eyes distended, he took three bounds to the island and one over it, and disappeared in the forest.

In a few minutes the guns opened in the enemy's camp. His buckship had returned to the water in order to throw the dogs off the scent. The sixteenth bullet from Rouse killed him. But—do not tell any one—in camp, that night, I found one of my bullets in his heart.

Many of the names in the Adirondacks are beautiful and suggestive.



THE ADIRONDACK FOREST IN WINTER.
From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

Take the stream on which the Trenton Falls are located. Its Indian name, Te-non-a-notch-ie, "a river flowing through a mountain," is a description in a single word. Or Konnediey, from which comes the word Canada, "beautiful water,"—a poem in a single name. To the cascades at Trenton Falls the Indians gave the title Kuy-a-ho-ra, "fall of glancing waters." Past this place went the trail from the Mohawk Valley to the St. Lawrence, and at the falls the warlike Mohawks had a summer camp of peace.

Distinguished exiles have lent a

halo to this wilderness by their presence, and distinguished writers have cast upon it a glory from their pens. In these forest glades dwelt Joseph Bonaparte, favorite brother of the emperor, for two summers, in the sumptuousness of royalty, and beloved for his kindness by all the country folk. Here, too, in 1797, came Louis

toric of all the noted spots in these woods. The first fort was built in 1691 by Colonel Philip Schuyler, as a point from which to attack the French. Montcalm afterward rebuilt it. Here Baron Driskau and his troops stopped, when defeated by the English, in 1755; and from here Montcalm marched to capture Fort Wil-



BRINGING HOME THE DEER.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1899, by S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls.

Philippe, an exile from Versailles, whose splendor and opulence he sought to rival amid the beauties of nature in the new world.

Samuel de Champlain was the first hunter in the Adirondacks. In 1609, together with a few other sportsmen, he fell in with a party of Iroquois. Having shot four of the tribe, he manfully pursued the others, who broke cover. This occurred in the same year that Hendrik Hudson sailed up the first of American rivers, and eleven years before the landing of the Mayflower.

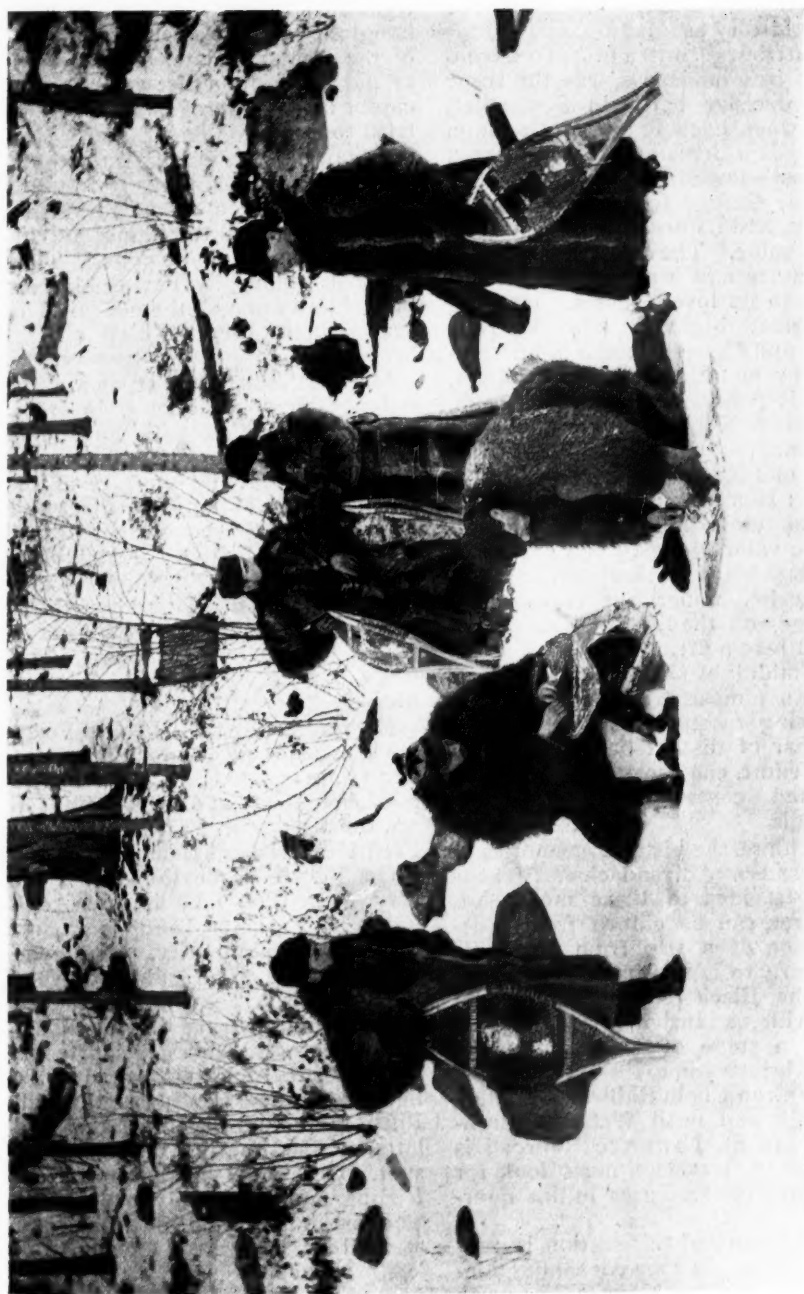
The Indian name for Lake Champlain is "Lake which is the Gateway of the Country." Truly named indeed, for it was the gateway at which the French, Indian, English, and American races met and grappled in angry coil for the supremacy of the continent.

Fort Ticonderoga is the most his-

liam Henry in 1757. Abercrombie was here defeated in 1758; and from this place General Amherst drove the French to Canada in 1759.

The fort fell into bad repair before the Revolution. In 1775 it was garrisoned by fifty men; and on the morning of May 18 it was surprised and captured by eighty three Green Mountain boys under Captain Ethan Allen. De La Place, the commandant, inquired by what right Allen demanded it. "I demand it," said the patriot, "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress;" and the fort was surrendered.

The Colonies held it until July, 1777, when Burgoyne besieged and took it from St. Clair. In September of the same year it was recaptured by Colonel John Brown, and upon Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga it was dismantled. It now lies a heap of



A SNOW SHOE PARTY AT SARANAC LAKE.
From a photograph—Copyright, 1889, by S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls.

moldering ruins, eloquent of a past that is inseparably linked to our early history as a nation.

Plattsburgh, now a prosperous center of iron industries, was the scene of a decisive battle in September, 1814, when Macomb and McDonough captured a British fleet and defeated Prevost's invading army.

Lake George for scenery has few equals, and its historic interest is of great value. The memories of heroic adventure and warlike exploit still cling to its lovely shores. Marking the great highway between New York and Canada, it was often traveled by monk, savage, and soldier. Over it passed the brave Montcalm, the pious Father Jaques, the good Ronband, St. Ours, Lord Howe, Putnam, and Rogers; Johnson and Williams; Hendrick and Stark. Deeds of the most knightly daring and poetic valor, done by the armies of Amherst and Abercrombie and Montcalm, under the cross of St. George and the lilies of France—all found here a fitting theater.

At midnight now the musing tourist can almost descry the colors of opposing forces, can almost detect the roar of distant battle, and, with little effort, can fancy himself in the haunted center of the Colonial struggle.

Such are the historic memories of the eastern Adirondacks. Perhaps the best idea of these mountains, however, can be gained from a description of a trip from Boonville northerly to Lake Champlain. Leaving the Black River Railroad at Boonville, a thriving and cleanly town, a stage of uncertain movements brings you to the "Old Forge." The Fulton Chain Railway has fallen through, and until Webb's Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railroad is completed, travelers must look for primitive conveniences in this quarter.

The history of this section is very interesting. In 1792 Alexander Macomb bought over three million acres of land from the State. He became insolvent through the machinations of Aaron Burr, and the land passed

into the hands of a Mr. Constable. Again, in 1794, James Greenleaf bought two hundred thousand acres of the tract, and later mortgaged it to a certain John Brown—not the captor of Ticonderoga. Here Brown tried to mine iron, but failed. Herisichoff, his son in law, entered the region in 1802, planning to found a great estate. He failed in raising cattle and turned to mining, but his iron cost him a dollar a pound. Then he tried suicide, by having his men bury him in one of the mines. Unsuccessful in this, he blew out his brains.

His successor on the scene was the redoubtable Nat Foster, in 1832. Nat was troubled with an Indian neighbor named Drid, whom he finally assisted into eternity at the business end of a rifle. After this event he found it convenient to seek a colder latitude. Otis Arnold took possession of the Old Forge in 1838 and kept it as a hostelry for thirty years, until he killed a guide, after which he repaired to Nick's Lake, tied a stone to his neck, and drowned himself.

My recollections of the Old Forge are somewhat pleasanter than these. I can only remember a clean bed, a good breakfast, and a beautiful sail up the first four Fulton Lakes, to Fred Hess's Island Camp.

On Fourth Lake the echoes are very fine. The lake is lined with hotels and camps, and is yearly growing in popularity. Here you may obtain a good guide for your mountain tour. Fortunate indeed were we in securing old John Cunnerford, trusty, capable, courteous, and reticent. John embarked in his light canoe and rowed us through Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Lakes, the latter a fine hunting and camping spot. Here wild bucks appeared, feeding among the lily pads. We were anxious to shoot one, but John assured us we were "too far from 'em," and shouldering his boat, he carried it a mile to Eighth Lake without another word.

Eighth Lake is an uninhabited gem two miles long; its woods, ris-



CHARCOAL KILNS ON THE CHATEAUGAY RAILROAD.

From a photograph by S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls.

ing from precipitous shores, just then tinged with autumn glory, its pellucid waters filled with fish, and its green island in the center presenting a marvelous combination of pines, pebbles, and mossy glades.

In these western Adirondacks there are two great preserves. One is the Nehasane Park, owned by Dr. W. Seward Webb. It includes the second, third, and fourth lakes of the Fulton Chain, and, with Mountain Park, of which Dr. Webb owns the larger share, comprises an area of about three hundred square miles. Permits are given to any sportsman to hunt and fish on most of this property, but watchers are stationed there to eject any one on the first violation of the game or fish laws.

The second of these great preserves is that of the Adirondack

League Club, lying east of Moose River, in Herkimer and Hamilton Counties. Its station on the new railway will be the Old Forge, and the new clubhouse, Mountain Lodge, on Moose Lake, built at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, will be about four miles from the station. The club owns 104,000 acres in fee simple, and has leased the privilege of 75,000 acres more. It was organized in 1890 by a number of gentlemen who wished to put into practice the system of rational forestry prevailing on the continent of Europe. Professor B. E. Fernow, of Washington, is its forestry adviser. Most of the building sites so far selected by the members have been on Honnedaga or Moose Lakes. The clubhouse, "Forest Lodge," is on the former lake.

A carry of a mile and a half from the head of Eighth Lake brings you to the head of the Brown Tract Inlet, which, followed eastward for four devious miles, ushers the voyageur into Raquette Lake. This noted lake, whose deeply indented shores have a hundred and thirty miles of coast line, is famed for its rustic camps, beautiful and costly. "The Hemlocks" and "The Antlers," give one a choice of two extremes—the one hotel all shadows and the other all sunshine.

Camp "Pine Knot" is the pioneer camp on this lake, and is one of the most artistic in the Adirondacks. Others on the shore or islands of Raquette Lake are owned by Ex Governor Lounsberry of Connecticut, Senator McCarthy of Syracuse, Senator Henderson, Commodore Stott, and James Ten Eyck of Albany. The widow of President Grant has a cottage on the peninsula.

From Raquette Lake one takes a little steamer through the Marion River, a waterway so crooked as to suggest a Boston thoroughfare. Leaving this mazy stream, after a walk of half a mile you re-embark on Utowana Lake, which is two miles long and leads into Eagle Lake, where Ned Buntline came years ago, and where at Eagle's Nest his bride now lies beneath the sighing pines.

Eagle Lake opens into Blue Mountain Lake, one of the largest and most famous of all the lakes of the wilderness. It is an irregular oval, three miles long, and eighteen hundred feet above tide water. It is the opening into the lake district when one comes by the forty mile stage ride from Westport.

The Tupper Lakes lie to the north. Big Tupper is seven miles long and three broad, and has twenty five islands, making it one of the most beautiful and rugged of all these mountain gems.

Long Lake is well named, for it winds among the valleys fourteen miles. Its altitude is 1,614 feet. On the east is Mt. Kempshall; on the north rises Mt. Leonard, 4,384 feet.

Senator Platt and Dr. Duryea have cottages on the north end of Long Lake.

The usual route from Long Lake is by the Raquette River and the Indian Carry into the Upper Saranac. This lake is 1,577 feet above the sea, greatly indented, eight miles long and two miles wide, and dotted with bold, rocky islands. To the north are the St. Regis mountains, and to the east old Whiteface rears his head above the clouds. Saranac Inn, at the north end of the lake, is celebrated as the location of Grover Cleveland's cottage. The view here is very fine. In a circuit of three miles are thirty ponds, full of trout. Good roads penetrate the forest; and Paul Smith's is only ten miles away.

This is the best feeding place for deer in the Adirondacks. A great excitement always occurs when a boat comes up the lake full of dogs and deer, back from the neighboring hills. The guests rush down to the wharf, and the booty is borne in triumph to the lodge.

On the Upper St. Regis is that prince of Adirondack entertainers, Paul Smith. He was first a lumberman, then a guide, and is now a capitalist—for they say that he is worth over half a million. Old Jimmy McClelland, one of the guides, described him to the writer as having a "peculiar way of attracting people to his notice."

Several years ago, while Paul's wife was living, he fell from a scaffold, and was stunned. On recovering his senses his wife said to him: "What would I a' done if you'd a died?"

"What would you a' done?" answered Paul. "You'd a' had no trouble with friends all about you; but what would I a' done goin' away among strangers?"

Around Paul Smith's the camps are owned by people who represent hundreds of millions. Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer occupy the Philadelphia Coates' camp; Mrs. McCormick of Chicago, Mrs. Garrett of Baltimore, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, H. McK. Twombly, Whitelaw Reid, W. H.



A MOONLIGHT TRAMP IN THE FOREST.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1889, by S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls.

Penfield, and John G. Cooper of New York, all have luxurious camps equipped with every convenience of life. There are others on the lower St. Regis and on Spitfire Pond.

The marvelous growth of the popularity of these mountain resorts is shown by the prosperity of such hotels as the Ampersand, on Lower Saranac Lake, which, opened in 1888, entertained ten thousand guests in 1891, and twelve thousand in 1892. Elegant cottages and tents in the pine woods close by; boating, baseball, polo, and coaching; the most modern refinements of furniture and cuisine—and all this on a spot where a few years ago the woods were so thick that you could not send a dog after a rabbit. The game on the Lower Saranac includes deer, bear, rabbits, foxes, partridge, crane, loon, black duck, and sheldrake.

The Sanitarium, which is sometimes confused with the Ampersand, is two miles away from the lake, on the shoulder of Mt. Pisgah, a hundred and fifty feet above the river. It was started in 1884 with a small capital, its object being to afford people of moderate means the best facilities for the cure of pulmonary diseases, at a charge of five dollars a week. From its veranda one may see Mts. Whiteface, Marcy, and McIntyre. It has grown, and in addition to the main building are seventeen cottages, each bearing the name of the donor—among them those of George Dodge, Nathan Strauss, George Cooper, H. D. Polhemus, Thomas Stokes, Mrs. Robert Minton, C. M. Geer, Mrs. Folger, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, and the Misses Stokes.

One can go from the Ampersand



SARANAC IN SUMMER—THE DRIVE TO THE AMPERSAND.

From a photograph by Chandler, St. Albans.

by stage to Lake Placid, ten miles away; by rail to Loon Lake, the summer residence of President Harrison, fourteen miles; and to Saranac Inn, fourteen miles.

For commanding scenery Lake Placid has no superior in the mountains. Old Whiteface Mountain takes his place along with the Matterhorn and Mt. Washington. Among the cleared fields of North Elba, three miles away, is the grave of old John Brown, whose body lies moldering here, but whose soul leads in the march wherever men fight for freedom. A huge boulder marks the grave with this inscription: "John Brown, 1859." He needs no other epitaph. On a bitter winter day, Wendell Phillips, with uncovered head, pronounced a eulogy above his dust.

The Adirondack Lodge, a three story log building, is not far away,

on the road to Elizabethtown. The Cascade lakes attract many visitors. Two thousand feet above tide water, amid magnificent scenery, they lie in the Keene Valley, made famous by the pen of Charles Dudley Warner. St. Hubert's Inn, where years ago Smith Beede and his son Orlando were hunters and guides, is also in this pleasant valley. An unconventional character of entertainment renders this a justly famed resort.

In the year of grace 1892, and in the sunny days of July, we took a Plattsburgh train to a certain Lyon Mountain station, on our way to Upper Chateaugay Lake. This is rather a Siberian looking place, owing to the entire denudation of the forest by the Chateaugay Iron and Ore Company, who have killed trees to make charcoal for their furnaces, and violated the State laws by polluting the waters of the lake with

the refuse of their concentration works. There, however, we discovered a very decent looking wagon marked "Ralph's," well groomed horses and a civil driver. The latter was taking from the express car a fine looking salmon and a case of lemons.

We concluded that if we kept in sight of that salmon, we should not starve, notwithstanding the meager traces of comfort around us. Gradually we leave the miners' huts and get deeper into the woodlands. The country is pretty now, and the salmon is still in the wagon.

There is a silvery lake in front of us with a pretty island in the midst, its shores feathered with pine and balsam. A pleasant faced man meets us, benevolent after the manner of Peter Cooper. In ten seconds we are in a sweet little room overlooking the Chateaugay. The unex-

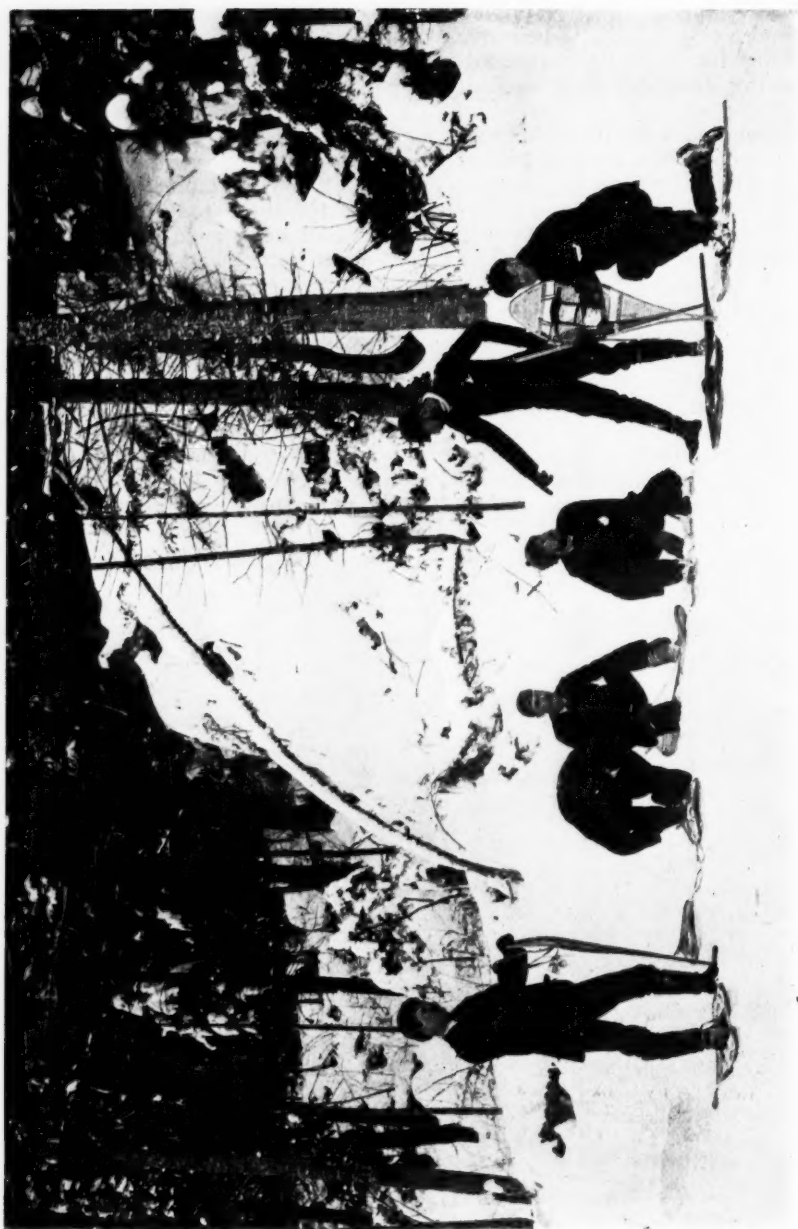
pected has happened. After refreshments of soap and water and a row on the clear surface of Chateaugay Lake, dinner is announced. The first article on the *menu* was Kennebec salmon. Now we realize that our premonitions at the station were the happy instincts of deserving epicures. The rest of the *menu* can best be praised by saying that it held its own with the salmon; and though this was the thirty first lake on which our lot had been cast, we concluded that never before had the lines fallen to us in pleasanter places.

There were a number of expert fly fishermen stopping here, who never failed to make a large catch. The largest fish, however, always gets away. They will swallow a hook or a rod, or even a man and a boat, but get away they are bound to. Occasionally, however, a good creel of speckled beauties, weighing one and



SARANAC IN WINTER—THE LOWER LAKE AND TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.



THE SNOW SHOE CLUB.
From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

a half to two pounds each, was brought in.

Infinitely superior to camp life, with its many discomforts, is the perfect hotel. For all the poetry and pathos of "Home, Sweet Home,"

there is a ring of truth in Shenstone's lines :

Whoe'er hath traveled life's dull round,
Whate'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he oft hath found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

BY MY VALOR,

'Twas at the season's brightest ball,
With costumes rich and gay with dancing;
Miss Kate outshone the maidens all
In something Turkish and entrancing.

My trappings, too, were of the East—
A sort of Oriental medley
Of turban, breeks, and—not the least—
A scimitar of aspect deadly.

She must have known how in my heart
I longed to vault the bars between us,
Yet—proper one!—her formal part
Was played as though all men had seen us.

At length, as—even *Mistering* me—
She asked to take my weapon trusty,
"Come, draw that queer old thing," said she,
And gently touched the scabbard rusty.

And, never handy with the blade,
But all too glad of slightest labor
For her sweet sake, I straight essayed
With valiant mien to bare the saber.

It would not come! I tugged and strained
Choked expletives within me burning;
True to its sheath the steel remained;—
But long the lane without a turning!

At last it budged—another jerk—
Success! And with it pride exceeding;
But, bless me, what a piece of work!
How could I hide my finger's bleeding?

"Oh, Jack, you've cut yourself!" she cried.
From her?—my name—without a handle!
A blush—self mastery—naught beside;—
But, blade, our game was worth the candle.

Yes, later, Kate let slip the chance
To say she'd always be my sister;
Still just as sweet at home and dance
She now calls other fellows *Mister*.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jr.

TOLD BETWEEN CIGARS.

By A. S. Duane.

MY friend Yelverton sat on the piazza rail, his pale olive overcoat catching the light from the street lamp in a broad oval—an oval that had widened perceptibly in the last few months.

When Yelverton first came up from Mexico last summer he shamed me by his youthful slimness. I knew that it was not energy, but a diet of beans and eggs, that was responsible; and a careful ordering of dinners upon my part, and his usual good cooking upon the part of the Metropolitan club cook, soon proved me in the right.

My old friend began to look as a respectable man of forty five ought to look. But there was a spiritual liteness about Yelverton that nothing could take away from him. He sprang nimbly about, and saw things from all sorts of standpoints. It seemed odd that a half dozen years in Mexico and the adjacent territories had given him the cosmopolitan air that foreign life had failed of imparting.

When Yelverton ate his last dinner in Boston, and, taking his cigar, walked out of the club and into the carriage that was his first step westward, all his ideas, his dress, and even his good by, had the Boston stamp. He came back as nice in every particular, but a citizen of the world.

We had been at school and college together, and up to the time of his departure had kept much the same way of looking at everything. We never tried to look very far. Now, it seemed as if the wide distances and crystalline air of the plateaus had given Yelverton a long sighted habit. He swept the horizon—and yet, he often surprised me by notic-

ing the moccasin track in the dust that I never could have found.

We had come down to Plane Beach for a day or two. Yelverton had some cousins who had been staying at the hotel, and the city was getting hot. It was not the height of the season yet, and the few people who were there only served to echo the loneliness that hung about the vast empty spaces.

The hotel was dark and silent. Everybody had gone to bed but ourselves. I found that one of the habits that clung to Yelverton was to take his day from twelve meridian to twelve midnight. He said that was purely Mexican, too.

We smoked our cigars in silent good fellowship, the light falling on Yelverton's back, and on the brim of my soft felt hat that shaded my face.

A drunken man came singing up the street. Not gayly, as most foreigners deport themselves under the spell of Bacchus, but vaguely American even in his hiccups. If Yelverton had been finical I should have said that he shuddered with a sickening disgust. The man went by, and we smoked on. Presently Yelverton threw his cigar away, and, buttoning up his coat, changed his seat from the piazza rail to a chair.

"Curious idea of the Mexicans, not to have any capital punishment."

I wondered if Yelverton had been thinking that the drunken man needed hanging.

"I think it a very humane idea," I said. "The men who deserve hanging are never those who suffer."

Yelverton drew a long breath.

"I don't know but that their way is the best. Motives and circumstances are so complicated, that the simple principles of the law cannot

be expected to cover individual cases. The Mexicans convict a man if his crime requires it, and send him to prison by a guard. If public feeling is against him he is usually shot in 'trying to escape.' If, on the other hand, he has the sympathy of the community—he escapes."

I expressed my disapproval of such slipshod methods.

"We are all apt to measure other people in our own peck measure. Sometimes we give a man credit for motives he never dreamed of, but much oftener we deny him the feeling that culture has given us, and mistake him just as far."

I knew that there was some incident in Yelverton's mind. He never talked entirely in the abstract. I dug up from the past an invitation borrowed from an old professor, dead long ago, one that had called out dozens of stories from Yelverton.

"Illustrate, my boy—illustrate."

He laughed a little, and maybe I flushed a little, to hear how near my natural voice had grown to the thick tones of the old professor.

I like to see Yelverton laugh. There is a youthful gleam of white teeth under his mustache. He put his feet on the piazza rail, and went regularly to his story.

* * * * *

I was in a little Mexican town two years ago—the usual scene of squalor, not as gay squalor, either, as people usually imagine.

The cheapness of American dark calico has ruined the picturesque aspect of Mexico. There was an old church there with an altar of bullion silver that was worth coming to see, but I was there to pick up some vaqueros for my ranch; and considerable trouble I had to get anybody to go. My old vaqueros had been killed by the Apaches, and the men were afraid; besides, they were preparing a *fiesta* in honor of some distinguished visitors. A courier had come in that morning to say that General Presaro, with an American lady and gentleman, was coming.

There was nothing for me to do but await the festivities. I was stay-

ing at the best house the town afforded, and it was here that the visitors were to be received.

They came about five o'clock in the afternoon, just as I came out from my siesta.

The Mexican general was a simple old soul, in a red flannel garment much like a hunting shirt, and ready made American trousers. He could not speak a word of English. The American was a large, dark, ugly man, with a rather fierce expression, but a man who carried himself like a handsome man, and impressed most people as such.

His wife was a dainty, beautiful, weary looking girl, of whom he seemed to take every care.

She told me that evening that it was a great pleasure to have some one to talk to. She only knew a few words of Spanish, and I was the first American, with the exception of her husband and their servant, that she had spoken to for months. I had quite a pleasant evening exchanging experiences with her. The Mexicans kept up the dancing and feasting all night long, and as it was in honor of the Americans they had to stay up too. I slipped away near morning, and went to sleep, with the sound of a flowery speech by the *Senor Americano* waking the echoes of the plaza.

The Americans were Mr. and Mrs. Brompton, from New York. Everybody in the Southwest is "from" somewhere. Mr. Brompton had some mines along the border, and they had a home in the mountains—"a dove's nest in the rocks," Mr. Brompton explained. They gave me a most cordial invitation to visit them, and minute directions for finding the place.

When I went to Hermosilla a month or two later, I saw Brice of Chicago, and as incidents were few, I mentioned my meeting with the Bromptons. He knew them very well.

"Mighty pretty little woman," he said. "It's a pity she married Brompton. She was a Hamilton, with a large fortune in her own right, and nobody knows where she ever

met him; not in her aunt's parlor, you may be sure. He is a good enough fellow in his way, but his ways are not her ways. Did you notice the servant? I suppose they had him along."

I had noticed the servant. He was a thin, hard faced man, with restless black eyes.

"That is a fair sample of Brompton's whims. That man was a 'rustler,' an outlaw, when he took him into his employ. He said he was going to reform the man; that there was more to be expected of gentleman's blood, degraded as it was in that fellow, than from the servant class. Fleetwood is his name. He is the black sheep of a fine family. Brompton naturally respects good blood, having none of his own."

A few weeks later, I went over to the "Dove's Nest." The Bromptons interested me. I wanted to see more of them. They had a pretty little house, set in the mouth of a canyon in the Cananeas, furnished luxuriously for that wild region, where everything had to be carried in wagons for hundreds of miles. Everything had been made the most of, as it could be only by a thoroughly artistic nature, that saw the possibilities of the simplest things.

Brompton kept three or four Kentucky horses to ride and drive, and he and his wife almost lived in the open air. It was too much for Mrs. Brompton. It was like transplanting an orchid to the middle of a bleak Scotch moor. The life was wearing her out. Brompton took her with him—he could not bear her out of his sight—on every wild goose excursion he made. Night after night she slept on a blanket on the ground, and she lived almost entirely upon camp food.

There was usually champagne to wash it down, but champagne offered no compensations to Mrs. Brompton.

I asked her one day if she never longed for New York.

"I want to be with my husband," she said, with a wistful look in her eyes and a drawing about her mouth;

"but I should like to go to New York if we could so arrange, and rest."

Her husband had unbounded influence over her, and she seemed to follow him blindly in most things; but while I was there an incident occurred that showed me that she could sometimes act for herself.

Fleetwood, the servant, had been missing for a day or two. One of the men offered me the information that he was off in the Mexican village—drunk—and it would be a "cole day," he ventured in ambitious American, "w'en Bommon traile him bac; Mista Bommon jes about shoot him now for je'kin' the hosses."

That evening Mrs. Brompton and I were sitting on the veranda, when Fleetwood came running up the steps, breathing hard with excitement. The man had been drinking, and we both started up.

"For God's sake, Mrs. Brompton, hide me!" he cried. "The Mexicans are after me."

She did not hesitate, but ran with him through the house, and was gone for ten or fifteen minutes. She came back with her face flushed and her hands trembling, and sat down again with her work. She was making a design by sticking bright feathers on a card after the Mexican fashion.

"You must think my hiding him strange, Mr. Yelverton, but he has been a very faithful servant to us, except when intoxicated, and then he becomes almost crazy. I cannot bear to think of his getting into trouble with the Mexican authorities, they are so merciless to Americans of his class. Mr. Brompton is angry with him just now on account of his treatment of the horses, so I am afraid he would not interfere. They will not question *me*."

Brompton came in presently, telling us the story. Fleetwood had had a quarrel with a Mexican, and had stabbed the man.

"Fleetwood may look out for himself this time; I am done with him," and his lips closed in an ugly way.

Mrs. Brompton gummed her feathers to a card, and said never a word.

There was a clatter and dash, and the Mexican soldiers rode up to the veranda. They evidently stood a little in awe of Brompton, as a *grande senor*—the friend of high Mexican officials. The broad hats came off, and the officer commanding asked respectfully, in Spanish, if Mr. Brompton had seen anything of his American servant. He was seen coming in this direction. Brompton answered emphatically that he had not; that he had discharged the man, and he swore profusely that it would not be good for him to come about there.

So, with apologies for disturbing the *senor*, they took their departure, the whole claptrap group looking as though it would fall to pieces.

Mrs. Brompton did not speak to me of Fleetwood for several days; then, one evening, she asked me to go with her for a walk. She had a long, soft wrap on, and I noticed that she carried under it a package. We walked back into the canyon for a few hundred yards, and then took some steps up the rocks that had once been the naturally terraced bed of a stream. As we came near to a dwarf oak, a man arose in the gloom. It was Fleetwood.

"I have brought your supper, Fred," Mrs. Brompton said in her soft, pretty way, "and I must tell you to go away; we are going to New York in a day or two, and you had better get out of the country as soon as possible."

Then, how the poor fellow pleaded! He would be killed by the Mexicans if he were left behind, he said. It truly sounded like a man pleading for his life, and so it seemed to impress Mrs. Brompton.

At last she told him that if he would come out on the road after they started, and meet them, perhaps she could persuade Mr. Brompton to take him with them.

On the way down the hill she told me that she knew something of Fleetwood's story. There were mitigating circumstances.

Three days after, the Bromptons, husband and wife, went to New

York. Six months later I saw them again in San Francisco. Fleetwood was with them. Brompton told me the story as a great joke.

The man had met them on the road, and Mrs. Brompton's pleading, added to his own, had conquered Mr. Brompton, and they had brought the man out of Mexico in the back of their ambulance.

"Fred is Mrs. Brompton's devoted slave now," he added. "She knew what she was about."

The next time I saw the Bromptons it was in Silver City. There were vague rumors there that Brompton was "hard up." Brice was there, and it was he who gave the rumors shape for me.

"He has about ten thousand dollars of mine safely put away," Brice said. "Don't have any money that you can touch, when you see him. I can't help rather liking the man, he is so princely even in his rascality, so consistent in his lavish vulgarity. I suppose that you know the Sierra Madre mines are out of his hands. Last week he put all of his ore teams in soak to Jim Reynolds for a thousand dollars to take him East, and up here at Deming he treated all the men in the sleeper to champagne that he bought in the station. Pity about that nice little wife of his."

I think that if I really had had any money that I could "touch," Brompton would have got it out of me in the next week. He had fifty schemes, all good to look at on the surface. But my own troubles made me safe. Indeed, I found myself rather in the position of a hanger on at the Bromptons'. To a homeless man there was something very pleasant in the atmosphere of those rooms. Other people found it so as well as I. There was a young Mr. Henderson, from Virginia, who had a cattle ranch near Silver City, and whom I met there constantly. He was a pleasant enough young fellow, very easily flattered, and it seemed to me that Mrs. Brompton kept up his exalted opinion of himself more than was good for him. Brompton treated him with a fatherly air that was comical.

I had almost too much of Henderson's society, after a while, and I stayed away. I heard that Brompton had gone to Mexico, and left his wife behind, with Fleetwood to take care of her. I went away again, and came back four weeks later. The evening I got in I called to see Mrs. Brompton, and the Yankee woman who kept the house fairly overwhelmed me with information. Mrs. Brompton had gone to Mexico that day. Mr. Brompton had been kicked by one of his horses, and his leg was broken. Poor Mrs. Brompton was almost wild with anxiety—such a nice lady as she was—for her part, she never believed any of the stories told about her trying to get Mr. Henderson's money. Fred Fleetwood had "done exactly right in thrashing those men in the saloon for talking about her."

I walked away bewildered.

Later in the evening, I went into French Joe's for a "golden buck," and just facing me sat Brice.

Brice isn't a gossip. He talks to give you information.

It seemed there had been some unpleasant talk about the Bromptons. Mrs. Brompton had been left behind, the story ran, to make so intimate a friend of young Henderson that his money could be put into Brompton's schemes, and into them it had gone.

"It's a dashed shame," Brice said. "Nothing will convince me that little Mrs. Brompton is not an honorable woman; but she is young, and through her very innocence is the infatuated tool of her scoundrelly husband. Ten years more of this life is as likely as not to make an out at elbows adventuress of her. Pity the horse didn't finish the business and kill him while he was about it."

A man who had been sitting behind a screen got up and went out. It was Fleetwood.

"There's his man now," Brice said in a lowered tone. Now that there was nobody to overhear, Brice talked under his breath, making himself believe he had been doing so all along. "He stayed to pack up Mrs. Brompton's effects. He is a faithful servant.

Knocked down a couple of men, the other day, for talking about her in connection with young Henderson."

I was not following the Bromptons, but two or three months later, when I found myself in the City of Mexico, they were there too. Brompton was walking about on crutches. The evening after I arrived at the hotel he took his wife for a drive. Fleetwood had just brought his horses to the city, and it was the first time they had been out. I stood by when they returned and assisted Mrs. Brompton to the ground. She was flushed with the pleasure of the ride, and she stopped to tell me how strong her husband was getting, and she was sure that in a day or two he could finally put away his crutches. They went away together talking happily, and Fleetwood took the horses. Brompton had left his rifle in the buggy, and I asked him if he didn't want me to carry it in. He said Fleetwood would take care of it.

An hour later a man came running in. "Mr. Brompton," I heard him call excitedly, "you had better come and attend to your man. He is drunk, and is driving your horses to death." It was one of the American stablemen.

Brompton, followed by a curious and excited group, came limping into the courtyard as Fleetwood drove up.

The horses were in a foam.

Brompton had an audience and he kindly spoke Spanish for their benefit.

"Fred," he said with sad sternness, "I am afraid that nothing I can do for you will make a good man of you."

Fleetwood began a string of drunken abuse, in which I was a little startled to distinguish this: "Better for everybody if the horse had finished the business." There were more words on each side, and then, before he could be stopped, the drunken man had lifted Brompton's own rifle, and shot him dead.

* * * *

Yelverton arose and walked across the piazza.

"And Mrs. Brompton?" I asked.

"She went to New York, and took

the body of her husband with her. Brice went along. I stayed and arranged Brompton's affairs as well as I could. There wasn't much."

"Hanged the murderer, did they?" I didn't like this dragging the rest of the story out.

"No. As I said before they have no capital punishment in Mexico. I never knew what became of the man.

There was nobody to write me particulars, and Mexican affairs never get into our newspapers."

Yelverton paused before me.

"This is the question I have often puzzled over—was that act of Fleetwood's a brutal murder, or a piece of self sacrifice? Give me a light, my boy; I believe I will smoke another regalia before I turn in."

THE OLD STORY.

IN a cozy room together
 Not so many years ago,
 Heedless of the wintry weather,
 Sitting in the firelight's glow,
 Talking nonsense, young and happy,
 Just as we had done before,
 Without warning, *sur le tapis*
 Cupid danced along the floor;
 Then there came protracted hushes—
 Neither bold enough to speak—
 In her cheeks were rosy blushes,
 While I blushed for lack of cheek;
 Each divined just what the other
 Wanted most to talk about;
 Neither dared—but tried to smother
 Cupid out.

So you see—all things were equal;
 We were both in love, of course;
 And you know the proper sequel
 When it's drawn from such a source—
 How I drew my chair up nearer
 To her own, that I might see
 In her clear eyes for my mirror
 Just how love might answer me—
 How my dearest wish was spoken,
 Scarcely knowing what to say;
 How the silence then was broken
 In a very charming way—
 And I'm happy to confess that
 When I begged her to confess,
 She replied—(But you will guess that
 It was—Yes.)

Douglas Hemingway.

AMERICAN PRIMA DONNAS.

By Owen Hackett.

FOREIGN critics have always accused this country of a general apathy as regards grand opera—a disposition unfortunately not confined to that branch of art alone. It is all the more worthy of remark that we have produced so large a number of sterling artists to recruit the operatic stages of Europe. Considering the lack of public incentive here, and the difficulties standing in the way of an adequate education, most of them have an added title to our patriotic admiration, like Othello, for the dangers they have passed.

Among living American prima donnas alone one may cite no less than eight of high rank, some no longer upon the stage and others with their laurels yet green upon their brows.

One of the former, still affectionately remembered by the public, pointedly illustrates in her earlier history the difficulties encountered by the native aspirant for an operatic career, in spite of the fact that she was particularly fortunate in receiving an early recognition.

Annie Louise Cary, who retired from the stage in 1882, possessed one of those rarest of feminine voices, a pure, rich contralto. She was born in Wayne, Kennebec County, Maine, in 1842, her father being Dr. Nelson Howard Cary, a physician of that place, and her mother one of the New England Stockbridges.

The daughter could hardly help being musical. There were several good voices in the family, and the home was filled with the sound of musical instruments—a piano, an organ, a cello, a cornet, a trombone, and perhaps more.

At fourteen the mere girl sang such advanced music as Schubert's "Wanderer" and in the course of time went to visit a brother in Bos-

ton, whose wife sang in a church choir. Incidentally she cultivated her voice under Lyman Wheeler, and gradually conceived the notion of completing her musical studies in Italy.

To this there was a grand obstacle—lack of money. Her father was hardly able to pay the expenses, and Miss Cary had no other resource, excepting her pluck. She decided to raise the necessary funds by giving a concert.

One of her confidants was Oliver Ditson, who advised her to go amongst her friends with a little book in which they might subscribe their names for tickets. She did this, and she got out the tickets and the show bills to hang in the shop windows; she hired the Boston Music Hall herself—in short, was her own unaided business manager, with such success that she cleared \$1,200 by the venture.

Undeterred by the fact that Italy was still hardly over the ferment of the Garibaldian troubles, she set sail alone in 1866, and arrived in Milan with \$600 remaining.

Here Miss Cary studied under Giovanni Corsi, who recognized in her such a promising pupil that in three months he offered her an engagement to appear in public at one of the local festivals. Though declining this, Miss Cary eventually accepted an offer to sing in grand opera at Copenhagen, making her début there as *Ulrica* in Verdi's "Masked Ball," in 1868.

According to her contract, Miss Cary was to receive \$100 per month—little enough, it may be said; but the impresario left the country at the end of the season with arrears of salary unpaid, and the young artist found herself in debt to her hotel



ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

From a photograph by Rosetti, New York.

keeper, whom she could not pay, and under a promise to go to Baden for the summer to study with a celebrated teacher there.

The host had refused the impresario's notes, but he accepted Miss Cary's word for the future payment of her debt. She set out for Baden, arrived with twenty francs in her pocket and an appointment to appear at Mme. Viardo-Garcia's for her first lesson, where it was the invariable custom to place a half Napoleon upon the piano, at each visit. There should have been a remittance from home awaiting her at the *poste restante*, but it had not arrived when she inquired.

The situation can be imagined. First of all Miss Cary went to a not very expensive hotel and engaged rooms, trembling lest she should be asked to pay in advance. Fortunately the demand was not made. Then, realizing that if she had to go out to the restaurant to eat she would have to starve, she asked to be allowed to take her meals with the landlord's family. Granted! and for the present, the worst was over.

But for the necessities of the future, Miss Cary was forced to write to a chance acquaintance, an English woman, who had the good heart and faith to remit a considerable sum of money to the distressed American



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.
From a photograph by Mora, New York.

girl. Then, of course, the home remittance came, and the half Napoleons were duly placed upon the pianoforte of Mme. Viardot-Garcia.

After a season in Stockholm at the Royal Swedish Opera, where all the singers were natives and sang in their own tongue, excepting Miss Cary, who sang in Italian, a Brussels engagement brought her to the notice of Maurice Strakosch, with whom a three years' contract was signed. Under this she was introduced to the London public, and at last, in 1870, to her own people. From this time, throughout twelve years she sang in concert and opera in various parts of the world, yet under but two managements—the Strakosches and Mapleson, until, marrying Mr. Charles Monson Raymond in 1882, she retired from the operatic stage.

Miss Cary's voice was remarkable

both in quality and range. She has sung, with few alterations, the mezzo soprano part of *Aida*. She was particularly beloved by her own people and was always acutely sensitive to the moods of her audiences. There was universal wonderment and regret when she retired to private life.

Today Mrs. Raymond is a debonnaire matron showing none of the signs of the wearing artist life. She sings occasionally in church and in private, and her chief occupation may be said to consist in the performance of unheralded charities.

Clara Louise Kellogg was unique in that, of the few truly great lyric artists of America, she alone received no European musical education. Miss Kellogg's voice attracted no particular attention when she was

a child, but she did exhibit a wonderfully precocious ear. Before she knew even the notes by name she could identify tones. For instance, let some one strike F sharp on a piano in an adjoining room, the child would unfailingly designate it as the sound made by the first of the three black keys.

Miss Kellogg came of New England people, but was born in Sumter, South Carolina, in 1842, while her father was teaching at that place. The family came to New York when their daughter was about fourteen years old, and Miss Kellogg then began her musical studies under Rivard, a teacher of considerable note in her day. She was prepared for her début in opera by Muzio, the conductor of the Academy of Music, and it was there she made her first public appearance in 1860, as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto."

Accounts differ somewhat as to her success on this occasion; her attempt was probably premature, yet it is a tradition that the management hastened to arrange for a second appearance. Then it was found, to their dismay, that the young débutante knew only the one opera. She mastered another in two weeks, however, and a third in a like period.

Then a friend, Colonel H. G. Stebbins, enthusiastic over the great promise he saw in this fresh voice, chivalrously offered to defray the expenses of Miss Kellogg's further education, and for a year she was known no more to the public. At the end of that time she appeared again in her original part, and this time there was no doubt of her success, her *Gilda* being a drawing card for a dozen performances that season. But it was as *Margherita* in "Faust" that Miss Kellogg made her greatest success, and that veteran professor, Achille Errani, says that she was the greatest and the most ideal embodiment of the character he has ever seen.

Thenceforth for fifteen years Miss Kellogg divided her time between two continents; her repertoire of one work was enlarged to thirty five, and, aside from the fact that she became perhaps the most famous soprano this country has ever produced, she should always be remembered in operatic history for her splendid effort in the cause of opera in the mother tongue.

It was in 1874 that she organized an English company, herself superintending the translation of the foreign works, the training of the principals and chorus, and the "putting on the stage." Her reward was a success that called for her appearance one hundred and twenty five nights within the twelvemonth.

Miss Kellogg was poss-

essed of extraordinary powers, notably that of hard and continuous labor. Her voice, a light soprano of great range, was brilliant above, intensely sympathetic in the lower ranges, pure throughout. To this was added an unusual histrionic talent and a most attractive personality. She married Mr. Carl Strakosch, a nephew of the famous impresario of that name, and has virtually retired into private life.

One of Miss Kellogg's kindly impulses was partly instrumental in bringing before the public another American singer, the late Emma Abbott—not a great artist, yet possessing a voice, a tireless energy, and a magnetic personality that captured her compatriot public to a noteworthy degree.

It was in 1868, when Miss Kellogg was singing in Toledo, that she encountered Miss Abbott, a girl of nineteen, ill clothed and eking out



MINNIE HAUK.

From a photograph by Ritzmann, New York.

her subsistence with guitar and voice. Miss Kellogg was touched at the young woman's appeal, and raised a subscription to send her East.

When Achille Errani, the tenor, left the stage about thirty years ago,

"Casta Diva" at a charity concert, and at fifteen she was leading soprano in a church choir.

Her début was with Miss Kellogg in 1868, as a singer of second parts at the old Academy, but when the first lady left for Europe, Miss Hauk was put to the front. In the same year she was taken up by Max Strakosch and introduced by him at Covent Garden, but there she was pronounced immature. She had better success on the Continent during the next nine years. In 1876, at Pesth, she created both *Elsa* and *Senta* as rôles in the Italian language, and Wagner himself was present and applauding at both representations.

Then in 1878, at Brussels, she first sang *Carmen*—a part which she virtually created, for which she has been the model from that time, and with which her name will always be associated in operatic history.

Thence to London, where she was now pronounced mistress of the two wedded arts. The same year saw her back in the United States, and here she reigned for fully seven years, part of that time as the head of her own opera company.

Meanwhile, in 1881, she married Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, traveler and member of many geographical societies. Living for the most part at their villa on the shores of Lake Lucerne, Miss Hauk has occasionally returned to the stage, her last appearance in New York being for the few special performances of "Carmen" two years ago at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Hers was a mezzo soprano voice, full, rich, and even from the lowest to the highest notes; besides, she managed it with that subtle intelli-



EMMA NEVADA.

From a photograph by Benque, Paris.

and began his long and famous career as a professor of the singing art, his first pupil was Miss Minnie Hauk, a young girl of talent wedded to intelligence. The expenses of her musical studies were defrayed by the late Leonard Jerome, and her success was the foundation of the master's fame.

Miss Hauk was something of a juvenile prodigy. She was born in New York City in 1852, and is the daughter of a German scholar of repute. At eight she sang solos in church; at thirteen she rendered



EMMA ALBANI.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

gence and that instinctive art which characterize what we call the born artist.

One of our native artists, who hid her patronym under a *nom de théâtre*, is Mme. Nevada. Her real name is Emma Wixom. Her professional *nom* possesses the supposed advantage of an Italian similitude, while it commemorates the place of her birth.

She was born in Nevada City in 1861, and made her first appearance in opera at the age of nineteen at Her Majesty's Theater, London, after studying under Mme. Marchesi in Vienna. The captious London public praised her for her freshness of voice and her earnestness, but pronounced her a fledgling. She took refuge in Italy, the very mother

country of music, and met with a great success. In Paris, also, she gained popularity, and in 1884 she was first heard in this country.

Marrying Dr. Raymond Palmer at Paris in 1885, she has since but seldom left the retirement of private life for a short concert or opera season.

Mme. Albani, Canadian by birth, then American by adoption and English by marriage and residence, is another who has adopted a local pseudonym for her profession. Having lived for some time in Albany, New York, she Latinized the name for her début at Messina in 1870.

Emma la Jeunesse—to give her her original name—was born in Montreal and was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart in that city.



EMMA JUCH.

From a photograph by Ritzmann, New York.

She was deprived of her mother while still very young, and her father, himself a musician, placed her, after she left the convent, with the Baroness Lafitte at Paris, where she studied under Duprez. Ambitious to the highest degree, she passed on to the late Lamperti, who perhaps developed more truly great lyric artists than any other master in history.

After her unpretentious début in Sicily she continued for two years to sing in the theaters of Italy. The "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas had been hissed off four stages by the Italians, jealous of their French neighbors; it was reserved for Albani

to force its success when she fearlessly assumed the title rôle.

It was not until 1872 that she was brought over to England, where she has always been a prime favorite, besides earning an equal popularity on this side of the ocean.

Albani, now the wife of Ernest Gye, the operatic manager of London, enjoys a unique distinction among artists as a personal friend of Queen Victoria's, and she has from time to time contributed to current literature many interesting reminiscences of her intercourse with her royal friend and patron.

Though her splendid voice now

shows signs of age, yet her perfect art still remains, and it was a veritable treat last season to hear this ripe artist once again as *Senta* and *Marguérite*, when she appeared in New York for a few performances with the Messrs. De Reszke and Lasalle.

At the present moment we have a most interesting personality in evidence on the concert stage, Miss Emma Juch, essentially an American girl, though born in Vienna. Brought to this country when a year old, she was graduated from the public schools of New York, and then spent a year at the Normal College, going almost from the school-room to the stage.

Miss Juch's voice is an inheritance from the maternal side; her musicianly qualities, from the paternal. Her father, an accomplished pianist, was so conscientious an artist that he decried all attempts to afflict the public with mediocre talent. Hence he discouraged Miss Juch's desire to cultivate her voice with a professional career in view. Like many another, he was unappreciative of what lay nearest to him. It happened that Mme. Murio-Celli was a friend of the family, and she induced Miss Juch to become her pupil during the young lady's school and college days. The father was invited to a pupils' concert in 1881 one evening, and not until he heard his daughter sing the first act of "Traviata" and the Garden Scene from "Faust" did he have any idea of what had been going on, or of the new born talent in his family.

It also happened that Mr. Mapleson was present. In one month Miss Juch was singing under his management at Her Majesty's in London, and, as she had absolutely no repertory, she

was learning her operas week by week, by means of the most unrelenting labor.

Mapleson introduced her here in 1882, and she sang two seasons in opera. The year 1884 she spent in classical concerts with Thomas, and during the three following years she was a pillar of the unfortunate American Opera Company, losing perhaps more by that venture than any other artist, and certainly murmuring least of all.

During this period Miss Juch had a truly sensational success in Mexico, where the people are generally cred-



EMMA FAMES.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

ited with a genuine Italian nature in musical matters—a nature that takes extreme forms of expressing enthusiasm. Miss Juch was its particular delight; to have her horses taken

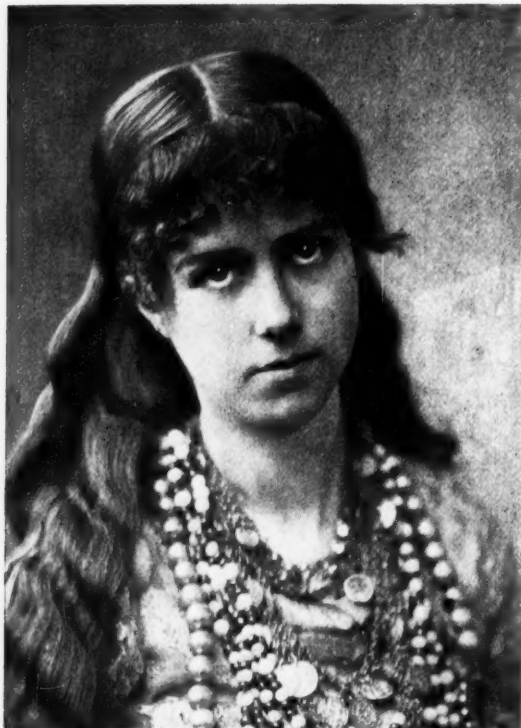
Opera Company, which for three seasons successfully sang the old melodies to English words throughout the country.

Miss Juch is not quite thirty years of age; she has a rich soprano voice of great flexibility and of very sympathetic quality. She is one of those rare singers who on the concert stage, in spite of the conventional immobility of pose, infuse a certain dramatic suggestion into their singing which never fails to be felt and to arouse the audience.

Emma Eames (Mrs. Julian Story) is the most promising of our contemporary cantatrices. Her short and successful early career and her charming personality have been fully described in a previous number of this magazine. Fortunately, a part of that success has been made in her own country, where she first appeared a little more than a year ago, after singing for some three years in Paris and London. The repetition, during the current season, of the triumphs she won here twelve months before was prevented only by the burning of New York's great opera house and the consequent abandonment of Mr. Abbey's plans.

Concurrently with Miss Eames appeared Miss Marie Van Zandt, a Brooklyn girl, whose education was pursued and her reputation first established, at an almost precocious age, in France.

Miss Van Zandt is one of those singers who must be considered as a class by themselves. Her voice is unique in its quality—light but pure, and indefinitely musical. Patti's, greater in many ways, is yet of this order. It is a voice that revels in the "colorature" of the Italian school and finds its typical rendition in the Bell Song of "Lakmé," which opera is naturally Miss Van Zandt's *chef d'œuvre*.



MARIE VAN ZANDT.

From a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris.

from her carriage in the street was but an ordinary circumstance. In Mexico gentlemen pay their tribute to a singer by casting their silk hats upon the stage; it behooves the prima donna to pick these up and hand them back over the footlights. At every representation in which Miss Juch appeared the stage is said to have been literally paved with "tiles."

What Miss Juch prides herself on most is her contribution to the cause of grand opera in English. Not only was she one of the hardest workers in the American Opera Company, but she subsequently organized the Juch

THE FIND IN THE WOODS.

By Frank A. Munsey.

"IT is a mystery to me that Donald Berkeley maintains even so good a rank as he has," is what one of the professors once said of him, adding that "he seemed to live constantly in the open air with no thought save for athletic sports."

"I must admit that the observation was well founded," said Berkeley a few years later, on learning of the criticism. "The lecture room attracted me far less than the campus, where I found a natural outlet to my abundant energy. In whatever gave broadest play to physical prowess I was an enthusiast. I could not have endured the inactivity and confinement, habitual with the more studious of my class, poor fellows, who sacrificed health and pleasure for college rank, preparing themselves for a premature grave instead of the grand future for which they strove."

But notwithstanding his love of outdoor sports Berkeley gave them up after leaving college, and plunged into society with the same enthusiasm that had made him conspicuous as an athlete. He became a clubman, kept his stable of fine horses, followed up the fads of the day, and did the things that a social idler of unlimited wealth is wont to do.

The life he had chosen to follow was a sore disappointment to his friends. "But what if it is?" he argued. "Why should I make a slave of myself by going into business when I have more money than I can ever spend? And besides, the things I do give me pleasure. What is the object of life, I should like to know, if it isn't enjoyment? I can see some sense in a man working when he is obliged to earn his daily bread, but in my case—why, the idea is absurd."

Thus satisfying himself, he gave himself up completely to the pursuit of pleasure, pressing the game very hard, doubtless, for scarcely three years had passed when he began to weary of the chase. As time went by his interest in the flirtations and fads of the hour became less and less, and with a view to finding relief in a change he decided to go abroad. That he might feel free to remain away indefinitely he sold his horses and carriages, at a sacrifice, but what mattered that, since he would not delay his going for a few thousand dollars more or less?

He had no definite purpose on his arrival in Europe beyond a desire to idle away a few years among new scenes. His general plan was to drift from place to place as his fancy moved him; but he had not been abroad many months when he found himself wearied of the centers of the old world's civilization, as he had wearied of social life in New York. Nevertheless he continued on in the same way for a twelvemonth or more, until finally he was forced to regard himself with no little anxiety, fearing he had become hopelessly blasé. The more he thought of himself in this light, the greater became his disgust for the idle, frivolous life he had led since he left college.

"Inherited property is a curse instead of a blessing," he said bitterly. "Had I been forced to earn my living, I should have made something of myself. As it is, I am the one worthless member of my class—the one whose living benefits nobody, yielding only discontent and misery to myself. My father was a man of energy, and his energy was inherited by me, but to what purpose have I put it? He commenced active life

without a dollar. I began with millions. He rose from poverty to the head of a great transcontinental railway system. I have descended from the position his wealth and name gave me to the insipid life of an idler, spending my time frivolously with women and silly men—idlers like myself."

He recalled the oft repeated efforts of Richard Wellington, a dear friend of his father, whose friendship had been almost that of parental solicitude, to urge him to engage in some occupation. "I know nothing of work," he argued, "and am too old to begin where I should have begun years ago. Years ago!" he repeated the words with a shudder. "But I am not so old—twenty seven—that isn't old; I only seem old because the idleness that has possessed me these seven years has made them a century. I am old, old and worn out, so far as the freshness of interest is concerned. The things that sweeten the lives of most men, furnish ever something new and interesting, are all stale with me—yes, I am old, blasé, and cynical, but not old in years—not worn physically. Youth in the animal sense is still mine. With a little training I could be the athlete I used to be. I wonder if it would yield me the pleasure it did in my college days? No, that is gone, gone forever—there is no more pleasure for me. Burnt out, hollow, meaningless—such is my life, or rather such is one side of my life, for physically I am strong and muscular as a young Hercules—one half dead, the other in the vigor of youth."

From this reverie he roused himself, to find that he had walked far into the country on an unknown road. The birds filled the air with sweet song, and he envied them, wondering if it were not better to be a bird than to be a man. Beyond the valley a high hill loomed up before him. He quickened his pace, and the invigorating walk brought back something of the old pleasure of muscular power as he felt his long, steady strides take him rapidly over the ground.

"I wonder how long it would take me to gain the summit," he thought, taking his watch from his pocket. "Three o'clock and fifteen minutes past—by twenty minutes to four I'll be there, unless the distance deceives my eye."

He set himself to the task, and accomplished it with a minute and more to spare. "I thought I could do it," he said to himself with a thrill of triumph; "but I haven't had such a pull since the old days when I roamed over the hills at home."

Just then he heard the shout of boys, and walking a few rods further on discovered the boys themselves. They were in the midst of an exciting game of football, and their ruddy cheeks and happy faces told at a glance the pleasure life was giving them. The scene recalled his own boyhood, and before he realized what he was doing he found himself initiated into the game. And now he was a boy again—a light hearted, happy boy, as he entered into the contest with all the enthusiasm of his youthful companions.

It was late when he reached his rooms that night, and he was physically tired, but there was an expression of cheer upon his face in marked contrast to the cynical look of the morning. And his sleep was sweeter than it had been for many months. It was the old refreshing sleep of youth—a sleep whose dreams took him back to the nursery, where he lived over again the happy days of childhood, when the world was a wonderful world and everything in it, and all the people in it, interested him.

Dreaming thus he slept later than was his wont, as if to prolong his hold upon the fancies that were to him as refreshing breezes bringing joy and life and hope to his weary soul.

One morning in the early part of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety, there landed in New York from a German steamer a young man of distinguished bear-

ing. He was tall—six feet and more, with well modeled figure and a finely shaped head set firmly upon his broad shoulders. His hair had so far turned that the prevailing shade was gray—a mixture of black and white, that gave a soft, silvery effect. That it was prematurely gray was evidenced by his face, which bore no traces of age—a face in which strength and refinement were well blended. His manner was dignified and thoughtful, and his movements indicated decision and force.

Such was Donald Berkeley on his return to America, four years after he had cynically voted life a bore—four years only, but four years of work and growth, four years of life with a purpose, filled with ambition, hope, sweetness—four years of development, mental and physical alike, amply equipping him for a life of useful labor in the field he had chosen.

Berkeley lost no time in calling upon his old friend Richard Wellington, and the meeting between them was as the meeting of father and son after years of separation.

"My dear Donald, can this be you?" said Mr. Wellington, clasping the young man in his arms. "A fine, handsome, manly boy," he went on, holding Berkeley by both hands; "for now you are a man, Donald, and I am proud of you, proud of the high rank you have taken, and so glad to see you."

"My dear friend, you make me very happy with this warm greeting," replied Berkeley.

"And you make me very, very happy, Donald. I have wanted so much to see you, that I might tell you with my own lips of the pride I feel in you, and assure you of my gratification at your new life—the life that began with the ending of the old one. The old life, as you know, gave me the greatest anxiety, and pained me as it would have pained your own father had he lived. But how proud he would have been of you now, and you have grown to be so like him—a manly fellow indeed.

But tell me, Donald," continued Mr. Wellington, almost childlike in his delight, strong man that he was, "tell me what good angel turned your steps from the path of idleness. I have never understood it, since all my efforts to awaken your ambition were unavailing. When you went to Europe, where idleness is regarded as respectable, I felt that I had no further hold upon you, and but for the blood of your father that flows in your veins, I should have lost all hope of your reclamation."

"My good angel," said Berkeley, "was no other than yourself."

"Myself—I your good angel?" exclaimed Mr. Wellington, gratified at the words, yet incredulous.

"Yes, you, and why not? To whom else should I give the credit?"

"That is what I want to know. I have fancied it might be some woman that led you to a higher plane of life."

"Nonsense," replied Berkeley, amused at the surmise.

"But you are blushing, Donald—upon my soul you are."

"Of course, I can't help it when you put it in that way. But no; no woman had anything to do with my decision to abandon the old idleness, and no woman has entered into my life in any way since that time, now four years and a little more."

"Are you serious, Donald?" asked Mr. Wellington, a look of disappointment on his face.

"Quite, I assure you. Idleness and industry do not assimilate. They are diametrical opposites, and equally divergent are the purposes of a student and the frivolous aims of women. And you thought it was one of these who had been as an angel, leading me to a higher plane of life? Oh, no, no, the exact reverse was the truth, for, in all the set I knew, not one was there to encourage me in the work I had undertaken. On the contrary, each alike intimated, in little ways peculiar to herself, that I had lost my senses. Six years of my life had been spent in society—among women—and what did they yield me? It was only when I secluded myself

from them that I began to live and grow in knowledge. That seclusion has continued for the past four years, I hope will continue to the end of my life."

"You surprise me, Donald," said Mr. Wellington, evidently pained by the sentiment so forcefully expressed. "I had hoped for a different account from you, and in fact had mentally given some woman the credit for the inexplicable change that came over you. In thinking of you I naturally associated her with you, and often pictured her to myself as a pure, unselfish woman of beauty and refinement, who had led you away from the old associations of frivolity, stimulating you with love and gentle tact to begin a better life."

"I am indeed sorry to so cruelly shatter this ideal after your four years of mental association with her," replied Berkeley, "but truth compels me to do so."

"And I am sorry that she or her counterpart has not won your heart, for with such a woman to counsel and sustain you, your life would be broader and fuller and sweeter. No man half lives who lives for himself alone. He does not know what life in its best sense is."

"You are thinking of your own home and wife, I fancy, and imagine I could find one her equal; but her equal I have never seen, except my own mother."

"This is nonsense, Donald. Of course, my wife is the dearest woman in the world to me, but I am not so narrow as to suppose that she is the best of her race. You have met hundreds of women, I am certain, who, under equally advantageous circumstances, would develop into wives as sweet, as sunny, and as companionable as my wife has been to me. The fact is, Donald, that you, like so many other men, have formed your conclusions from the social side of women's lives alone—the society side, in which little that is truest and best is seen. But we are drifting away from the original question into one that we will discuss at another time. Now that you

have broken my theory into atoms, I shall be glad to learn the true cause from you. I am impatient to know what I had to do with quickening your ambition."

Berkeley related the incident of the long walk into the country, telling of the race against time, of the football game, and how he joined in it, forgetting himself and becoming a boy again. "That," said he, "was the awakening of my ambition, or rather it was the awakening of something out of which my ambition asserted itself. It was a trivial incident, you will say, and so it was, in itself, yet powerful enough to change the entire current of my life. Call it accident, if you please. It might have been. I thought it such at first, but now as I look back upon the past I fancy I can see the hand of destiny leading me on that summer day. It did for me what no advice could have done, what no friend could have done. I sometimes wonder if there is not a power unknown to man that is much closer to us than we are prone to believe. If it be so, I doubt not that our lives respond to its influence in a thousand ways of which we take no note. Mine responded strangely to this simple incident. It was an awakening of the old happiness of my boyhood and my college days, revealing to me a source of pleasure that I had supposed was gone forever. Under different conditions the same incident, doubtless, would have had no effect upon me, but just at that time when life had lost all its sweetness and everything had become stale and wearisome I was quick to embrace the relief, and here is where your good counsel came to my aid. The efforts you had made to awaken my ambition all came back to me with peculiar force. I knew that I must do something beyond seeking pleasure in mere athletic sports, and I resolved to act upon your advice. From that time on I applied myself to study. Thus you see you were indeed my good angel."

"Yes, I see how you reason it out, Donald," replied Mr. Wellington,

who had followed him with closest attention, "and I am gratified beyond measure to learn from you that my words proved at all helpful. But I fear you have given me much more credit than I deserve, for it was not I who led you into the light that summer day."

Mrs. Wellington and her daughter had not yet come into town. They were at their Lenox home, where they would doubtless remain for another month. Berkeley was disappointed. He was genuinely fond of Mrs. Wellington, who had been as a mother to him, and Madge—little Madge, he had always called her—with her flaxen hair and bright blue eyes, had been a favorite of his. But now that she was Miss Margaret Wellington he felt some doubt of his regard for her, and was conscious of a disinclination to meet her—a disinclination that almost counterbalanced his desire to see her mother.

Thus he steeled himself against Mr. Wellington's urgent invitation to go to Lenox with him on Saturday, which was the following day. Berkeley came very near yielding to the persuasion, and would have done so but for the thought of meeting, as he surely would, many people at such a social center. He had resolved to keep strictly away from society and society people. Lenox, then, must be avoided, even at the cost of offending the best friends he had ever known.

Berkeley had a hobby and that hobby was physical culture. When he turned from idleness he turned to the old dominating passion of his youth. Finding that his chance game of football gave him more genuine pleasure than he had known for many months, he determined to experiment further with athletic sports. He was one who never half did anything. The experiment was followed with an energy similar to that given years before to business by his father.

At the end of a few weeks Berkeley was a changed man. The old

indifference was gone. He was interested in something now, and the old dreariness of the world had departed. This was the beginning of the new life, and gradually his ideas expanded.

"This is all well enough so far as it goes," he argued, "but it does not go far enough. To interest myself I must become interested in something beyond myself."

This line of thought naturally led him, with his love of physical culture and his great wealth, to wish to do something for others—to establish a free gymnasium and provide means for athletic exercise, in which he believed could be found a panacea for the chief ills of humanity. But a deeper study of the subject convinced him that his knowledge of physical culture was extremely superficial and not at all scientific. Thereupon he decided to take a course in physiology at the university of Edinburgh.

Thus it was that he began, his ideas and aims expanding, until he had taken a thorough course in medicine, and, graduating with high honors, found himself a full fledged physician. His four years of study had confirmed him in his old belief that exercise and pure air were nature's remedy for the ills of man. He began his professional studies with this pet theory, and it had now become a settled conviction.

Berkeley was anxious to begin practice, and lost no time in idleness, though he well merited a holiday after his four years' hard work. He bought a large house in a good neighborhood of New York, and began alterations that would convert it into a model establishment for physical culture and professional use, and make it as well an ideal bachelor home.

It was towards the middle of November when the Wellingtons came into town. Berkeley called on them shortly after their arrival, and found Mrs. Wellington the same sweet, motherly woman she always was, but Madge—"This can't possibly be the little Madge of six years ago,"

he said, taking her hand in cordial greeting.

"Yes, it is," she replied, delighted at his surprise, "the very same little Madge."

"And grown so tall," he stammered, scarcely at his ease.

"Yes, and grown so tall," she answered laughingly.

"And so handsome," he added, for she was indeed handsome, but her beauty was that of the *Wly*—tall, graceful, delicate, and exceptionally fair.

"Ah, Mr. Berkeley," she exclaimed, raising her finger warningly—the act in itself a clever little gesture—"we are too old friends for you to be insincere with me."

"You cannot mean that," he replied. "I was never more sincere in all my life. But how strange it sounds to have you call me Mr. Berkeley—almost makes me wish I had remained abroad."

"Oh, pardon me. I should have said Dr. Berkeley," she answered mischievously.

"I see you have not forgotten your old fondness for teasing, Miss Wellington."

"Oh, don't call me that, Donald," she said, changing her manner to one of old time familiarity. "If you do I shall certainly have a chill."

"Capital, just the thing," he replied with more enthusiasm than before.

"Capital," and she repeated the word as if wondering what inane remark would follow.

"Certainly, you must have the chill—don't you see you would be my first patient?"

"Oh, I see, and that would be ever so jolly—something to tell when I am old and you are a famous physician."

"Just think how future generations would envy you such a distinction."

"Yes, I can easily imagine it, and I am sure you will be famous."

"I hope I may be fairly successful, but I don't anticipate any fame. There is a broad field in medicine for good work. It affords one an oppor-

tunity for doing more good to his fellow man than can be found in almost any other life work. I have some rather advanced ideas in my profession," continued Berkeley, and he outlined his theories on fresh air and physical exercise.

Towards the latter part of December Berkeley went to the Rangeley Lakes to look up his old guide and to spend the holidays amid nature's scenes; where the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the ice laden trees and the great crackling wood fires brought back memories of Christmas time, when a single Christmas was worth the living of a life. It is a miserable substitute that the city can offer, with its bare streets and cold gray walls and steam heated houses, for these simple scenes where nature's work is scarcely marred by the hand of man. The great pine trees whose age runs back centuries beyond the memory of man are types of perfect life that inspire admiration.

Berkeley liked these scenes, where he saw truth and sincerity—where man is the genuine product of nature, honest, powerful of physique, eloquent in his simplicity. Such a man was David Bunker, the old guide, bronzed of feature and sturdy of frame, with whom Berkeley had come to spend his holidays.

The two men sat alone before the blazing pine logs heaped high in the great brick fireplace. Each was smoking from the plentiful supply of fragrant cigars Berkeley had brought with him. Each wore a look of contentment, free from care, as he watched the flames and listened to the wintry wind whistling through the woods.

"It's nigh onto fifteen year sense I first trailed with you in these woods," said the old guide, breaking the silence, "and I can't make it natural to call you anything but Donald."

"It would not seem like the woods should you call me by any other name; and I want to bring back the old days just as they used to be."

"It brings 'em back to me to hear

your voice agin, Donald. It's been a long time sense you've been in these parts, and I says to myself, many's the time, that I'd never lay eyes on you agin in this world. When my wife died and then the lad followed her in jest a year and one month, leaving me alone, I hadn't nothin' to look forard to but your coming. The camp has been mighty lone like at times, but the dogs, they have stood by me, true as steel. They understood my ways and I understood theirs. Once we tried the village—the dogs and me. That was two year ago; but we couldn't stand it, Donald. They didn't like it and I couldn't see them oneasy on my account; and atwixt you and me, Donald, I was jest as oneasy myself as the dogs, so we pulled up our traps and come back and have done no more experimentin'."

The old guide talked of himself and the dogs and of the woods, till at length Berkeley had a very complete idea of all that had occurred during his six years' absence. Then he told the guide a good deal of his life abroad, and the three weeks at his camp with hunting and tramping went by all too quickly.

The winter went by and spring came, and the alterations in Berkeley's house were not yet completed. He had given all his time to the work, personally seeing that everything was done according to his fancy. His determination to avoid society had been strictly adhered to. True, he had seen the Wellingtons occasionally, but his calls at their home were so timed that he usually saw only Mr. and Mrs. Wellington. Their daughter was a sweet girl, but she was a society girl—one whose only thoughts seemed to be for social pleasures; and that was quite enough to turn Berkeley against her.

Her beauty and refinement, and their knowledge of her father's great wealth, brought her scores of admirers. She was a favorite in her set and responded always to her endless social calls with defiant disregard of health. As the season advanced her

strength began to fail, but she was kept up, as other young women are kept up, by careful grooming and free recourse to tonics and stimulants. At length her exhausted powers failed her and she was prostrated—her nerves shattered and her physical energy well nigh gone.

Berkeley was called in to attend her and was amazed at the change in her appearance. She was older by half a dozen years, it seemed to him, than at the beginning of the season; and she was so utterly broken down that he wished his professional career might have been begun with one whose illness was less serious. When he reached his room he stormed like a madman at what he termed "the idiocy of women." He was angry that Mrs. Wellington should have allowed her daughter to ruin her health by such reckless dissipation, and he was disgusted with the daughter herself that she had had no better sense.

Early in May Miss Wellington was removed to Berkeley's camp at the Rangeley Lakes. The journey was made by easy stages, as she was too feeble to endure continuous traveling. Berkeley, her mother, and her maid accompanied her.

It was a sunny morning when she arrived at the camp, tired almost to exhaustion. She lay upon an easy couch and looked out through the open door while the others were busy removing things from trunks and putting them away in their destined places. She saw the lake and its winding setting, beautiful with its mirrored scenery, and watched the tossing of the tree tops, swayed by the gentle summer wind. She listened to the songsters of the forest pouring out their joyous melody, and now and again caught a glimpse of frolicking squirrels "playing tag" among the branches of the great pines.

This scene and that wonderful air, sweet scented, were such a tonic to her shattered nerves that when the old guide brought in upon a tray half a dozen trout, as pretty as the eye of man ever fell upon, she ex-

claimed with an enthusiasm that surprised Berkeley, "Oh, what beauties they are, and what lovely coloring!"

"I have never seen finer trout than these," said Berkeley. "David caught them especially for you, the best of the lake, to tempt your appetite," he added, wishing to make glad the heart of his faithful guide.

"It is so good of him," said Margaret, turning towards the old man; and she thanked him so sweetly that his eyes filled with tears, and he hastily left her presence.

"I hope you can eat one of them," said Berkeley hurriedly, his throat choking at the old guide's emotion.

"A whole trout?" said Margaret.

"Yes, and I am sure you will think it the most delicious morsel you have ever eaten. I have never seen a man who could cook a trout with David."

"I think I shall surprise you by my appetite. I am growing dreadfully hungry hearing you talk of food so appetizing."

Scarcely three weeks had passed after Margaret's arrival at the camp when she was out upon the lake with Berkeley, watching him land trout as beautiful as those that delighted her eyes on that first day in the woods. Such was her improvement in nature's sanatorium and under the guidance of science—a science that ran parallel with God's laws.

"I am highly gratified at the progress towards recovery that my first patient is making," said Berkeley to himself. "My experience with her amply sustains my theory regarding fresh air, and the right sort of air. One patient requires one kind of air and another an entirely different sort. But the physical culture theory is yet to be tested. Margaret has been too weak to do much in that way. She is as frail a subject as I could wish for, and if under my directions the next three months develop her physique—give her strength and stamina, such as a well girl should have, I shall be amply rewarded for my time by the success of the experiment."

A day or two later Berkeley told Margaret that he wanted her to begin

a system of exercise—"Exercise," said he, "that will give you pleasure—not that uninteresting sort that is akin in effect to working a treadmill. The best exercise is that that gives the mind pleasure while the muscles are brought into play."

"Your explanation is an immense relief," said Margaret, breathing freer.

"How is that?"

"Why, at the mention of a system of exercise the horrid thought of calisthenics and all that sort of thing made my heart sink."

"I don't wonder it did," laughed Berkeley, "but nothing of that sort enters into my system of practice. Instead of calisthenics I shall put into your hands a fishing rod—a light one that you can handle easily—and take you out with me and watch you land a trout."

"Oh, that is simply delightful," exclaimed Margaret. "And is that what you call exercise?"

"Yes, the very best you could begin with, and you will find that it will weary you quite enough."

It was about this time that Berkeley became aware that his old guide was failing. Now that he saw the change he wondered he had not made the discovery before. He lost no time in speaking to David about his waning powers, but the old guide would not admit that his health was in any way impaired, and he strove with greater effort to hide all signs of exhaustion. Berkeley understood him, and his heart ached. He loved the old man, whose love for him was one of simple, honest worship—a love that had deepened and broadened in all the years running back to his boyhood.

David Bunker had passed the limit set by the Psalmist, and another ten years had been given to his stewardship. He was an old man, and knew not what sickness was until the infirmity that was now upon him began to rob him of his great strength. He had known sorrow, and it was this sorrow—the loss of his wife and son, leaving him old and alone in the world, and the long absence of Berke-

ley, to him as dear as his own kin—that had worn with increasing friction the machinery of perfect powers.

He had looked forward to Berkeley's coming with singular interest, focusing all thought upon having the young man with him throughout another summer. This idea had been the one bright hope in his life since his great sorrows had settled so heavily upon him. The feeling had been growing upon him that he was nearing the end of the trail, and he looked hopefully, longingly towards the clearing where his wife and son waited his coming.

"But not yet," he said to himself, "not till I have had one more summer with Donald. I won't ask for but one, but I wouldn't go contented like without it. Give me this," he prayed fervently and with simple faith, "and I will leave the lakes and the woods, and all that I love here, and go and jine them that I love that has gone on before me."

These were the secrets of his heart, and he strove to keep them from Berkeley, knowing that they would fall upon him like a thick black cloud shutting out the brightness of the summer sun. This, too, would defeat his own purpose. "I want to see him live over the old life," he said, "just as he used to live it, and I want to live it over with him—ter fish with him and hunt with him, and foller up the old trails. I can do it. My strength will hold out, and it shall be a summer to be remembered all through that life yonder in the clearin' where there ain't no disappointments and death. We'll make it the best of all the summers we've camped together, Donald and me. The spirit is in my heart to do it, and these old limbs that haven't never failed me—and they've been close pressed many's the time—won't be false to me now. They'll be equal to the stent I've set myself, and it's hardly three months and then Donald will go away and my stent will be finished. Yes, finished, and I'll ask no more of the Great Father above—only if He keeps me up, as I know He will, I'll be contented and thank Him as an

honest man for all He has done for me and them that I love that are gone and them I love that are here."

But for Berkeley's anxiety about his old guide, there would have been little to mar his peace of mind as the days drifted by. He was amid the scenes that were dearest to his heart, where the air and the free life of the woods with its rational sports—all health giving and exhilarating—gave him pleasure and contentment. But there was an additional source of happiness this summer that the woods had never given him before—a happiness that comes from seeing an undertaking upon which one has set his heart, staked all, perhaps, developing, rounding out to that perfection of completeness that mirrors his conception.

It was thus with Berkeley as he saw with keenest gratification Margaret's unfailing response to his treatment. Each day brought her health and beauty as she went deeper and deeper into the various sports and forms of exercise that Berkeley prescribed, and into which he himself entered with an enthusiasm no less than her own.

Few patients ever had the devoted attention from any physician that Margaret received from Berkeley, but his devotion was professional—coldly professional. No lover could have given her more time than he gave her—could have been more thoughtful of shielding her from harm than he was. He watched over her with tenderest care, noting the effect of various exercises—and never allowing her to become fatigued beyond a health giving point.

"This is living, Donald, in the best sense of life," said Margaret one day in the early fall, when they were returning from a day's hunting. The air was cool and exhilarating, and the deep, rich color of her cheeks, her well rounded figure, and her untiring endurance, evidenced her perfect health.

"Yes, it is living, and it is a life that you knew nothing of a few months ago," replied Berkeley, glad of this expression from her, and

in his look there was sincere admiration—not the admiration of fondness, but rather the feeling with which one might view a superb machine that he had conceived with his own brain and built with his own hands. To him, seen as he persisted in seeing her, she was merely a machine of the human type—reconstructed, built over, perfected by his skill—an experiment, the fruition of his years of hard work.

On reaching the camp Berkeley found a letter from his lawyers summoning him to New York.

"This is hardly a welcome message," he said, handing the letter to Margaret.

"Oh, must you go, Donald?" she replied with unconcealed regret.

"I wish I might avoid going. I do, indeed," he said, "but the transaction is an important one, and I cannot in justice to my business interests neglect it."

"How long will you be away?" she asked eagerly.

"I hardly see how I can get back much inside of a week."

"A whole week, and we are to leave here the first of October!" she said, plainly showing her disappointment.

"Yes," he answered, "and that means one third of the time lost to me."

"And lost to me too," said Margaret.

"Oh, no, not to you. The air and the lakes and the woods will all be the same without my presence."

But would they be the same to her? This was the question she asked herself, and a feeling of depression stole over her. She looked down and made no answer.

"Shall you go tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Wellington, breaking the silence.

"I have been thinking of that," replied Berkeley, "and I am inclined to put it off until the day after tomorrow."

"Oh, do put it off," said Margaret, suddenly brightening up.

"But you know the sooner I go the sooner I can return."

"Yes, I know, but you can wait a

day—only one day," pleaded Margaret.

"That is like a girl," laughed Berkeley. "But to be very frank, I'm like a girl myself in this matter. The time I spend here before going to the city I am sure of."

The following morning found Berkeley out on the lake with Margaret instead of on his way to New York. They had put out alone in a light boat, leaving the old guide at the camp. Each plied a pair of sculls and the cedar craft sped lightly over the smooth water. The long lake was quickly traversed, and the boat was beached. Berkeley helped Margaret ashore, and the dogs sprang to their feet and were off, tearing madly through the woods in pursuit of game. Berkeley and Margaret, in hunting attire, followed, he with a repeating rifle, she with a shotgun, and both with a plentiful supply of ammunition.

It was an ideal morning for a tramp in the woods—bright, sunny, and the air cool and exhilarating. The dogs found small game in abundance, and Margaret surprised herself at the accuracy of her shooting. It was Berkeley's last day with her before his departure for a week's absence, and she wanted to make the most of it—to get all out of it that it could yield her.

Their tramp was continued far beyond any they had previously taken, and Berkeley was surprised and delighted at her endurance. The afternoon was drawing to a close when they returned to their boat, Berkeley laden with several brace of partridge, a half dozen gray squirrels, and a mammoth hawk that he had brought down on the wing while it was circling around far above his head.

Up to this time that had been the shot of the day, and Margaret was generous in her praise of his excellent marksmanship. But her turn was yet to come, and it came in this way, and as suddenly as it was unexpected.

The dogs had strayed away, and their absence was not noted until the sound of their barking was

heard far off in the woods. Then it occurred to Berkeley that he had not seen them for half an hour at least.

"There is nothing to do but to wait for them," he said, "and as the boat will furnish the most comfortable seats we will load in our game and circle about on the lake until they come. But what a thundering racket they are keeping up!—must have stirred up a bear if their howling is any indication of the size of the game."

The hoarse voices of the dogs drew nearer and yet nearer. Presently the crashing sound of fierce running could be heard, and in another instant a large buck hove in sight and plunged madly into the lake, the dogs following in fierce pursuit.

"Now is your chance, Margaret," said Berkeley, white with excitement, handing her his rifle, and pulling with all his strength towards the deer, whose broad antlers protruded far above the surface of the lake. "Now is your chance," he repeated feverishly. "Be sure of your aim, and do not shoot until we are within easy killing distance."

But the ending of his sentence was drowned by the report of the rifle. The strain was too intense, and she fired, scarcely knowing that her finger had touched the trigger. Berkeley jumped at the report, almost losing his sculls. The deer swam steadily on, untouched by the bullet.

"Now, now," cried Berkeley, "now is your chance!" and Margaret again brought the rifle to her shoulder. This time she took deliberate aim, and the ball sped straight for the brain of the buck.

"Glorious," shouted Berkeley, beside himself with excitement. "You have killed him—a splendid shot!" and he seized Margaret's hand in congratulation.

"Is he really dead, and I—I shot him?" she cried, her eyes filled with tears, so great was her joy.

They towed the buck ashore. The dogs were fairly frenzied, and it was with difficulty that they were kept

from tearing the dead buck's carcass into shreds. Margaret stood with rifle in hand, in silent admiration of the beautiful deer. The sport of the day, the excitement of bringing down this fine buck, and the pride and joy of it all suffused her face with bright color made brighter in the soft setting sun.

Berkeley looked up and beheld a picture of happiness more radiant, more beautiful, with her fresh young face and sparkling eyes than he had ever seen before. For an instant he forgot that she was merely a study for his professional advancement—forgot his cynicism toward women, and almost yielded to the impulse of his heart to catch her in his arms and declare himself her slave, her devoted lover. But his stern self discipline stifled with a strong hand the better nature of his being, and he was again the self possessed man of the world, making a young girl, with a responsive heart, the victim of his cold research.

"Well, I must be off," said Berkeley in his brisk way early the next morning. "Good by, Mrs. Wellington, and goodbye, Margaret. I'll be back in a week, God willing. Keep up your exercise. David will give you all his time."

"Good by," said Margaret, reaching her hand out to him. "I shall miss you so much," and her eyes avoided his.

He was gone.

Margaret went to her room in the second story of the camp and watched the vanishing carriage until far away it was lost from view.

"Good by—I shall miss you so much."

Berkeley scribbled these words on a sheet of paper while sitting in the library of his newly renovated house. He had just come in from dining alone, and he was alone now, coat and vest thrown aside, for it was hot and close in New York. He mopped the perspiration from his face and lighted a cigar. He held up the paper and read the words slowly; then he took up his pen and printed the same sentence. Again he read.

throwing himself back in his chair and elevating his feet upon the desk before him.

"'Good by!' That is conventional. 'I shall miss you so much.' That is also conventional. Neither necessarily means anything," he meditated, "and yet in these very words the romance of a life has been spoken—the soul compressed into a sentence; expressed by the pressure of the hand—a look, a gesture. But who can interpret these and be sure that he is right, when acting so perfectly mirrors reality, and reality is so cleverly hidden by acting?"

"This is as hot as Hades," exclaimed Berkeley, pulling off his necktie and collar. "I wish I were back at the lake, where the air is not water soaked, as this is—more humidity here in an hour than I have seen in all summer. I might as well have remained there—business not ready for me yet. And I'll have to wait here a week, perhaps more, for all I know, and boil—lonesome too, nothing to do, and as for exertion, the very thought of it is enough," and Berkeley mopped vigorously at his perspiring face.

His cigar was finished and he took a turn or two back and forth in the room, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets. An industrious mosquito found its way in through the open window, and preëmpted a site over his left eye. There was an explosion of words, a crashing blow, and a gory hand—the mosquito gave up its claim.

After a while Berkeley went back to his desk, and rested his head on his hands and thought. "I wonder if she has kept up her exercise as I told her to," he said to himself, taking up the pen and writing her name upon the pad—Margaret Wellington. Then he wrote "Little Madge," "My dear Madge," "My dear Margaret," "Madge," "Margaret." "I wonder what she is doing tonight," he speculated, the pen now making unintelligible scrawls. "Playing a game of cribbage with her mother, perhaps, or may be reading, I wonder which. *Possibly David is telling her some

thrilling tale of the woods." Presently he put aside the pad and substituted a sheet of note paper. This is what he wrote:

MY DEAR MARGARET:

You will doubtless be surprised to get a line from me, but it is so lonely here I feel like talking with you. I have been in New York three days, and I never before found the city so utterly stupid. There is no one in town yet, and the heat is simply killing. It has almost used me up. I wish I were back at the camp with you. We would go hunting again tomorrow and perhaps you might shoot another deer. That was a splendid shot, and I am so glad it was you who killed the buck instead of myself.

Berkeley laid down his pen and read what he had written, and then he tore the letter into a thousand pieces and crushed them into a solid mass in his strong right hand.

"It is mighty easy for a man to make a fool of himself," he said, pulling down the top of his desk with a bang. He prepared himself for the street, and went out for a walk, as if to get away from temptation. He strolled up Fifth Avenue to Fifty Ninth Street and there entered the Park. It was a relief to him to get away from stone walls and the rumble of noisy wheels upon the pavement. Here was a bit of nature, wrested from the avarice of man and preserved free for God's creatures, be they rich or poor, to enter and enjoy. The rustle of the leaves was music to his ears, and the night air fanning his cheeks refreshed him. He had selected the more secluded paths, but wherever he went he found the benches that skirted the walks occupied by men, women, and children, who had come there in the cool of the day to enjoy themselves, when the hours of work were over.

There are times when a man is lonelier by contrast. Berkeley felt this keenly as he walked along unnoticed by those on either hand, whose eyes were only for each other. Solitude bears heaviest on a man in a great city, in the midst of people between whom and himself there is no more human interest than in the individual blocks of granite that form the pavement of the streets.

This was Berkeley's own figure, and he shuddered at the sense of loneliness it gave him.

He had been walking for perhaps half an hour and finding an unoccupied bench sat down to rest and commune with himself. On the other side of the walk, and a little to his right, were two young people—a girl scarcely twenty and a man about her own age. He watched them for some time and with growing interest.

"That is love," he said to himself at length—"companionship, contentment, and yet they may not have seen the city limits in all the hot months of summer." He was glad to see such happiness, but it did not quench the yearning of his own heart. When he returned to his rooms he found a telegram on his table from Margaret, which ran as follows:

David very sick. Thinks he will not live. Wants very much to see you.

"Poor old man," said Berkeley, still standing with the telegram in his hand. He said no more. He had said enough, said as he said it, to express a tenderness and a sorrow rare among men. His love for the old guide, his sympathy and regret, had all been told tenderly, eloquently.

He looked at his watch and found that he still had time to catch the midnight train for the East. He telegraphed Margaret that he would start at once and added a cheering message for the sick man. Then he wrote a note to his lawyers, explaining the cause of his sudden departure, and saying that the business must await his return, whenever that might be.

A careful analysis of Berkeley's heart as the carriage bore him towards the station would have revealed emotions that were astonishingly dissimilar. He had little hope that the old guide would ever recover, and even feared that he might not arrive at the camp in time to see him alive. The fact that Margaret had telegraphed was evidence of critical illness. She would not have wished to cause him unnecessary anxiety. He was sure of this, and

his fancy pictured the most gloomy forebodings. No man was ever more sincere in his attachment for another than Berkeley in his love for his old guide.

Joy and sorrow are so incompatible that it is difficult to believe one could feel deeply for another whose life was going out and at the same time be thrilled with happiness. But such were the contradictory emotions that swayed Berkeley.

He had been traveling steadily since midnight of the previous day. It was again midnight, and he was nearing the camp, threading his way along the narrow road, thickly wooded on either side. The tall trees shut out the light so completely that at times he could scarcely see the horse before him. The driver was of a loquacious turn, but Berkeley was in no mood for commonplace talk. His soul was attuned to higher themes. The man had lapsed into silence, and the stillness of the night, save for the clatter of the horse's hoofs and the rumble of the wheels on the hard road, was unbroken.

Berkeley was never so uncertain of himself before. Was the old guide still alive? And Margaret—how should he meet her? He wondered if she were still up, awaiting his coming. He hoped she was, and then he hoped she was not. It would be cheerless with no one to welcome him, and he drew the big cape more tightly around him and shivered. But then it would be easier for him to steal in quietly and meet Margaret in the morning. There would be less constraint—"constraint" he repeated the word. "Why should there be any constraint?"

But the feeling clung to him. Then his strong will was appealed to, and he railed at himself for his folly, resolving that his whole mind should be centered on the old guide. "I will ask how he is, the first word I say. I'm simply nervous and worn out with anxiety and travel."

He tried to stop thinking, but the effort was a failure. Then he forced his mind to other topics, but every

train of thought, no matter how remote, led sooner or later to the theme he had commanded himself to abandon.

Presently they turned a bend in the road, and far in the distance the lights in his camp caught his eye. "She is up waiting for me," was his first thought, and his heart bounded with delight.

The carriage pulled up at the door. Margaret *was* waiting for him, and put out her hands to meet him in glad welcome. His greeting, notwithstanding his resolutions to the contrary, was tempered with gladness that he could not hide, though almost his first words were about David.

"He is anxiously awaiting you," said Margaret, and she led the way to the sick man, with whom she had been sitting, comforting him with her sunny presence.

"Donald," said the old guide feebly, taking Berkeley by the hand, "I'm glad you are here, Donald—glad you are here. I was afeared I wouldn't see you agin;" and the eyes of the once strong man filled with tears.

"You are not so sick as that, are you, David?" said Berkeley, trying hard to be cheerful.

"I tried to keep up, Donald—tried my best, fer I didn't want to spile your summer, but I've give out, I'm goin' to pieces now, jest like a boat that's breakin' up on the rocks. It's good to see you here, Donald—good to feel your hand in mine. But the Lord has been with me, sendin' an angel to make the last days of an old man like the spring time with the sun drivin' away the cold of the winter and warmin' the earth and the lakes, and bringin' back the flowers. That's what God does in the spring, Donald, and that is what Miss Margaret here has done for me. It's worth bein' sick, Donald, ter have sech care—worth livin' a life ter die in sech hands as hers and yours."

There was a simple, grateful honesty in these words of the old woodsman that was pathetic and touching. Berkeley choked back his emotion,

felt the pulse of the sick man, and gave him such professional treatment as his case seemed to demand.

"You will feel stronger after taking this medicine, David," he said. "You have seen how Margaret has gained under my treatment. Now I want you to gain as she has."

"But there's eighty year and over agin me, Donald. When the end of the trail is reached a man can go no further."

"That is very true, but how are we to know where the trail ends? It ends just where one leaves it, and his leaving it depends upon the treatment he has. Now do not indulge in any more gloomy thoughts, but try to get a good night's rest."

"You must run away to bed now, little girl," said Berkeley, when they had left the sick room. "I want to know all about David's breaking down, but the morning will do for that. You must have your sleep."

He held out his hand to her when he said good night. She had been at the camp several months, but he had never done this before. There was a tenderness in his manner that was in marked contrast to the old brisk, man-of-the-world way he had always shown.

Margaret thought of this when she had gained her room, and the pressure of his hand still lingered on her own, filling her heart with gladness. But she knew him so well—knew his opinion of women, and his avowed purpose to live out his life alone—that she dare not hope. Nevertheless, the tender greeting, and his evident delight at being again with her, lingered in her thoughts and mingled with her dreams as she slept.

Berkeley had been up an hour, most of which time had been spent with his old guide, when Margaret came down stairs. The morning was bright and sunny—brighter to her eyes than any other since she had come into the woods. When breakfast was over they went out to the boat landing as if by a common impulse, and Margaret told him of the old man's breaking down.

"It seemed almost as if he had fixed his mind on keeping up while you were here," she said, "and the minute you were gone his overstrained powers gave way. We went out on the lake a little while after you had gone. He said nothing about feeling ill, and I did not see his face for perhaps an hour, as we were each rowing, and he sat behind me. He seemed at last to have such difficulty in keeping stroke with me that I turned around to see what the trouble was. He was very pale. I said, 'Why, David, I believe you are ill—what is the matter?'

"I am not quite myself," he said with a quaver in his voice. I was alarmed, as you can well imagine. I took his sculls from him, and rowed the boat back alone, though he protested strongly at my doing so. When we reached the landing, it was all he could do, with my assistance, to get to the camp. Mama and I were both frightened, but gave him stimulants, and John took him to his room and put him to bed. The next day he was worse, and we had him moved into the room he is now in, where we could watch over him. Poor old man, he grieved at your absence, and seemed to feel that he would never see you again. I told him I would telegraph for you, but he would not allow me to do so. But when I saw that he was steadily sinking I wired you without his knowledge, feeling sure you would want to know of his illness."

"You did just right," replied Berkeley, "and I think, as you say, he had taxed all his energy to keep up so long as I was here."

For ten days the old guide lingered, growing steadily weaker. Berkeley scarcely left his bed side towards the last, and Margaret was with him much of the time, always doing the little things that only a woman's hand can do to bring comfort to the sick. David followed her with his eyes while she moved about softly, as he would follow a sunbeam that was leading him from the darkness into the light.

Berkeley, too, followed her, and

the love of his heart went out to her in whom he saw tenderness, sweetness, intelligence, youth, and beauty. She was a revelation to him—the embodiment of what a lovable, noble, generous woman should be—this girl whom he had avoided, thinking her but a society flower without thought or sincerity—a characterless, insipid being whose life was hardly worth the saving.

It was towards midnight. Margaret and her mother had gone to bed. Berkeley sat alone, watching with the old woodsman. He had been half unconscious for the last few hours, but now the clouds cleared away, and his mind was bright.

"Donald," he said, and his voice was very feeble. Berkeley bent over him. "Give me your hand, Donald. I want it in mine. The clearin' is just yonder. I must say good by to you, Donald, and I would like to say good by to her, too."

"I will call her," said Berkeley, unable to restrain the tears that stole down his face.

"No, not yet, Donald—not yet. I want to speak to you alone—about her. I love you, Donald, and want to go feelin' that you will not have to foller the trail alone. Her ways is all sunny and like the flowers—you know what I mean, Donald. It would make this old heart of mine glad ter know you love her, fer she loves you, Donald. I have seen it these many a day. Now you can call her."

Berkeley was back in a few minutes, and his hand was again clasped by that of the dying man.

"Donald," he said—"Donald," each time more faintly than before. "Is she coming—will she get here?" and his eyes took on a look that seemed to peer into the clearing.

"Yes, she will be here—here she is now," said Berkeley.

"Here," whispered the old man—"here," and a smile lighted up his face. "Her hand," he said, the words scarcely audible, and she placed it in his. "Good by," flickered on his lips and they were forever closed. Berkeley bent over

the lifeless form of him he had loved, his whole frame shaken with grief deeper and keener than he had ever known.

"An honest man gone," he spoke softly—"a great strong, clean man, and I loved him as he loved me."

Then he stood there, looking

down at the face of the rugged woodsman, while memory made vivid again the vanished years.

Margaret herself, deep stricken with grief, comforted him in his sorrow, and was to him God's gift, come to fill the place of him that had been taken away.

THE PASSING SHOW.

EVERY day to the park when the weather is fine
Like a glittering pageant they pass in a line,
With the down streaming sunlight so dazzling and cold
That it turns for the nonce all the trappings to gold ;
And on the soft cushions, enjoying the air,
Are the four hundred dwellers in Vanity Fair ;
While up in our eyrie, so close to the sky,
We sit at the window and watch them go by.
And often we see him roll on with the rest
In a coach so superb that it ranks with the best,
From the family crest he has just had designed
To the leather clad lackeys like statues behind ;
But he never looks up, and his dull, heavy face
Has the air of a man who has lost in a race,
And I smile as I think 'twas for her to decide
If she was to sit up in state at his side.
We've a cheap little place, but it's home-like enough
With its portières, and rugs, and gay Japanese stuff ;
The prints I've picked up, and the etchings I've found,
In disorderly order all scattered around ;
And the upright piano at which she will sit
In the dainty pink gown that is such a snug fit,
While I lie back and smoke, till my fancy takes wing,
And it seems a vast empire of which I am king.
Do you long for the time when I'm famous and great,
And my work is snapped up by a big syndicate ?
Would it grieve you so much, little one, if you knew
That your dreams of my future will never come true ?
But I care not a whit, as I scribble away,
And the morrow can bring me whatever it may,
If you will but love me, and smile at me there,
In this other small heaven high up in the air !

Malcolm Douglas.



THE ENGLISH LAUREATES.

By Richard H. Titherington.

THE laurel crown as the emblem of poetic renown is as old as the classic ages of Greece and Rome. At the end of the fourth century after the Christian era the reforming zeal of the Emperor Theodosius detected in the symbol a dangerous savor of heathenism, and forbade its use. It was revived in Rome nearly a thousand years later, when Petrarch was formally crowned, with much pomp and ceremony, at the Capitol.

The "court poet" is another relic of antiquity. Only by the favor of princely patrons was the divine art maintained through the dark ages of the world's history. The Muse was forced to choose between the bread of dependence and starvation. The court poet consorted with the court jester, and paid for the sustenance he found at the king's table—but "below the salt"—with rhymes extolling the virtues—too often imaginary—of his royal master.

No precise date can be fixed as the time when the court bards of England first claimed the laurel crown as their official emblem. The laureateship is an institution which, like the celebrated Topsy, "just grewed" to its present estate. There is a tradition that it began five hundred years ago with the author of the "Canterbury Tales." In the introduction to Tate's "Panacea" (1700) there is an allusion to

The British laurel by old Chaucer worn;

but there is seemingly no historical authority for the con-

nection of the great Geoffrey's name with the title. We hear of poets at the courts of the Tudor kings; the only name that has escaped oblivion is that of John Skelton. Skelton was crowned with laurel by the university of Oxford in 1489, and was afterwards official versifier to Henry VIII—a post that he lost through the indiscretion of a lampoon on the mighty Wolsey.

Early in the reign of the "good Queen Bess" one Richard Edwards styled himself her "voluntary laureate"—the adjective being probably intended to emphasize the financial



EDMUND SPENSER.

independence of a gentleman who was a member of Lincoln's Inn and not a pensioner on the royal bounty. Next among the names whose standing on the list of laureates is doubtful, comes the brilliant one of



BEN JONSON.

From Fittler's engraving of Behne's painting

Edmund Spenser, to whom in 1590 Elizabeth granted an annuity of fifty pounds. The pension was the guerdon of flattery. All the imaginative fervor with which the author of the "*Faerie Queene*" had in that wonderful allegory sung the praises of embodied virtue, was poured out, in "*Colin Clout*," upon the less noble theme of the queen's personality. Yet not even so was the luckless bard saved from years of penury that ended with death in a garret. The business-like Burleigh, Elizabeth's lord treasurer, had no love for poets, and Spenser had much difficulty in getting his salary paid.

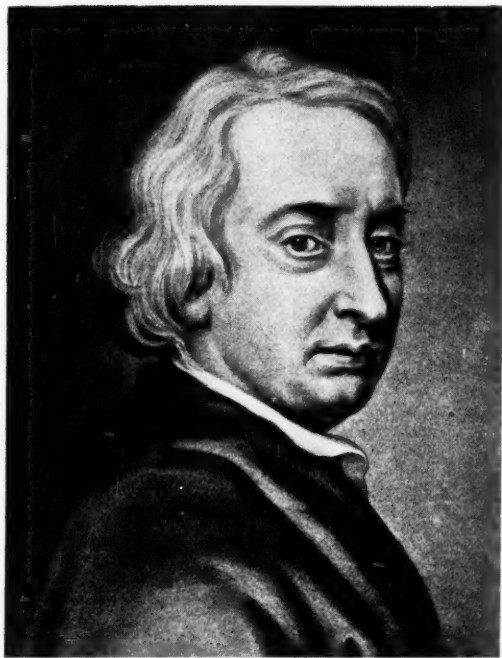
The first James had another "voluntary laureate"—Samuel Daniel. Ben Jonson, who was appointed laureate by royal letters patent in 1619, expressed much concern lest Daniel should be offended at this act of supersession. But if Daniel's claim to the title was regarded as valid by Jonson, it was not apparently so recognized by official authority. Jonson had helped Decker to prepare the

pageant that greeted James's arrival in London; he had written poems for such occasions as the court's May Day festivals. Falkland says of his appointment that the king

Declared great Jonson worthiest to receive
The garland which the Muses' hands did
weave,
And though his bounty did sustain his days
Gave a more welcome pension in his praise.

With Ben Jonson the unquestioned line of laureates worthily begins, and from him it extends unbroken to Alfred Tennyson. The original patent of 1619 is apparently not extant; but there is preserved the grant of eleven years later, wherein Charles I renewed and extended the privileges his father had bestowed on Jonson. The document recites that "in consideration of the good and acceptable service done unto us and our father by Benjamin Johnson"—the poet's own spelling of his name was probably an affectation—"and especially to encourage him to proceede in those services of his witt and penn, which wee have enjoined upon him and expect from him," he should receive one hundred pounds a year, payable quarterly, "at the feast of the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the birth of our Lord God, by even and equal portions;" and besides the hundred pounds "one terse of Canary Spanish wine yearly, to have, hold, perceive, receive, and take"—also, probably, to drink, but this is not mentioned—"from the cellars of our palace of Whitehall."

The brilliant company of wits and men of letters among whom Jonson had of old spent many an hour of good fellowship at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street had long ago broken up. Will Shakspeare had retired, wealthy and honored, to his native Stratford, and had ended his days there; Beaumont and Fletcher, too, were dead; Donne had entered the church and found high clerical preferment; Selden was in prison for his bold championing of the liberties of Parliament. Yet in spite of the loss of old friends, and in spite of



JOHN DRYDEN.
From the painting by Kramer.

age and infirmity, we may be sure that there was at least one red letter day in Jonson's calendar—the day that brought him the great cask of liquid gold pressed from Spanish grapes!

The date of the grant was March 26, 1630. It came at a time of need for Jonson. Always improvident and impecunious, the poet, in the straits of poverty and sickness, had addressed a petition for aid "to the best of monarchs, masters, men." Charles's reply was a gift of money, and an increase of Jonson's pension from a hundred marks (\$333) to a hundred pounds (\$500.)

His royal patron's liberality lightened the sorrows of Jonson's later years, which otherwise were heavy enough. Free living had ruined his bodily health; he had inherited scrofula, dropsy had long threatened him, and at the last paralysis made him helpless. Debt and lack of money forbade him to lay down his pen, but his latest plays won

little of the applause that had hailed "Sejanus" and "Every Man in his Humor." In the epilogue of one of his last comedies he says:

If you expect more than you had tonight

The maker is sick and sad.

All that his faint and falt'ring tongue doth crave

Is that you not impute it to his brain.

That's yet unhurt, although, set round with pain,

It cannot long hold out.

He died in 1637, and was buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. It was purposed to build a monument above his last resting place by a popular subscription. Meanwhile a common flagstone was set over his body. One Sir John Young, of Great Milton in Oxfordshire, chancing to pass through the Abbey, and to see the poet's grave yet unmarked, paid a man eighteen pence to cut in the stone the words "O Rare Ben Jonson!" And

these remained his epitaph; for though a subscription was raised, the storm of the Rebellion came, and the monument was never built.

Jonson's successor in the laureate-



COLLEY CIBBER.
From Cook's engraving of Vanloo's painting (1740).

ship was William Davenant, who boasted, truly or falsely, that he was an illegitimate son of William Shakspeare. His tenure was speedily broken off by the civil war. Davenant, of course, was a royalist partisan, and Charles knighted him during the

for after Sir William Davenant's death in 1663 the laureateship was vacant for two years. Then it was—as it was not again for nearly two centuries—bestowed upon the man who stood as unquestionably the first English poet of his day, John Dryden, for whom “glorious” has become an epithet as stereotyped as is “rare” for Ben Jonson.

It was his connection with the theater that recommended Dryden to the court of Charles II. Although his father was a Puritan, and although his first poetical essay was a eulogy of Cromwell, when he came from college to London he was irresistibly attracted by the new effulgence of the drama that came with the Restoration. Never before in England had the theater been of such importance. Besides the novelty of movable scenery, there were improvements in lighting and mechanism; women's parts were for the first time taken by women, and these actresses enjoyed an all too scandalous notoriety; the public, whose taste for the spectacular had been starved under the austere Puritan regime, flocked in crowds to the playhouses; and the profits of play writing drew to it the best wits of the literary world. Dryden had written twenty seven comedies and tragedies not long after

his arrival in London, and had contracted to supply three new pieces each year to the King's Theater. Yet of his voluminous dramatic work practically everything has been forgotten.

Dryden's entry into the Catholic church during the brief reign of James II might be set down as the act of a mere time server had he not afterward clung to his new faith in spite of the disaster that it brought upon him when the Stuarts were banished. His conscience would not permit him to swear fealty to the House of Orange; and to the injury of dismissal from office was added the insult of seeing installed in his



ROBERT SOUTHEY.
From the painting by Kramer.

struggle against the forces of Parliament. His office was swept away when the crown fell, to remain in abeyance until the Restoration. Under Charles II he was high in favor as poet, courtier, and dramatist. He was a leader in the rehabilitation of the stage—a thing unclean during the days of Puritan rule. He wrote more than a score of plays, all of them now forgotten, built four theaters, and introduced into them the previously unknown device of movable scenery.

If it be true that Mr. Gladstone has determined to appoint no successor to Tennyson for the present, he is not acting without precedent,



GRETA HALL, THE HOME OF SOUTHEY.

place his bitterest foe, Thomas Shadwell, the "MacFlecknoe" of one of Dryden's sharpest satires.

Thy Tragic muse gives smiles; thy Comic, sleep,

said Dryden of Shadwell; but the laureateship was a political perquisite in those days; and when the Earl of Dorset, the king's chamberlain, was reproached for favoring so second rate a bard he answered, "I do not pretend to determine how great a poet Shadwell may be, but I am sure he is an honest man"—meaning thereby, of course, a steadfast Whig.

Nevertheless the sun of official favor did not wholly set for Dryden, for Dorset's liberality "saved him from ruin," as he himself testified, in his later years, and when he died he was fittingly buried in Westminster Abbey. He had lived long enough to see the laureateship pass from Shadwell to Nahum Tate, to whom the critics who dismiss him as a "wretched scribbler" do no more nor less than strict justice. Tate is remembered only as the part author of Tate and Brady's metrical version

of the Psalms, long used in English churches, and as the producer of a botched and butchered "acting edition" of "King Lear" which should serve as a warning to later tinkers of Shakspeare's work.

Tate's tenure lasted from 1692 to his death in 1713. His successor was Nicholas Rowe, a man in whose faint praise it may be said that he was slightly more worthy of the office. Some of his plays—notably "Jane Shore" and "The Fair Penitent"—had a popularity that lived for more than a century, and in *Lothario*, one of the characters of the latter, he added a new word to the language. Beyond this he was a successful placeman, holding office as a surveyor of customs and as secretary to the Duke of Queensberry.

The eighteenth century is a period of English history of which perhaps too hard things have been said. But in many ways it was a time of intellectual decadence. The liberties of the people, which in the previous century had been so decisively asserted, were encroached upon by a corrupt aristocracy. The church,

which once had sent forth its noble army of martyrs to die at the stake for their faith, had sunk into a stagnation of worldliness and luxury that evoked the thunders of Wesley. Literature had lost the splendid new life it had in the Elizabethan era, and had become artificial, stilted, formal.

It was quite in keeping with the times that when Rowe died, in 1718, there should have been selected for the laureateship the most contempt-

bard of Twickenham heaped upon him, for though not a good poet he was by no means a dunce. He was a capable actor and a clever playwright, and his "Apology" will long be read by the curious for its interesting pictures of the stage of his day. To his detractors he replied that their abuse was promoted by the belief that "right or wrong, a lick at the laureat will always be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*—to catch them little readers." But Cibber's



RYDAL MOUNT, THE HOME OF WORDSWORTH.

ible rhymster that ever held the office—the Rev. Lawrence Eusden, a country parson whose recommendation appears to have consisted in the fact that he wrote a laudatory poem upon the marriage of the Duke of Newcastle. The quality of Mr. Eusden's Muse may be judged from his addressing his heavy Hanoverian sovereign with such ridiculous adulation as

Hail, mighty Monarch, whose deserts
alone
Would without birthright raise thee to a
throne!

Then came Colley Cibber, best remembered as being the central figure of Pope's vigorous satire, the "Dunciad." Cibber scarcely deserved the ridicule that the vinegarish little

verses were bad enough to merit what his most envious rivals said of them.

The next laureates—it would be flattery to call them poets—were William Whitehead, a third rate dramatist; Dr. Thomas Warton, a professor at Oxford, and a good historian and critic, but a miserably poor versifier; and Henry James Pye, who combined the pursuit of the Muse with the more prosaic, and no doubt more congenial vocation of a London police magistrate. That indefatigable literary antiquarian, George Augustus Sala, has unearthed a curious story to account for the worthy but unpoetic Pye's promotion to the laurel. It seems that George III was riding to hounds one day when his horse threw him head

first into a deep and muddy ditch. Pye, who happened to be near, rushed to the assistance of his sovereign, who, mud besprinkled but unhurt, was fumbling in the ditch for his peruke, which had fallen off, and was mumbling "Where's my wig, where's my wig?" "D—n your majesty's wig!" cried Pye with loyal fervor; "it is the safety of your sacred majesty's person that I am concerned about." A few years later, when a successor to Warton was to be chosen, a list of available versifiers was submitted to the king, who ran down it till he came to the name of Pye. "Pye? Pye?" he pondered—"the man that d—d my wig, eh? Make Pye poet laureate." And so, according to Mr. Sala's story, which it not authentic is at least characteristic, they made Pye poet laureate.

With Pye the dark days of the laureateship ended. The nineteenth century had come in with its new renaissance of poetry in the songs of Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Scott. The royal court was no longer a Teutonic Bæotia where lofty verse was as little appreciated as pearls thrown before swine. At Pye's death the premier, Lord Liverpool, offered the laurel to Scott. The laird of Abbotsford hesitated. Some of his friends—the Duke of Buccleugh was one—told him that he would demean himself by accepting it. This was perhaps his own feeling, but the ostensible reason for his final declination was his unwillingness to engross emoluments that should belong to those dependent solely on the poetic calling. The Prince Regent then suggested Robert Southey, and the title and its stipend—now fixed at ninety pounds a year, with an allowance of twenty seven pounds in lieu of the tierce of Canary—went to the author of "Thalaba" and "Kehama."

The choice was as good as could well have been expected. Byron and Shelley, both open scorers of

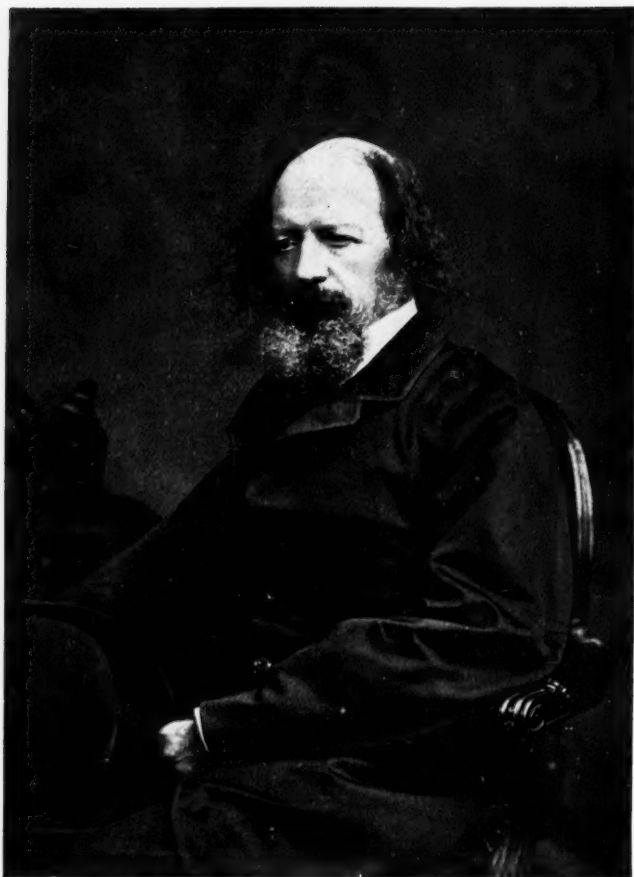
religious and social conventions, were out of the question. Keats did not publish "Endymion" until four years later. Wordsworth's fame had not yet shone forth from behind the clouds of hostile criticism. Coleridge's life had been wrecked by fatal



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

self indulgence. Southey was at least a clever handler of verse, with a genius for the weird and romantic, and a writer of excellent prose, as well as a man of character and scholarship.

He too in his younger days had felt the wave of socialistic unrest that culminated in the French Revolution. He had dreamed all sorts of dreams—among them a project, shared by Coleridge, for the founding of a "Pantisocracy" on the banks of the Susquehanna; had been expelled from school and disowned by his relatives, and had known years of wandering and hardship before he found rest among the quiet hills of Cumberland. Greta Hall, beneath whose roof he spent the last four de-



ALFRED TENNYSON.

From a photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

cares of his life, looks down upon the little Greta, and up to the majestic peak of Skiddaw and "steep Blencathara's stormy height." Ten miles southward, beyond the pass of Dunmail Raise, is Grasmere Lake, and beside it the churchyard where Wordsworth lies. Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth's later years, is a couple of miles beyond, on the hillside above the little lake of Rydal Water. Coleridge, the third member of this trio of friends and poets to whom Jeffrey gave the name of the "Lake School," was long sheltered and befriended by Southey. The laureate gave a home at Greta Hall to the wife and daughter of his

unfortunate friend when Coleridge, his better self lost in the delirium of opium, wandered away and left them penniless.

During Southey's laureateship the courtly duties that had given the office an inevitable savor of servitude were allowed to lapse into salutary desuetude. His predecessors had been expected, if not required, to turn out an ode at each New Year, and on each royal birthday. George III was the last king to receive these poetic tributes, and when on Southey's death the laurel was offered to Wordsworth it was with the express understanding that no official service should be attached to it.

Wordsworth was then, at seventy three, recognized as the first of living English poets, and it was as such that he was designated laureate. He once refused the proffered honor on the score of his great age, and accepted only when Sir Robert Peel personally urged him to do so, and told him that the queen also desired it. For seven years, from 1843 to 1850, the laurel was—for the first time since John Dryden's days—worn by a truly great poet, although its wearer's life work was finished; and its next holder might well feel that it came to him "greener from the brows" of the hermit of Rydal Mount.

Wordsworth's death left no one commanding figure among English poets. Many names were suggested to the premier, Lord John Russell, with whom, as wielder of the crown's prerogative, lay the right of appointment. It is said to have been the influence of Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, himself a poet of real power, that turned the scale in favor of Alfred Tennyson. "In Memoriam" had been issued in that year, but Tennyson had not acknowledged its authorship. "The

Princess" was his only other extended work, and his reputation rested mainly upon his volumes of shorter poems. Milnes is said to have cut out "Ulysses" and "Locksley Hall" and sent them to the prime minister with a letter praising their writer as the truest poet of the day.

Tennyson was received at court as laureate on the 6th of March, 1851, donning for the occasion the sword, stockings, and suit that Wordsworth wore at his official presentation to royalty. The office had, of course, little influence on Tennyson's work; but he spoke as laureate in the dedication of the "Idylls of the King," in the poem of welcome to the Prince of Wales's Danish bride, and in his fine "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

When Tennyson died on the 6th of last October, he had held the laureateship for forty two years—longer than any of his predecessors. Had his life been a few years shorter, his successor would no doubt have been Robert Browning. But Browning passed from the literary stage before the elder poet, and left upon it no equally commanding figure.

A TALE OF ARCADY.

WE sat together in the twilight's glow,
 We bent together o'er the poet's pages;
 Belinda read in tones both soft and low
 That old, old tale which e'er the Muse engages,
 How Strephon walked adown the grassy mead,
 His willing arm in fair Urania's linking—
 With such enchanting accents did she read,
 I must confess I did a deal of thinking—
 How by a babbling brook the lovers stayed—
 Ah, then her charming voice grew quite emphatic—
 How Strephon, youth so bold, did kiss the maid,
 His pulses trembling in a thrill ecstatic!—
 My lips to hers were dangerously near,
 Pray tell me, cynic, could e'en *you* resist her?
 Wouldn't *you* have told her then without a fear
 What Strephon told Urania when he kissed her?

Nathan M. Levy.

THE TEST OF RESOLUTION.

By Matthew White, Jr.

WARREN LANSING sat in his room, holding in his hand a telegram. He was alone. The telegram was from a friend, saying that he should be unable to keep an appointment with Lansing.

"This simply knocks me out of an evening," said the latter, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

The furnishings of the room showed that Lansing was a man of refined taste and that he had the means to indulge his fancy.

"This is stupid, doing nothing," muttered Lansing when his cigar was well nigh gone. "I'll go out and wander down to the Bowery and take in the queer things one can see there. It's a little world in itself."

And thus it happened that, about a quarter to nine that evening, Lansing, having left the Bowery and turned into a side street, heard these words:

I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face.

The sound came through the open door of a mission, and the singing was hearty and earnest.

The door closed suddenly, and only the jingle of street car bells fell on Lansing's outward ear. But he heard them not. Those two lines from the old familiar hymn transported him back, through all the intervening years, to the village church, to his own place beside his mother in the pew, recalling to him how often he had watched her as she sang those very words. How sweet her voice had sounded to him! How many years now it had been stilled! And yet Lansing heard in his mind the next lines, coming back to him as if by a miracle:

Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

He had walked on mechanically,

but now, as he was about to cross to the next block, an irresistible impulse possessed him to return and hear the rest of that hymn. He had not been to church any too often of late, but he did not stop now to reflect on the oddity of his entering a mission hall. The spirit of the past was upon him. He walked quickly, fearful lest the singing might be over before he arrived.

He pushed open the door. The room was half filled and there were more women than men. The hymn was not yet ended. Lansing took a seat near the door and gave himself completely up for the moment to the wings of the melody which were bearing him back, back to the long ago. When the strains finally died away he still sat there. Some one rose to speak. He was a young man. There was no cant in his appearance or tones, such as in some way Lansing had grown to fancy must form a major part of the make up of all evangelists. The predominating quality about him was earnestness. Added to this there was a straightforward fashion of appealing to his hearers' better nature that roused interest in Lansing in spite of himself. When the fellow paused finally, after urging some one to signify his desire to lead a better life by rising, Lansing found himself hoping that there would be a response. Such downright good work ought to have its reward, he felt.

And it had. A man a few seats in front of Lansing stood up. Then a woman rose, and after her a boy of little more than sixteen. These were prayed for and then another hymn was sung, after which a man rose on the other side of the room and told a bit of personal experience of a visiting tour he had made.

Lansing listened with rapt attention. Was it possible such misery existed all about him in this city where there were so many agencies for its relief? One case was that of the sickness of a father and mother, with the daughter not able to go to her work because she must stay at home to attend to their wants. Consequently their sole source of income was cut off.

"I am sure," the speaker went on, "if only our charitably inclined men of wealth could see these cases with their own eyes, half the suffering in this city would be done away with. But as a general rule it is only the undeserving instances that are brought to their notice. They give liberally to boards, to be sure, but those who stand most in need of assistance rarely appeal to boards. They must be discovered by one who moves among them or their neighbors, and he, alas, very rarely has the means to relieve half the misery he finds."

The leader of the meeting glanced at the clock and began to turn the pages of a hymn book he held. He evidently felt that the speaker was wasting time uttering such sentiments to a mission audience. But he could not read what was passing in the mind of one of the auditors. Those few words had sunk deep into the heart of Warren Lansing. It seemed to him as though the chance opening of the door, letting out into the street the sounds of that old familiar hymn, as if the earnest words of the practically minded leader which had detained him after the singing was over—it seemed to Lansing as if all these were but links in a chain that had drawn him to the hearing of what the present speaker had to say.

What use was he making of his money? To what purpose was his time, outside of business, spent? These two questions seemed to burn themselves into his soul. He went out when the meeting was over still thinking about them. They kept him wakeful during that night, and only during his hours at the office

the following day, was his mind free from them. When he returned to his rooms at night and was dressing for the theater, he found that they were reasserting themselves. He felt that only by answering them could he be rid of them.

But the answer that was the only honest response he could give was one he was ashamed of. He was using his money to gratify only his own selfish desires. His spare time was all spent in those ways that he fancied would yield him the most personal enjoyment. It was in vain that he contrasted his own manner of life with that of scores of other men, who were riotous in their habits and extravagant in their expenditures. His was a nature that would brook no self palliation when once it was aroused to action or to question. He rose or fell in his own estimation by comparison with a fixed standard of right and wrong, and not in contrast with the doings of others.

He made no further evening engagements ahead, and on his first vacant night went again to that East Side mission. This time he did not sit at the back. He had gone with a purpose, and when those who wished to lead a better life were asked to stand up he was the first one on his feet.

When the meeting was over he remained and had a chat with Mr. Hatton, the leader. He was very frank. He told of the struggle that had been going on in his mind and of the determination at which he had arrived. Could they put him in the way of doing the practical work it was in his heart to do?

Poor, overworked Jasper Hatton felt that the labor of years was repaid in this one night. He did not disgust Lansing with sycophantic expressions of praise over his determination; he simply extended the right hand of good fellowship to him, and together they mapped out a line of work for the recruit. And Lansing wasted no time in beginning. With him promise and performance were synonymous terms, and as he immersed himself in the

work he became completely absorbed by it—except during the hours devoted to his business, which he was careful never to neglect.

As he saw more and more of the wretchedness of humanity he grew to feel that it was almost criminal to spend for vain show or trifling luxuries the money that could bring surcease from suffering to so many of his brother men. When the time came for the renewal of the lease of his apartment, he gave it up, and moved into more modest rooms near his field of philanthropic labors. While this new passion did not change his nature outwardly, and his friends in the business world found him the same sensible, genial fellow as of yore, inwardly he ceased to be interested in anything except the betterment of his fellow men. He counted no sacrifice too great in order that this might be brought about. He put away from him all social entanglements that would interfere with it. If he had lived in another age he might have been a monk. As it was, this is what some of his acquaintances called him among themselves. They would not have dared say it to his face.

In this way a year passed by. So taken up was Lansing with his new work that he did not even leave town during the summer. Instead, he spent his spare time going about among those whom the heat caused to suffer more than did the cold, and many hundreds of dollars he devoted to sending them to places of rural refreshment.

It was February again, almost the anniversary of the night on which the hearing of that hymn had changed the whole current of his life. Illness and marriage had decreased the corps of teachers in the mission Sunday school of which Lansing had been made superintendent. An appeal had been sent to the pastor of the home church to secure recruits for the service from among the members of his congregation. There were two responses—two ladies—one of them Miss Nina Merrington.

Lansing knew who she was as soon

as he heard her name, and he was indeed surprised to see her. Mr. Merrington was one of the wealthiest men in Dr. Otway's congregation; his daughter was known to be an indefatigable follower of society's fads. Her name was in the papers as being present at all the functions where it was *de regle* for the Four Hundred to appear. Lansing would have as soon expected to see McAllister himself at the mission as Miss Merrington.

She herself explained her reasons for coming when he went forward to welcome her.

"Ah, how nice of you to know my name, Mr. Lansing," she said, with a smile, of which, even in that first moment, he could not but note the charm. "It is so embarrassing to speak it one's self. Of course I knew you, from seeing you in our pulpit when you came over to make that Christmas appeal. But I must say I think you are not quite so good a beggar as Dr. Otway himself. You may have induced some of us to give our money, but the doctor persuaded two of us to give ourselves. But then we would do anything for the doctor. Don't you think there is a kind of magical magnetism about him, Mr. Lansing?"

Lansing admitted that he had noticed the quality in Dr. Otway, but refrained from adding that it also seemed to be present in large degree in Miss Merrington herself. He found himself thinking about her persistently during the remainder of the session.

He watched her from the desk as she sat in the center of the class of boys he had given her.

How pretty she was, with a beauty that would be better described by the term handsome. There was also an atmosphere about her that was baffling to him who attempted to make her a study. And this it was that was such a strong factor in awakening Lansing's interest.

He had not yet recovered from his surprise at seeing her at the mission. Her ascription of the miracle to Dr. Otway only half satisfied him. But he rejoiced deeply that she had come.

"This will open the way for others of her class to lend us a helping hand," he told himself.

But her example seemed to be worthless in this respect. No other members of Dr. Otway's flock presented themselves. More than once Lansing was obliged to give Miss Merrington more than her share of scholars. She accepted the situation always with a cheerful smile. More than this, she was never absent from her class.

When day after day Lansing would see her name in the society column as assisting in the whirl of after Easter gayety, he said to himself, "She will be utterly worn out by the end of the week. I shall not see her on Sunday." But she always came.

Not yet did Lansing realize that there was anything strange in his glancing through the items from the "smart" world in his morning paper. He had never done so before he met Miss Merrington, he knew, but then she was one of his staff of teachers, and it was but natural he should be interested in her. Had he not sent the delicacies of the season to old Mrs. Hawthorne, who taught the Bible class, when she was ill and he knew that her son could not afford to buy them for her?

But then he did not watch for her chair to be occupied each Sunday afternoon. Still, as has been said, he was blind himself to that which was going on within him, and only awoke to the real facts when June came and Miss Merrington stopped at the desk one afternoon as she was going out and told him that she would not see him again until October.

He said he was extremely sorry, but that it was what he ought to expect at this season of the year, and he hoped she would not forget all about the work at the Sunday school while she was away.

"Oh, no, indeed," she exclaimed. "I've promised to write once to each of my boys. Isn't that good of me when it isn't in the contract? Good by, Mr. Lansing, I trust you will have a very pleasant summer."

She gave him her hand, and as he pressed it for an instant and looked into her eyes, it seemed as though scales fell from his own. Then she was gone and Mrs. Hawthorne had taken her place and was talking about a poor woman who needed work, which nobody would give her on account of the drinking habits for which she had once been noted.

By an effort Lansing concentrated his attention on this case, and forcibly kept himself from thinking of Miss Merrington till he reached home for his one hour of rest before beginning the evening's work.

Then he looked the matter straight in the face and acknowledged with utter humiliation that he had fallen in love.

He despised himself as he never thought he could despise any of his kind. To think that he, Warren Lansing, who had vowed to devote his whole life to the welfare of others, should be swerved aside by the personal interest he took in a woman!

As he looked back now over the past few months he could see how his whole being had been permeated by the sentiment; how Sunday had been the brightest day in the week to him, not because then freedom from business cares gave him more opportunity to work for others, but because he spent an hour in the same room with her who had probably already forgotten him.

But even while he was loathing himself for what he called his duplicity, he recalled the instant in which she had looked at him when she said good by. There seemed to be real regret in her eyes. His heart began to beat at racing speed. Then he put out his iron spirit of self control, forced himself to be calm, and when he led the meeting that night it was noticed that he had seldom seemed more fervent.

He worked that summer as he had never worked before. He felt that he had a sin to expiate. When September came he broke down and was compelled to go away to recuperate for the winter's duties. He chose

the Berkshire Hills, and took with him a young man from the mission who needed the change as much as he did himself. They stopped at a farm house on the road to Stockbridge, and for a week gave themselves up to tennis, walking, and hill climbing.

One afternoon he and Gurney were playing tennis on the front lawn when a horn woke the echoes of the hillside. The next instant a four horse brake swung into view, a gay party seated atop of it, the parasols and particolored costumes of the ladies making a picturesque contrast to the background of woods out of which they had come. Gurney, who had never seen such a turnout before, was full of interest, and dropped his racket that he might be free to take it all in.

"Why, Mr. Lansing," he exclaimed suddenly, "I believe they are going to stop here."

The next moment the imposing vehicle came to a halt in front of the gate. One of the footmen swung himself down from his lofty perch, took a pail from beneath the coach, and entered the gateway with a request that he be permitted to draw water from the well to cool a hot box.

Gurney hastened to help him, and Lansing began to pick up the tennis balls, when he heard some one call his name. It was a woman's voice—one he had thought not to hear again for another month at least. He turned and saw a lady on the top of the brake waving her handkerchief at him.

It was Miss Merrington. In an instant he was standing on the wheel to take her outstretched hand, and as he looked up into the eyes that looked down into his with an expression of sincere pleasure at meeting him thus by chance, he wished that he might die then and have this for his last earthly memory.

She was staying in Lenox, she told him, and would be very glad if he would drive over and see her. He did not promise to come, but after the brake had gone on again, he

stood so long looking after it that Gurney asked if he did not want to continue the game.

He played it to a finish and then went off for a walk by himself. He had hoped that the hard work of the summer, and the absence of the one who had aroused it, had cured him of the passion which he felt was threatening his whole aim in life. This chance meeting convinced him of his mistake.

"But why should I seek to check it?" one side of his nature argued. "Love is of divine implanting. There is nothing sinful in a man's taking to himself a wife."

In retort to this his conscience recalled to him the consecrated purpose with which he had taken up his new career. It reminded him of his determination to devote his money to the betterment of his fellow beings, to consecrate all his spare time from business to this end. How could he do this with a wife whom he must always consider? And then, would not a woman who had been brought up as Miss Merrington had been, demand of her husband that which would effectually prevent him from continuing any of the philanthropic work to which he had given his life? Again, there were few prouder natures than Lansing's. Once having put his hand to the plow, it was gall and wormwood to him to reflect that he had looked back.

When he returned to the house he felt that the battle was fought and the victory won. He was even able to chat calmly with Gurney on the incident of the brake halting at their place, and to recall to him who Miss Merrington was. He went back to the city two days later, declaring that he had been greatly benefited by his outing. But his friends remarked among themselves that his face looked wan.

The weeks passed by, and when October came, true to her promise Miss Merrington was once more in her place at the mission school. As soon as he saw her Lansing knew that he was not cured, but he steeled himself to endure. He would have

regarded it as cowardly to adopt the suggestion that came to him with the thought that he might escape this misery by fleeing and seeking a field of labor elsewhere in the city.

"You did not come to see me in Lenox, Mr. Lansing," she said, as they shook hands.

"No," he replied, making a desperate effort to appear fully at ease. "I was only in Stockbridge until the following day."

"But you will be in New York all winter, I presume," she went on. "I shall be very pleased to see you some evening at my home here."

"Thank you," he said, and deftly turned the conversation.

So this chance meeting among the Berkshires was to be far reaching in its results. Lansing thought Miss Merrington would scarcely have invited him to call upon her here in town had not the hillside incident naturally paved the way for it.

"I can go once and be polite without danger," he told himself. "It is not likely a girl of so many engagements will be at home."

He chose one evening when he knew a large wedding in her set was to take place. He felt slightly guilty at the subterfuge, but reflected that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. To his surprise the butler told him that Miss Merrington was in, and took up his card.

"What good angel inspired you to come tonight?" she exclaimed when she came down. "I had resigned myself to an evening of horrible ennui thinking over the good time I might have had at Isabel's wedding if the doctor had not positively forbidden my going out while I have this wretched cold."

In an instant Lansing had forgotten all his high resolves of the past. He thought of nothing but the golden moments of the present, in which this woman sat there talking to him, with her eyes now and then seeking his and with a smile that melted his assumed stony heartedness into an affection that terrified while it thrilled him.

"Do you know, Miss Merrington,"

he said in the course of his talk, "that you are a constant marvel to me?"

"In what way?" she asked.

"Because you are so faithful in your attendance at the mission."

She flushed slightly and cast her eyes toward the rug at her feet for an instant.

"Is not faithfulness expected of your teachers?" she said.

"Most certainly."

"Then you had no confidence in me when I presented myself as a candidate for the position, Mr. Lansing?"

She looked up at him quickly and it was his turn to flush now.

"I am afraid you do not understand," he said. "I had the fullest confidence in your intentions, but I feared that you would be physically unable to carry them out. The claims society makes on——"

She interrupted him with an impatient little gesture of the hand.

"Society is an old story with me," she said. "I am frightfully weary of it. I know of nothing so monotonous as a life in which it rules supreme."

"And yet you are one of its most active members," Lansing ventured to interpose.

"What else can I do?" she answered; with a little sigh of despair. "Papa's position in the world imposes a duty on me which I must not ignore. If I retire now people will talk, the newspapers even may take it up as they did in the case of a friend of mine who the other day joined the Salvation Army."

"Then you enjoy your work at the mission?" said Lansing, his face glowing.

"Indeed I do," she replied with enthusiasm. "I find there true sincerity. My boys are blunt; sometimes they would shock me if I allowed myself to be shocked, but it is so positively refreshing to feel that every one of them means just what he says, that I gladly overlook all else. You must enjoy your work there, too, Mr. Lansing. Tell me more about the people, won't you?"

I have heard how you go about among them."

Lansing felt that he had never valued his work as he did at that moment. He began to tell of incidents connected with it. Miss Merrington listened with every manifestation of the deepest interest.

She asked many questions, and took down the addresses of two or three women to whom she promised to send work. Led on gradually, Lansing finally told the story of his transformation from a man of the world, with no aim but self gratification, to a brother of humanity. It was a natural transition from this to talk of his youth and boyhood in the Vermont village.

"And do you never go back there now, Mr. Lansing?" asked Miss Merrington. "It is so interesting to note how small the trees and the houses and the flag pole on the green look, compared to what they seemed to our childhood's eyes. I know how it is when we go to visit in the little Pennsylvania town where I was born and lived till I was twelve years old."

"No, I have never been back, Miss Merrington. I did not leave until after all those who would draw me thither again had passed away."

"Then you always dine at a club, I suppose," she responded. She turned to the tea table at her right and lighted the lamp under the kettle. "Perhaps in that case," she went on, "you will not enjoy as much as I do the domesticity of drawing room tea. But I am going to be selfish and ask you to share it with me."

Lansing watched her as she went about her preparations, his heart in his eyes. He was afraid to think. He knew not to what his thoughts might lead him. He simply gave himself up to the delicious sense of being administered to by this woman, who had a power over him no mortal had ever possessed before. He knew that he should remember this evening to the end of his life.

"Now, you will come again soon, won't you?" she said as she gave

him her hand when he rose to say good night.

"I do not want to go away," he replied gallantly.

She smiled and looked pleased, and then the door closed between them.

When he was out in the street again he wished that he might flee from himself as from some mortal with a contagious disease.

"Am I so weak?" he reflected. "I, who have conquered a position in the world by hard fought battles with it, have gained all I own by making my members bend themselves to my will, must I now surrender and be a slave to the desire of my heart?"

Nearly all night long he wrestled with temptation, but he came off conqueror and felt that this time he had gained a victory that would be permanent.

The next Sunday he met Miss Merrington without that quick pulsation of the heart he had been wont to experience. He rejoiced in spirit. He almost wished that he had some confidant to whom he could tell his success at overcoming.

But the victory won outwardly was nullified by what went on within. As the weeks passed, Lansing became sensible that he was not entering into his work with his usual zest. He seemed to lack incentive, spur himself on mentally as he might. At last, for he was a shrewd man, he understood the meaning of it all. The heart, cheated out of its desire by the mind, was taking its revenge out of this same mind, and incidentally out of the body. For there were days when Lansing felt scarcely able to drag himself about.

And now he was indeed abject in his humiliation. A great strong man like himself to be sick for love! All one night he tried to shame himself out of his condition. Finding this futile a desperate remedy suggested itself to him. He knew that he was enough of a man not to die of a broken heart because a woman refused him. It was this torture rack of self repression that was breaking him

down. If in some way he could make sure that Miss Merrington's sentiments towards him were nothing but those of friendship, he felt that he could overcome this weakness. But how to do this? He could not ask her outright. He disdained to stoop to roundabout subterfuge to attain his object.

There was one way, and a certain one. He could propose marriage to her. His brain whirled round as he pictured himself doing this. But why should he not? There was not one chance in ten thousand that Miss Merrington would accept him, and yet he would be perfectly honest in offering her his heart, for was it not already hers? And supposing that one chance in ten thousand became a certainty? Well, in that case he would feel that God had wrought a miracle and accept the blessing as coming direct from Him.

But this decision once arrived at, it took him a long while to prepare to carry it into effect. Twenty times he faltered when in the act of offering to walk home with Miss Merrington or of paying her any other such attention. With the last Sundays in autumn darkness came so early that one day Lansing decided propriety demanded he should offer his services to escort her home. He put off speaking to her about it till the teachers' meeting they were to hold at the close of the session. And then it was too late. A young man in London clothes made his appearance and went off with her in triumph. The next Sunday he came again, and kept it up throughout the winter. It began to be whispered about among the teachers that the school would not long retain the services of Miss Merrington.

Lansing felt a sense of relief at first. At any rate he was spared putting his desperate resolve, of which he had never more than half approved, into execution. After all Providence had come to his aid. A rival was as efficient a cure as a rejection, or it ought to be, he felt, in his case.

But the remedy was not all he

could have desired. More persistently than ever Lansing found himself thinking of this woman's many charms. Now that he considered it no longer possible he could ever win her, even in that one chance out of ten thousand, he conceived of ways in which she could have helped instead of hindering him. "It might have been" was the sad refrain that now kept repeating itself to him, making him more miserable than before.

And so the winter passed, and one Sunday afternoon in April the young man who had caused so much that was like a revolution in Lansing's breast, did not appear. But something else did. This was a sudden shower. Lansing saw that Miss Merrington was without an umbrella. He had an emergency one in the study. He brought it forth and asked if he might hold it over her till she reached the car. She gladly consented, and Lansing went forth into the storm with a heart attuned to sunshine.

And "I don't mind the rain as long as my hat is protected," said Miss Merrington when they reached the street through which her car ran "Suppose we walk. Or perhaps you have some engagement that claims your time?"

"You have the prior claim on that now, Miss Merrington," he answered. And over the wet pavement they strolled along, not at all as though the shower inspired haste in them, and just before they reached the mansion on Fifth Avenue the sun burst from behind the clouds in radiant splendor.

And in some way Lansing always associated its rays with what his companion was telling him at the moment—that Mr. Clarkson, who had been so kind about escorting her home on winter afternoons, had gone to Hamburg as assistant to his brother, who was the American consul there.

"Come in, won't you, Mr. Lansing?" she added, as they came to a halt at the foot of the steps. "It is so long since you made your first

call on me that I have begun to think that I didn't treat you well enough to make you want to come again."

Lansing went in, and he did not come forth again until after tea.

And then, although twilight had set in, his face was radiant as if the sunshine were reflected in it. And so it was, but it was sunshine from within—the sunshine of a realized hope.

YE KNIGHTES VICTORY.

YE nighte was darke—ye citie slept—
As forth a Knyghte in armour crept.
He hurried thro' ye Darksome streete,
He heard ye watchman on hys beate

Cry "*Five o'clock and all is well!*"
He heard ye crowing Cocke foretell
Ye neare approaching of ye dawn.
He eastward looked for sign of morn,

And hurried forward on hys waye,
And toe *Sainte Valentyne* did praye
For succour, & begged Him to gaine
Ye suite—ye Love he w'd attaine.

As lit ye East with crimson flood,
Ye *Knyghte* beneath a casement stood.
He looked up at ye window there,
Behinde which stood a *Maiden faire*.

Ye *Knyghte* was brave to look upon—
Hys armour caught ye rising *Sun*—
It glisten'd like to burnish'd gold,
A goodly picture to behold.

Ye *Maiden* from her hiding place—
A very *Nymph* of beauteous *Grace*—
Smiled at her *Cavalier* forlorn—
By her ye curtain then was drawn.

Ye *Knyghte* for one brief moment saw
Ye *Maiden* whom he did adore.
One moment and *She* turned awaye,
But ye brave *Knyghte* had won ye day.

Allan A. Curtiss.

JIM BROWNELL.

By Francis E. Hamilton.

THEY were casting votes for life or death.

The day had been warm for spring, even in that southern latitude, and the grateful coolness of the coming night was unconsciously welcomed by both men and horses as they halted where the trail left the open mesa and climbed the little divide.

The animals had been gathered in, head to head, and all the bridles were held by one of the party; the prisoner, still handcuffed, had been allowed to dismount, and now stood silent, looking down the rolling plain toward the sunset, watched by a single guard.

The others, seven in number, in a group half a dozen rods away, were casting votes.

The leader of the posse, christened fifty years ago in some quiet English village John Robinson, but far better known in his New Mexican home as "Sheriff Jack," held the ballot box, a worn sombrero.

"Now, gentlemen, let us understand this question so that no trouble arise hereafter," said he, glancing about at his companions. "We have, at the call of our city, made a successful effort to capture James Brownell, otherwise known as Red Jim, who today stands indicted for more than half the crimes that have been committed in Osage County during the past five years. Time was, and not so far in the past, either, as several of you can bear me witness, when such a capture meant a prompt trial, and short shrift for the prisoner; but customs have changed. Our duty, it seems to me, is to return to Mesa City with Brownell and submit him to the disposition of the regularly organized authorities. The road, however, is long, our horses tired,

and the man desperate, and some of you believe it better to conclude the matter here and at once, all things being seemingly convenient," and as he paused his eye unconsciously turned toward the single stunted pine that with sturdy, outstretching limbs stood near. "In order, therefore, as it were, to poll the jury on the question of what to do with our prisoner, I have proposed the casting of ballots. Draw up, gentlemen, and make your wills known: a pistol cartridge means Judge Lynch—a Winchester, the court at home, and the majority shall rule. Prepare your ballots."

There was a certain grim humor about both the speaker and his address, but the others did not notice it. They busied themselves in selecting, each according to his choice, the required cartridge, and then, with all the solemn decorum of a New England school meeting, one by one they advanced and dropped the leaden messengers of their desires into the hat.

There was no discussion, no seeking to influence each other, and when Sheriff Jack had passed his sombrero to the two who watched the prisoner and held the horses, with the same official dignity he declared the polls closed, and turning the cartridges out upon the ground, separated them, large and small, into two tiny piles, counting them as he did so.

A man's life hung in the balance, but no sign of excitement showed itself upon the bronzed faces of the posse, nor was there an expression of satisfaction or disappointment when, rising, the sheriff said:

"Boot and saddle! We ride home! The verdict is five for town law to four against it—and much good may it do him," he added, with a half re-

gretful fling of his head toward the silent prisoner, who had watched all these proceedings, even to the final announcement, with the stoicism of an Indian. The vote had meant death to him within an hour, or days of opportunity; yet not a shadow had crossed his hardened face. Now, at a sign from his guard, he mounted the horse led to him, placed himself in the center of the little cavalcade, and at a brisk trot all proceeded northward through the rapidly deepening gloaming of the evening.

Two months later Mesa City lay scorched and browning beneath the blaze of a July sun.

The wide streets, flanked by rows of painfully new brick stores and wooden dwellings, the court house, city hall, graded school and churches, the diamond shaped plaza, boasting a dry urned Niobe, and even the discouraged trees that had been planted near the doors of the tempting saloons, were one and all white beneath the alkali dust, and quivered and shimmered in the burning glare like the unstable city of a mirage.

Few inhabitants ventured forth, for the heat was unusual even for New Mexico, and while it lasted work must wait. But in one building there had gathered quite a concourse, notwithstanding the temperature, and Judge Gary looked from the bench across a crowded room as the crier arose and with sonorous voice announced the opening of the court for the trial of criminal causes.

There were a few minor offenses; one small and almost excusable larceny, an assault or two, and an uninteresting divorce case, all occupying some two or three hours, when the attention of the court and the audience became fixed by the final cause upon the day calendar. Under the escort of Sheriff Jack, still ironed and a trifle paler than when last seen, James Brownell was led into the room and took his place in the prisoner's dock. The murmur of low conversation, the occasional squeak of a pen, the shuffling of feet, all ceased as the clerk arose to read the indictments.

Violation of the liquor laws; violation of the gambling laws; horse stealing, robbery, burglary, and last of all, murder. One by one the black record was spread before the court, the result of a series of years of iniquities, the work of half a dozen grand juries; and now for the first time the much indicted man was in the hands of the law, to answer its repeated summons.

Judge Gary looked toward Brownell.

"How does the prisoner plead?"

"Not guilty, to every count in every indictment," replied his attorney, one of the younger lawyers in the city; "and we demand a separate trial upon each charge."

A murmur of disapproval ran through the room. Was this notorious desperado to escape through the very technicalities and delays of the law he had set at defiance?

"Then it becomes the right of the district attorney to move whichever of the indictments he may choose," replied the judge. "Mr. Arnold, what is the desire on the part of the people?"

The gray haired prosecutor for the county arose and in a deliberate and dignified manner announced that he would elect to try under the principal indictment.

"The greater might be said in this case, your honor, to include the less. Should the prisoner be convicted of murder it will relieve both him and the commonwealth from the weariness and expense of trials for the lesser crimes; should he be acquitted I shall move an immediate trial under the indictment for burglary."

The crowd breathed more easily; Brownell was not to escape after all.

"Old Arnold 'll do him," whispered one listener to another; "the evidence is a dead sure thing! He's bound to hang, an' the sheriff's posse thought so, er they'd never a' brought him in!"

The preliminaries were soon over, a jury drawn and agreed to, the case opened, and the trial begun.

Witness after witness was sworn in

rapid succession, and the dark story of the crime with which Brownell was charged—a street riot, resulting in the death of one of the rioters—was retold in all its hideousness. The crowd listened with eager ears, untiring for hours, though the heat seemed to grow with the day; the lawyers bent more closely over their notes, the judge forgot to lean back in his chair, and even the prisoner, resting with manacled hands upon the rail of the criminal's box wherein he sat, showed by the gloom that gathered upon his brutal face, and the dull, angry glow in his eye, that he appreciated the desperate strait in which he stood.

When the prosecution had rested the attorney for Brownell bent toward him and whispered earnestly in his ear. The man shook his head. Again the lawyer addressed him, urging some plan of defense newly thought of, but still the prisoner refused his acquiescence, and at last, with a gesture indicative of irritation, young Stewart arose and turned to address the jury.

He told them of his client's early life; the lack of good influences, the hard paths for childish feet, the temptations of youth, the struggles and failures of manhood. He told them of the fight for mere existence against fate and fortune, with no one to lend a helping hand or breathe a heartening word; of the frowning face of virtue and the tempting one of vice; of aspirations smothered, efforts unavailing, good intentions trodden under foot, and at last of hopelessness, friendless, despairing wickedness. He warned them against circumstantial evidence only; he spoke of the inherent right of self defense; he prayed their pity and the benefit of the smallest cloud that might cast a shadow of doubt; he opened and closed his case without a witness, and sat down.

Mr. Arnold summed up for the people, coldly, logically, convincingly; and when, as he closed, the level rays of the western sun shot through the dusty windows and lit the waiting faces of the court and

jury with their glory of crimson and gold, the prisoner, untouched in the falling shadow where he sat, seemed to the breathless audience to rest beneath the gloom of a certain punishment, desperate and without reprieve.

In a few words the court charged the jury so clearly, so fairly that even Brownell raised his ashen face from the rail whereon he had bowed it, once more to study with gleaming eyes the countenances of the arbiters of his fate.

As the twelve left the room there entered it a child, a wee thing in white, who wandered slowly in from the door behind the bar, looking solemnly about as if in search of some lost friend, until her gaze fell upon Judge Gary. Then the little face brightened, and with a shout of "Grandpa!" she struggled through the chairs, assisted by the lawyers, and claimed a seat at his side, where for some moments she whispered softly to the old man as he waited for the hour of adjournment.

"Grandpa, it's goin' to rain, an' mama wants 'oo to come home! Zey's a great big cloud over zat way, an' it's awful black!" and with round eyes of wonder she pointed toward the south.

"But, pet," said the judge, "grandpa's busy now. Who said that you could come here?"

"No one, only mama's 'fraid, an' I knowed she wanted 'oo, an' it's a big cloud, an' it whirls an' whirls, an' scares me, too!"

As the judge was about to reply a slight commotion attracted his attention. A moment later the jury filed into their box, and the foreman arose and faced the court.

A hush fell upon the room as the clerk called the roll; then, in a voice that shook a little, he said:

"Have the jury agreed upon their verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman simply.

"How do they find?"

"Guilty, as charged in the indictment."

A sound that might have been a

sigh ran through the listeners. The judge arose and faced the prisoner. In the silence that reigned the voice of a distant wind, roaring afar off, fell upon the waiting ears, and the last gleam of sunlight faded from the wall.

Solemnly the district attorney moved that sentence now be passed upon the prisoner.

"Brownell, stand up. Have you anything to say why the sentence of this court should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner had noted the return of the jury and listened to their verdict as one in a dream, as a man stunned by a thunderbolt watches the destruction of his home wrought by the same messenger from heaven, dazed and unnerved. As the sound of the judge's voice beat upon his dull ears he turned his head slowly and looked at him wonderingly.

"Have you anything to say?"

The man gathered his feet beneath him, and, with an effort, arose. For a long moment he gazed about him, at the jury in the box, the judge on the bench, and the dense and waiting crowd behind him. Then an ugly smile spread across his face and a fierce light burned in his heavy eyes.

"Hev I anything ter say? Yes! I dare ye all to do yer worst! Do ye think Red Jim is afeard, er thet ye kin cow him? Ye don't know him! Murder, is it, fer a man to save his own life, an' ye threaten ter hang me? Do it! Go on an' read out yer sentence. I defy ye, sheriff an' all! Red Jim never squeals!" and with a snarl like that of an animal he waved his manacled arms above his head.

"I know the trouble; ye're all afeard o' me, an' ye 'd better be, fer ef the devil lets me live I'll be the curse o' this thin blooded town, an' every one in it! I hate it! Curse ye one an' all, root an' branch, young an' old! What hev ye ever done fer me? Nothin' but ter foller me an' drive me out o' decent livin' an' make me an outcast an' a criminal as I am! When I asked fer work what did ye give me? Jail! When

I found a place, ye told my boss thet I'd rob him, an' he turned me out! When I tried to be decent, every man's hand an' every woman's tongue in this black town was agin me, an' I curse ye all!"

The man had worked himself into a fury. His eyes glared, his face was white as death, and his shackled hands swung to and fro, clanking the heavy irons as though they were bells.

His listeners were stunned—all but Sheriff Jack and the judge, and when the former would have seized the prisoner and conveyed him from the room, the justice stopped him.

As Brownell paused for breath the dull roar of the wind sounded louder in the ears of the people, and the darkness, unusual except as the forerunner of a storm at this time of the year, thickened momentarily. The judge's granddaughter had crept into his arms and hidden her face.

"Ye hev forgot thet I war ever better'n the dogs at yer doors, er the snakes at yer heels; but I hev not! Who saved you frum the Injuns thirteen year ago, Tom Bodoin?" he shouted, turning suddenly toward one of the jurymen and stretching his manacled arms in his direction. "Who saved ye an' yer fambly up on the Rios? Red Jim! But he's wuss nor an Injun now! Who caught the man thet tried to steal yer daughter, Dan O'Neil?" he continued, pointing to another jurymen, "when he hed shot yer hoss under ye, an' the girl had fainted in his arms? Who? Red Jim! But ye don't remember it! Who went into the engine room o' the Last Chance Mine an' shut off the steam when every damned coward had run, an' the biler was at the point o' burstin' an' the cage with fifteen men would a' gone to the bottom o' the shaft? Red Jim! But that don't count! He's a desperado now, hang him! Hang him!"

His voice was raised to a shriek and sounded shrill through the gloom above the deepening thunder of the storm.

"An' you, Judge Gary, thet are to

sentence me to hang by the neck until I'm dead, I talk to ye with yer grandchild in yer arms! Who refused her father drink times without number, an' cared fer him nights without number? Who druv him back to ye when ye couldn't git him yerself, an' tried to make a man o' him? Who saved him frum the hands o' the men who would a' torn him in pieces the last night o' his life fer his devilish work with his knife, when he hed no friends? Red Jim! Who gave yer son a bed to die in, old man, when ye hed refused it yerself? Red Jim! An' now he braves ye an' curses ye, one an' all! Curses, double curses, ten thousand curses on——"

A sudden mighty blow, bursting the side of the building, a hideous roar like the voice of an angry ocean, a crash as if the heavens had fallen, inky blackness blotting out everything, and amid the rending of wood

and iron, the shrieks of victims, and the wild trumpeting of the storm, the cyclone swept on, leaving a mass of ruins where the court house had stood!

* * * * *

Half a dozen hours later, as the rescuers labored they came upon an opening, a sort of protected chamber, as it were, in front of the desk where the bar had formerly been, made by the great beams falling one upon the other. And within it were found three persons: Judge Gary, stretched upon the floor, stunned but breathing; and bending above him Red Jim, holding in his shackled hands, sheltered close to his breast, the little form of the judge's granddaughter, living and unhurt.

But the central iron support of the court house dome had fallen directly across this group, and Brownell had yielded his life in the effort to protect and save the others.

FEBRUARY SNOW.

I.

WE'RE riding together, afar from the town;
Thro' bare, gray woods and o'er hillsides brown
The feathery flakes come fluttering down.

II.

In mighty array, yet with never a sound,
They spread their soft carpet beneath on the ground,
And their white pall enfolds us and closes around.

III.

And I think, as I look upon her at my side,
If it were but my lot thus forever to ride
With naught in life's vista save me and my bride!

IV.

And I joyously greet the soft, swift falling shower,
And thank the snow elves that can, e'en for an hour,
Shut us off from the world by their magical power!

Stanley Wynne.

THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS.

AN EPITOME OF THINGS OF CURRENT INTEREST.

THE DEFENSE OF THE GREAT LAKES.

A "WAR SCARE" of very diminutive proportions was aroused in December by the report, widely published by the daily press, that the Canadian government was violating the treaty of 1817 by building on Lake Huron three armed vessels, nominally revenue cutters, but actually designed for active and offensive service in case of hostilities.

Such a statement was sure to cause excitement in the chain of cities that fringe the American shore of the lakes, and he utterly without defense against any attack by water — Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, and the rest. General Miles,* stationed at Chicago, and commanding the department that includes the greatest portion of the lakes' shore line, was reported as having asserted that "if Canada has built and armed three vessels for service on the lakes as described by the officers of our revenue marine service, it amounts to a declaration of war." A naval officer added that any one of the Canadian vessels would be "more than a match for our combined lake force, which consists of the revenue cutters Perry, Johnson, and Fessenden, with the old Michigan, the only naval vessel allowed on the lakes by the treaty of 1817, thrown in, and in event of war these three British revenue cutters, even if no more were built, could speedily sink those old side wheel hulks" and hold the canals against our land forces long enough to admit a fleet of light draught cruisers, with the result that "our lake cities would be treated to an appalling naval demonstration, against the ravages of which our country would today be powerless to defend them."

Fortunately it soon became clear that there was no reason for alarm. Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian minister of marine,

hastened to declare that his government was not building war ships, although it recently constructed three cutters for use in the fishery and revenue protective service. They are, he added, little vessels of 120 tons burden, armed with one small gun apiece. Were they far more powerful, they would be no match for two American steamers which, it seems, could be pitted against them at short notice.

These are the Ann Arbor and the Ann Arbor No. 2, built a few months ago at Toledo. According to the New York *Times* they were, on completion, inspected by the navy department with a view to their conversion, in an emergency, into men of war. "Each vessel," says the *Times*, "is 267 feet long, and measures over 2,000 tons. The motive power consists of three sets of compound engines operating triple screws. In each ship there is a backing of 15 feet of solid oak in the stern; this makes possible heavy ramming powers.

"The inspection proved that the Ann Arbor and her sister can be converted into double turreted monitors in sixty days' time, and are capable of mounting four fifty ton guns. Or they might be much more rapidly equipped with twelve six inch, five ton rifles. The two vessels when armed will be able, it is expected, to hold the northern part of Lake Michigan against any descents on Chicago and Milwaukee."

The Denver *Republican* censures General Miles for his alarmist utterance. "Everybody," it observes, "recognizes that General Miles is an able officer, but no one can give him credit for much ability as a statesman, if he was correctly reported. He disclaimed any belief that Great Britain meant to make war upon the United States. But nevertheless the interview leaves the impression upon the reader

* The name of Major General Miles stands third in the United States Army list, and in the natural course of events he will in 1895 succeed General Schofield as commander in chief. He fought in the civil war, entering it as private in a Massachusetts cavalry regiment, and rising to the command of a division. After Appomattox he served in Indian warfare with Hancock and Custer. When the latter was killed, with his entire command, at the Little Big Horn, General Miles avenged the massacre; and after he won distinction by capturing Joseph, the Nez Perce renegade, and Geronimo, the Apache chief.



MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

that he thinks that these cutters were placed upon the lakes with direct reference to their possible early use in a hostile way. In view of the fact that there is no matter at issue between the two countries which is at all likely to give rise to an unfriendly feeling between Great Britain and the United States, this was hardly the proper way for a major general of the army to talk."

On the question of the maintenance or abrogation of the agreement for mutual disarmament—which is terminable on six months' notice from either party—the *Philadelphia Record* thus dissuades hasty action: "In his wisdom and humanity, James Madison urged the treaty which practically provided for disarmament on the lakes. The great statesman foresaw that if the United States and Great Britain should build fleets on these inland seas the

first outbreak of war would be signalized by the wanton destruction of flourishing cities and towns on both shores, without materially contributing to the success of the campaign on either side. He therefore secured the stipulation that the naval force of each country on these waters should be confined to one gunboat.

"This treaty is so manifestly to the advantage of the United States that it would be extreme folly to disturb it. If it had not been in existence the American government would have been obliged, at immense cost, to maintain a war fleet on the lakes, in preparation for war with the only foreign power with whom our Jingoës contemplate the probability of a conflict. But should war come, Great Britain, in case of the abrogation of the treaty of 1817, would be able to pour a fleet of light draft war ships into the mouth of the St. Lawrence to

bombard and destroy every town on the American shore of the lakes.

"Annexation of Canada to the United States, with the assent of all concerned, is far more probable than war. But, in the

had gone with it. To Secretary Whitney is due the credit of beginning the great task of restoring the United States to its former naval rank. He went out of office in 1889 with two steel cruisers, the *Atlanta* and the *Boston*, actually in commission; two more, the *Chicago* and the *Yorktown*, ready for commission; and with work more or less advanced upon thirteen armored vessels, seven more cruisers, and the dynamite gunboat *Vesuvius*.

Between Mr. Tracy's accession to office and the date of his report, there went into commission nine cruisers—the *Chicago*, the *Yorktown*, the *Charleston*, the *Baltimore*, the *Philadelphia*, the *San Francisco*, the *Newark*, the *Concord*, and the *Bennington*; the *Vesuvius* and two other gunboats; the torpedo boat *Cushing*, and one armored warship, the *Miantonomoh*. Five others were to be commissioned during January and February—the *New York*, our first really powerful armored battleship; the *Monterey*, also armored; and the smaller vessels *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, and *Machias*.

There are also under construction seventeen ships and a torpedo boat, of which Secretary Tracy reports that they are

"certain to be completed, should their armor be delivered, within the next year." These include the *Oregon*, *Indiana*, and *Massachusetts*, which will rank with the most formidable vessels of foreign navies; the battleships *Maine* and *Texas*, and the high speed cruisers *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*.

"In the last four years," says the *New York Times*, in an intelligent review of Mr. Tracy's report, "the country has advanced in maximum displacements from 6,648 tons to 11,296; in speed, from 20 knots to 22; in battery power, from the 4 ten inch and 6 six inch guns of the *Maine*, or the 2 twelve inch and 2 ten inch of the *Monterey*, to the 4 thirteen inch, 8 eight inch and 4 six inch of the *Massachusetts*; in



SECRETARY TRACY.

From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.

remote contingency of a war with Canada, no fleet on the lakes would be needed to protect this country."

OUR NEW NAVY.

In his last annual report, Secretary Tracy* gives a striking review of the progress that has been made, under the present administration, in the work of building a navy for the United States. The showing is one in which the secretary and the country may well take pride.

Ten years ago we had not a single steel ship—much less a single armored ship—afloat, nor a single high power gun. The navy that had added so many brilliant pages to our history had practically disappeared, and our prestige as a sea power

* Benjamin Franklin Tracy was born in 1830 on a farm in Tioga County, New York. Entering the legal profession, he became district attorney of his county, and was elected to the State Assembly. He served with distinction in the civil war, and at its close settled in Brooklyn, where he speedily won prominence at the bar and in politics. He was Mr. Beecher's counsel in the famous Tilton case, and was successively United States Attorney for the Eastern District of New York and Judge of the Court of Appeals, before his appointment in 1889 by President Harrison to succeed William C. Whitney as head of the navy department.

radius of action, to 25,520 knots, or more than the circumference of the globe. Our twelve inch guns were only projected in 1889, but now are installed on shipboard, and the pioneer thirteen inch is nearly ready for trial. Yet it may be questioned whether even the rapid advance of the country from inability to build and arm any steel war vessel whatever to its present position in the front rank of construction, whether for engine or gun power, has done more to restore its prestige—which is itself an element of protection from attack—than the single detail of its gain in ship armor. With its twofold introduction of nickel steel plates and the Harvey hardening process, our navy department has almost revolutionized the world's ship armor. The guns, charges, and projectiles which could completely riddle and wreck the ten and a half inch plates adopted as standard by leading naval powers a few years ago, penetrate only about a third of the American plates of the same dimensions today, leaving them uncracked.

"Hardly less noteworthy is the progress in American armor piercing projectiles. Three years ago no such shells existed here, and very few firms in Europe could make them of the highest quality. Yet the last trials at Indian Head showed, according to Mr. Tracy, that our armor piercing projectiles "already surpassed the foreign product." Within the same period our navy department has developed a "smokeless powder, which in efficiency and endurance gives better results than any known powder abroad." A supply of the best torpedoes is at last assured, and justifies the construction of additional torpedo boats. Our new breech mechanism for the heavy guns has had the effect of nearly quadrupling the rapidity of fire. Finally, the application of nickel steel to the manufacture of guns, the simplified construction of the new experimental eight inch gun, and the securing of a noncorrodible steel contain great possibilities of future advances.

"The moral which Congress may fairly draw from this record is that a few years more of its liberal policy will complete the programme set forth by the Naval Committee of the present House, and make our new fleet fully

worthy of the country and ample for all needs."

THE "ROTTEN BOROUGH" STATE.

NEVADA was created a State with the avowed object of solidifying the forces of Union under the stress of civil war. Her population, though scanty, was increasing rapidly, rising from 6,857 at the census of 1860 to 42,491 in 1870 and 62,266 in 1880. But at that point her prosperity ceased. It had rested upon but one industry, and that the most uncertain of all industries—mining. The richest veins of metal were exhausted, mines were closed, camps were deserted, and towns began to dwindle. The census of 1890 showed that the State's population had sunk to 45,761—but slightly more than in 1870.

"Unless all present reports are misleading," the *Cleveland Leader* asserts, "there are fewer residents in Nevada now than two years ago. A constant depopulation goes on, and the poverty stricken commonwealth is scarcely able to support a



SENATOR JONES OF NEVADA.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

State government. Today it presents the absurdity of having two votes in the United States Senate and one in the House, when its total popular vote is but one fourth that of Cuyahoga County"—and less than that of single wards in New York city.

"There is no likelihood of an improve-



EUGENE CLEMENCEAU.

From a photograph by Piron, Paris.

ment in Nevada's condition," adds the *Leader*. "Her mines, which are unprofitable at the present price of silver, will probably remain so for an indefinite period, as the prospects for higher prices for the white metal are dubious indeed. Even if they should come, Nevada would only be galvanized into a little temporary prosperity, speedily to relapse once more into decay.

"The outlook is, in fact, desolate in its utter hopelessness, and the serious problem now confronts Congress and the American people,—how can such a decaying borough as Nevada be deprived of the statehood it no longer deserves?"

It is unpleasantly reminiscent of the system under which English liberties were travestied before the passing of the Reform Bill, to see Nevada and New York equally influential in the Federal Senate. The representatives of the latter State stand for about a million and a quarter of voters; those of the former for just one per cent of that number. Personally, Messrs. John P. Jones* and William M. Stewart, the present Nevada Senators, are worthy incumbents of their office; but it is a grievous injustice that they should be able to negative the will of a State a hundred times as populous as theirs.

As to a remedy for the injustice, it is hard to see what can constitutionally be done. State sovereignty, once bestowed, can scarcely be revoked—certainly not without the consent of its possessors, and that is not likely to be given. Human nature is too tenacious of political advantages. Consolidation with an adjoining commonwealth—probably Utah or California—is a remote possibility.

Perhaps the increasing pressure of population will ultimately force settlement into Nevada. Irrigation may make fertile her now deserted wastes, and her hundred thousand square miles may yet support a community worthy of Statehood. This would, of course, be the best solution of the question.

FRANCE'S GREAT SCANDAL.

AMAZING and appalling are epithets no whit too strong for the revelations of the Panama scandal in France. Those revelations have shown to the world a great capital's public virtue as undermined, its public honesty as so shattered that none knows whom to trust, its public morality as a thing bought and sold in the money market. They have endangered the very existence of the republic.

The Rochester *Herald* points out the historical coincidence that "just one hundred years ago the bloody destinies of France were in the hands of the National Convention, the Reign of Terror had been

* Senators Jones and Stewart are veterans of the early days of mining on the Pacific slope. Mr. Stewart left Yale to go to San Francisco in the spring of 1850, and plied pick and shovel with his own hands for a year or more before he began to climb to political eminence by way of the law. Mr. Jones, who was born in England, but was brought to America in his infancy, went through a similar experience in the days of the gold fever. They are also among the senior members of the Senate, Mr. Jones having sat at Washington continuously since 1873, and Mr. Stewart—though not continuously—since 1864.



EX SENATOR WARNER MILLER.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

inaugurated, and Louis XVI had been marked for death on the guillotine. There must be some reflective people in Paris during these days of civil storm and stress that recall with a shudder the terrible birth pains of the First Republic, while apprehensively viewing the perils of the Republic of today. The denunciation of M. Clemenceau* in the Chamber of Deputies almost recalls the awful accusing shrieks of Couthon and St. Just, which we read about to this day with ever recurring fascination mingled with horror."

The political instability of France is accounted for by the Chicago *Inter Ocean* on

the theory that its governmental system does not really rest upon a broad and popular basis. "Politically speaking," it says, "France is composed of three cities, Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. The great body of agriculturists and the residents of the smaller towns, though having an adequate numerical representation in the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, have little or no part in the inception or conduct of great political crises. The cities lead, the country follows, or rather inactively accepts the conditions imposed upon it by the cities.

"It is very different in the United States,

* Eugène Clemenceau is one of the most interesting figures of French politics. He was born fifty one years ago in Vendée, and began his career as a physician in Paris, practicing in the squalid streets of the Montmartre quarter. He entered public life at the time of the revolution of 1870, and has since been prominent as a leader of the "extreme left," or most radical division of the republicans. In 1875 and 1876 he was president of the municipal council of Paris. In the latter year he was elected to the national assembly, where he has repeatedly distinguished himself as one of the ablest as well as of the most independent members.

or even in England. It was not from London, but from rural Buckinghamshire that the first vigorous protest against King Charles's illegal levy of ship money came. And when the great issue between king and people had to be settled by the sword, it was not a city man, but a stalwart countryman from the fens of Bedfordshire that set the Parliamentary army in motion, and afterward ruled England with honor and made its name great among nations. And in our own country it was not the great cities, but the farms and plantations and workshops of the Virginias, of Ohio, Illinois, and Tennessee, and of New England, that sent Washington, and Jefferson, and Jackson, and Webster, and Grant, and Lincoln to the heads of armies, or to the chief magistracy.

"It is impossible to imagine an outbreak of socialism or anarchy in London or Liverpool, or in New York or Chicago, that should end in a revolution that changed not only the administration, but also the form of administration in Great Britain or in the United States. England and the United States have 'a people,' in the political acceptance of the word; France as yet

has only a body of politicians, a large proletariat, and, in its three great cities, a hitherto comparatively feeble bourgeois."

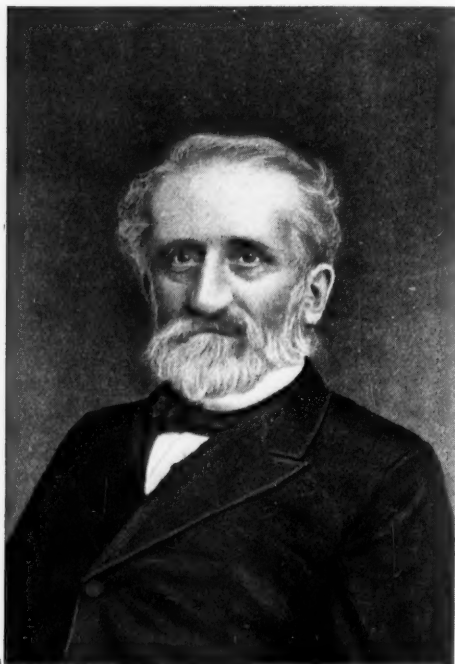
On the other hand, the *Boston Herald* questions whether a complacent sense of superiority is the right feeling with which to regard France's plight. "If we are far from presenting so scandalous a spectacle in our public life as that of the French people today," it asks, "can we truly declare ourselves free from all the dangers which have encompassed them in their toils? If France has now her Panama scandals, have we, too, not had our Credit Mobilier, our whisky ring, our exposure of navy department fraud, and other discreditable developments? We have sustained our government in its full strength through them all, but we cannot say it is a government that has been unassailed, or that it is a government safe without the utmost care and watchfulness on the part of those controlling it. The price of its purity is, like the price of liberty, found only in eternal vigilance. This is a fact never to be forgotten, and a fact more important of remembrance now, perhaps, than at any period in our nation's history.

"What has sapped the integrity of the French government? The influence of money employed to corrupt French legislation. Are we free from the like influence? We regret to say that money was never more threatening, never more dangerous, never so directly, constantly, systematically employed to this end among our own people as it is today. In France they bribe the people's representatives, already elected; in America they bribe the voters to elect men to their minds, or otherwise use money to affect the composition of our legislative bodies. Money may be more insidious in its operation, but it is as active today in America as in France."

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

THE hopeless failure of De Lesseps's costly enterprise makes it clear that if the isthmus between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is to be pierced by the present generation it will be pierced by the Nicaragua route and not at Panama. The construction of the Nicaragua canal stands out, therefore, as the greatest and most important task that lies before modern engineering skill.

The idea of the canal was first brought forward by De Witt Clinton in 1826. Commodore Vanderbilt revived it in 1849, and had a survey made of the route. But the



W. A. CAMP.

From a photograph by Hennigar, Middletown, Conn.

project lapsed until the present company, of which Ex-Senator Warner Miller,* of New York, is at the head, secured a new concession and actually began preliminary operations in June, 1889.

The company admittedly lacks sufficient funds for the completion of the great work it has undertaken, and it is now before Congress seeking the financial aid of the United States. This aid is to take the shape of a government guarantee for principal and interest of \$100,000,000 worth of bonds, with the proceeds of which the canal can be built.

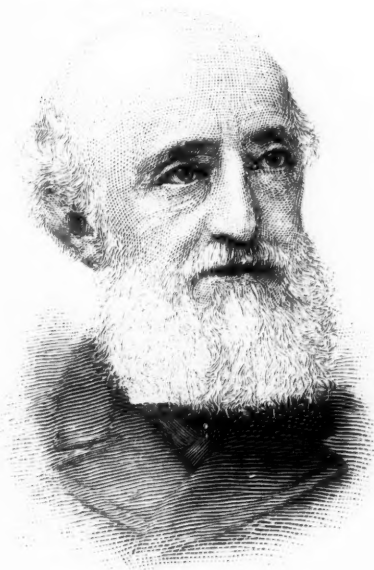
Of the value of the canal to commerce, and especially to American commerce, there is but one opinion; but widely different views obtain as to the propriety of the company's plea for governmental assistance. The application is warmly indorsed by President Harrison, who in a message upon the subject declared that "the world is calling for it. I do not see how anybody can possibly find grounds of objection. The lack of the canal retards the progress of the world. It is our coast line. If we do not proceed, England or some other power will. We should not permit this. All parts of this country are equally interested—it touches all."

The New York *Tribune* more cautiously urges that "economical and successful construction, by which low tolls may eventually be secured, requires a government guarantee. That will carry the canal bonds above par from the outset, bring in all the capital that is needed, and secure the enterprise against failure. If government control accompanies the guarantee, all the operations will be conducted in broad daylight, and there will be neither engineering nor financial mismanagement, nor national scandal."

The question is—and very properly—not a matter of partisanship. So prominent a Democrat as Senator Morgan of Alabama is one of the canal bill's strongest advocates, declaring in a recent speech that the waterway "is the demand of the nineteenth century" and that "we cannot fail to build it." On the other hand the Republican *Dispatch*, of Pittsburgh, calls Mr. Morgan's plea "as devoid of logic as it was rich in enthusiasm," and adds that "Nicaragua is too far away for this country or any other to expend millions in prelimi-

ary fortifications. Should any one else seek to control the canal the remedy would be no more difficult than if we declared our intention of making its construction a national undertaking.

"American capitalists must discuss as



WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

From a photograph by Hargrave & Gubelman, New York.

individuals the merits of the proposals and invest their money therein or not, according to the result of their cogitations. If they believe the canal can be made a practical pecuniary success, by all means let them hasten to subscribe to its stock. If not, the attempt to bolster up an unsound enterprise by national credit can only result in loss to that nation's credit. Either the canal will pay or it will not. If it will, it needs no national guaranty, and whether it need it or not it ought not to get it.

"Congress has abundant opportunity for extending the home market and providing better internal methods of transportation without wasting time over the discussion of projects with which as a nation this country has no lawful concern."

And the Philadelphia *Record* draws from the history of the government's financial

* Warner Miller was born in Oswego County, New York, in 1838, graduated at Union College, and was a school teacher at Fort Edward when the war broke out and he volunteered for service. He was a lieutenant in one of Sheridan's cavalry regiments, and was taken prisoner at Winchester. After the war he was twice elected to the State Legislature, twice to the national House of Representatives, and once to the Senate. He has also been a pioneer in the manufacture of paper from wood pulp. A portrait of him is given on page 553.

connection with the Pacific railroads, and from the peril of possible diplomatic complications, the conclusion that "important as may be the Nicaragua Canal from the commercial point of view, it is not impor-

a corresponding effect upon every bank in the United States. Yet it is not a banking institution in the eye of the law. It is not even a corporation. It is a voluntary association of some sixty banks of New York city. These banks pay so much a year to support it, and out of an original purpose merely to make exchanges easier, it has developed into an institution whose power is simply stupendous, and which has been twice exerted within the past ten years with success to prevent what threatened to be as frightful a panic as that of 1873."

The magnitude of its operations may be judged by the figures given above. Mr. W. A. Camp, who recently retired from the clearing house after managing its operations for more than twenty five years, computes that over a trillion of dollars—a sum whose expression requires thirteen figures—passed through it under his direction.

Mr. Edwards thus summarizes the clearing house's history: "Prior to 1850 the banks of New York, as is the case with banks in small cities, sent around to other banks to collect checks drawn against them. It was suggested that this was a proceeding which was costly in time, and that it would be a good thing to send the checks to one place and there sort them. So they formed an association, hired a room, and every morning each bank sent its clerk with checks and drafts to the place, and then the exchange was effected and balances paid. As the volume of business increased, this work became greater and greater until now exchanges which in a single week exceed the national debt are effected there."

NEW YORK AND HER POETS.

NEW YORK is not commonly regarded as an inspiring theme for artist or poet; and yet it has been painted and sung, and both well. Of the metropolis in verse, Brander Matthews writes entertainingly in an article on "The Muses of Manhattan," published in the January *Cosmopolitan*.

There is Walt Whitman, with his "City of Ships," and "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry"; there is Charles G. Halpine's ("Miles O'Reilly's") "New York in a Nutshell"; there is N. P. Willis's "Unseen Spirits," which begins:

The shadows lay along Broadway.

Then there are such typically New York



DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.
From an engraving by A. H. Ritchie.

tant enough to justify so violent a departure as this bill would make from the uniform policy and traditions of the country in the hundred years of its existence as a nation."

THE FINANCIAL CENTER OF AMERICA.

THERE is probably no better test of the supremacy of New York as the financial and commercial center of America than that afforded by a comparison of its clearing house returns with those of its sister cities. In a recent week, which we take at random from the statistics of *Bradstreet's*, the clearings of the metropolis were \$814,465,460; the total clearings of sixty nine other cities in the United States and Canada were \$584,322,988, of which \$119,540,558 belonged to Chicago and slightly less to Boston.

The New York clearing house is indeed, as was recently stated in a "syndicate" article by E. J. Edwards, "the great banking nerve of the country. It cannot thrill," the writer continues, "without producing

poets as Fitz-Greene Halleck, C. Fenno Hoffman, and Edmund Clarence Stedman, who writes verses even

Where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter chimes serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple;

not to mention Charles de Kay, George P. Morris, and others now almost forgotten.

One of the foremost singers of New York is William Allen Butler*, from whom Mr. Matthews quotes part of a ballad on the "kaleidoscopic panorama of Broadway":

On this day of brightest dawning
Underneath each spreading awning,
Sheltered from the sun's fierce ray,
Come, and let us saunter gaily
With the crowd whose footsteps daily
Wear the sidewalk of Broadway.

Here, beneath bewitching bonnets,
Sparkle eyes to kindle sonnets,
Charms each worth a lyric lay.
Ah! what bright, untold romances
Linger in the radiant glances
Of the beauties of Broadway!

"But," adds Mr. Matthews, "it is with Madison Square that Mr. Butler's name will be linked longest, for it is there his heroine dwelt, the Miss Flora McFlimsey who had 'nothing to wear.'"

"The metropolitan anthology," he concludes, "fills but a slim book at best; it holds only a handful of lyrics, a satire or a ringing ballad and a scattering of epigrams; it has never an epic. And the reason is not far to seek—the real epic of the great city is to be sought rather amid the novels of New York. The complexity of the struggle for existence in the metropolis seems to demand a setting forth in prose of scientific precision and simplicity."

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES.

Two solutions, or rather attempted solutions, of the ever imminent "labor question" are proffered in the January *North American*. One is proposed by the veteran jurist, David Dudley Field, who is strongly impressed with the apparent antagonism of capital and labor, and with the need of "reconciling" the discordant elements.

"Compulsory arbitration," he declares, "will not avail. The employer buys the labor and the laborer sells it. If the State should attempt to fix the price in this transaction, it might for the same reason fix

the price of land or corn or any other commodity in any other sale. This would be despotism, and no modern society would submit to it. We may as well first as last assume that the hirer and hired *must agree between themselves*. This is fundamental. The moment it becomes established that the State, that is the body of citizens, may decree the price of labor, that moment the reign of the commune begins. It would take but a few years, under this paternal government, to gather to itself all business and all fortunes. Who can foretell what evils may befall us when we once fall into the grasp of this new octopus?"

Mr. Field's solution lies in a novel form of industrial coöperation. "Suppose," he says, "a factory to be chartered, with a capital of a million of dollars divided into two hundred thousand shares of five dollars each, three fifths of them to be payable in cash or property, as at present, and two fifths in prospective labor; the former to be invested in land, buildings, machinery, and whatever else may be necessary for such an undertaking, and the latter reserved for such workmen as may be taken into the concern; the skilled workmen to be allowed wages, say, for illustration, at the highest rates of the market, four dollars a day or more, and the unskilled two dollars a day, and each one to be registered for four hundred shares. If the earnings were six per cent on the capital each skilled workman would be credited in twelve months, that is to say for 300 days' work, with \$1,200 for wages and \$120 for profit. Deducting \$500 for his supplies, including food, clothing, and lodging, there would be left to his credit at the end of the year \$820, which would pay for a hundred and sixty four shares of the stock. He would then have had his living and become the owner of a hundred and sixty four shares of the company. In the next year he would acquire a hundred and sixty four additional shares, and in less than three years would have paid for all the four hundred. The rate of wages, the supplies furnished, the admission and dismissal of share workers, and the discipline of the establishment should be vested in all the shareholders, actual or expectant, while the financial department, and the purchases and sales, should be in the hands of the cash or property shareholders."

* William Allen Butler is one of the few men who have won both legal and poetic reputation. As head of the law firm of Butler, Stillman, and Hubbard, he was long one of the most active and prominent members of the New York bar. Besides this, he has done a wide range of literary work, of which his poems are the best known portions. He was born at Albany in 1825, the son of Benjamin Franklin Butler, President Van Buren's partner, and one of the foremost lawyers of his day.

The scheme thus outlined is an ingenious one, but we fear that it will not prove to be the desired panacea for industrial ills. The employers and the employees who would accept it would not be those between whom there exists that mutual distrust and dislike that Mr. Field rightly regards as one of the most deplorable features of contemporary society. To bring such a system into general operation would be likely to need more compulsion than that of the enforced arbitration which the writer rejects as being intolerably paternal.

The other paper in the *North American* is by Oren B. Taft, who suggests that labor organizations should be granted—or rather should be compelled to assume—the same legal standing, the same rights, privileges, and responsibilities, as corporations of capital. "We are on the eve," he thinks, "of one of those rare events, when in the evolution of commercial economy an entirely new factor is to come into affairs; when organized labor is to take its place in law and the courts by the side of, and be the equal of, capital, with like legal recognition, advantages, encouragement, and with none the less of its responsibilities and liabilities, willing to imperil the liberty of its person as the guarantee for its good conduct."

The multiplicity and incongruity of these "solutions" are at least significant of the complexity of the industrial problems of the day.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

THIS department of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE owes an apology to the writer whose opinions on "American Chauvinism" were quoted last month from the *North American Review*. The author of the article in question was a lady of New Orleans, whose name should have been given as Mrs. S. Rhett Roman.

To the discussion of the same subject the Philadelphia *Times* adds the suggestion that patriotism should be taught in the schools. It declares that "if it were a generally accepted theory that our public schools were solely designed as training schools for citizens, and not as nurseries for tradesmen or the professions, nor to teach the tenets of any form of religion, there would be little room for the disputes of the religious sects about the division of the school funds and less danger that any sect would seek or secure any control over schools or school moneys.

"This alone should serve as a sufficient motive for making the training of the cit-

izens of a republic which tolerates and protects all religions alike the chief aim of our schools. But the higher motive, that of a citizenship intelligent enough to perpetuate and extend our free institutions, should be imperative, even if there were no reason for avoiding sectarian or religious jealousies.

"If the public schools are to teach patriotism, the instruction must extend beyond the singing of patriotic songs, cheering the flag, and marching in public processions. The children must be taught the principles of free government, the distinction between our Federal, State, and municipal systems, the whole process of electing our officials from the precinct primary to the final deposit of the ballots in the boxes, the law making process and the many other things necessary to enable them to discharge their duty as citizens intelligently. And above all they should be trained to regard citizenship as above all price, and to despise the man who holds his vote as an article of sale or barter. The children should be made patriots by the public schools, and that school which most completely conforms to this idea will be the best public school."

An article that appeared in this department last month (on page 441) tells of the realization, at a school in Salem, of such a plan as the *Times* suggests, and with results that are claimed to be satisfactory.

ARE WE PROSPEROUS?

If it be good for a nation, as for an individual, to recognize its own deficiencies, to scan its needs and its weaknesses in order to supply those needs and correct those weaknesses, then we should hearken to the somewhat gloomy views of Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena*, who in the January number of that magazine puts the question, "Are we a Prosperous People?"

Mr. Flower says that "essayists and politicians are continually descanting upon the marvelous prosperity of our nation, while comparatively few seem to imagine it necessary to consider what elements are essential to the real prosperity of a people. The accumulation of great wealth within a country's borders does not necessarily indicate that the nation is prosperous; indeed this is the vital point which apologists for present conditions ignore. If conditions are such that each succeeding year drives millions of our countrymen nearer the dark sea of want and despair, even though a few hundreds or thousands of individuals

become vastly wealthier, we are not in a prosperous condition."

Mr. Flower cites the terrible figures that are revealed by an investigation of the court records of New York. "While the number of evictions in Ireland during the year 1890 was a little over five thousand, the eviction warrants in New York City during the same period reached the total of twenty three thousand eight hundred. For the year ending September 1, 1892, the warrants reached the appalling aggregate of twenty nine thousand seven hundred and twenty." Deducting twenty five per cent of these as an allowance for evictions from offices and for families evicted more than once, Mr. Flower computes that the facts prove that there exists in the metropolis "a commonwealth of one hundred thousand social outcasts. Let us imagine the spectacle of this army of haggard, half starved men, women, and children—the army of the overpowered—uniformed in rags and tatters in mid winter, divided into one hundred battalions of one thousand each, with sable colors and muffled drums, with eyes made dull by hopelessness or baleful by despair—a *section of the human family in full defeat*—marching with mournful tread past the lordly palaces of Fifth Avenue and gazing wistfully through the windows at the dazzling splendors of homes whose owners represent hundreds of millions of *acquired* wealth."

Next Mr. Flower mentions the statistics prepared by Jacob Riis in the appendix to his "How the Other Half Lives," which show that one fifth of those who die in New York die in the workhouses, insane asylums, and hospitals, and one tenth are buried in the Potter's Field. In the great cities poverty is admittedly due, in great part, to intemperance, idleness, and crime; but he urges that "if we could ascertain the proportion of persons driven to drink and crime by poverty and injustice compared with those who sink to the depths of want through drink and vice, we would be amazed to find how large a factor is poverty in making drunkards and criminals today.

"But let us," he continues, "turn to the agrarian population, whose poverty is *not due to drunkenness, crime, or idleness*; for it is well known that the farmers are among our most sober and law abiding

citizens. They are also the most incessant workers, toiling from the gray dawn till the blanket of night has completely enveloped the land. If any people in the republic deserve to be prosperous, it is our farmers."

A summary of the official mortgage record of Nebraska, which is taken as a sample agricultural State, shows that the net mortgage debt of the community increased eighteen millions during the year ending May 31, 1892. The real estate mortgages of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska were reported as \$1,174,732,241 by Mr. Porter's census; chattel mortgages, omitted from these figures, would probably increase them to nearly two billions. The census agents filed at Washington the abstracts of about nine million mortgages in all. Many of these—how many Mr. Flower does not estimate—were no longer in force; but the total is disquietingly vast when we consider that there are only a little over twelve million families in the republic.

A NATIONAL QUARANTINE.

THE experiences of last summer so clearly demonstrated the need of an efficient system of guarding our ports from infectious diseases brought from abroad, that there has been practically no opposition to the proposal that the general government should supervise and control the quarantine stations of the entire seaboard.

In the January *Forum* Dr. Shakespeare,* of Philadelphia, emphatically asserts the "Necessity for a National Quarantine." "I am aware," he writes, "that there are among distinguished sanitarians, even in this country, a few who more than question the power of any quarantine regulations that could be devised, however intelligently and thoroughly enforced, to protect efficiently the general public against foreign invasions of contagious and infectious diseases, and who are inclined to advocate the policy that the state should rather expend her energies and money in permanently removing local conditions which favor the development of epidemics and make their spread possible.

"But the only country where such a policy has been pursued with some measure of success is England, after fifteen or twenty years of expenditure of thirty millions of dollars a year (exclusive of and in

* Dr. Edward O. Shakespeare is well known as an expert authority on cholera. In 1885 he was sent by the United States government to Europe, where cholera had broken out in that year, to study the causes of the epidemic and the best measures for arresting its progress. He was born in 1846 at Dover, Delaware, graduated at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1869, and has for many years practiced in Philadelphia.

addition to large expenditures made by the general government, for this large sum has been expended by local boards) within her compact, small territory, located as it is out of the main line of movement of the hordes of infecting emigrants constantly leaving all parts of Europe, and outside the latitudes which favor the existence of yellow fever. After the United States of America shall have intelligently spent at least an equal sum in the persistent effort to improve the hygienic surroundings of the homes of a population already nearly twice as great as that of England, and scattered over a territory thirty four times as extensive, we may reach a condition of public health in which it will be wise to abandon maritime quarantine and to rely mainly upon a perfect local hygiene."

And as we must have a quarantine it should be a national and not a municipal or State quarantine, for a dozen reasons that Dr. Shakespeare catalogues. One is that Federal supervision "is the only practical mode by which uniformity of establishment and administration, regard being had to the modification required by difference of latitude and other circumstances, can be assured. Such necessary uniformity can be obtained by no other arrangement, for the reason that the national government alone is able to defray the expense of complete quarantine establishments at every port, according to the requirements of each and without regard to the revenue derived from the shipping of any."

Another reason is that "the benefits of quarantine inure to the welfare of the whole country; therefore it is just that money should be as freely expended when necessary at one port as at another, without respect to their relative commercial importance or to the amount of revenue collected. It is manifestly unjust that the seaboard cities and States should be obliged to bear the entire expense of quarantine establishments whose most important function should be the protection of the inhabitants of every region of the vast territory of the United States."

Other important advantages of a Federal system would be "the practicability of the concentration of force, money, and attention at any threatened port without loss of time," and the establishment of a staff of "officials under the national government and free from local, political, and commercial influences of rival ports."

In general terms it may be said that the prevailing sentiment on the subject is that local quarantine gives us a chain of pro-

tection whose strength is that of its weakest link; national quarantine would give us a chain whose strength would practically be that of its strongest link.

SPECULATION IN FUTURES.

THE Anti Option bill, which is, as we write, before the United States Senate, has evoked much discussion upon the nature and ethics of business, and the possibility of eliminating the speculative element from bargains of sale and purchase. The *New York Sun*, which is strongly opposed to the measure, indulges in some characteristically caustic comments upon the allegation that "the bill is urged as a means of restricting the sin of gambling." It asks Senator Pepper, who advances this plea, to "give his notion of gambling, and to define the proper limits of State restriction of gambling. If a farmer, either from optimism of temperament or a roseate view of the prospects of live stock, or an expectation of vituline scarcity, refuses to sell a calf to a butcher today and holds that calf for a rise, is that farmer not gambling in futures? If a farmer mortgages his farm or a planter his cotton crop, is not such a mortgage a speculation in futures? If *Cincinnatus Gallus* contracts to furnish *Marcus Mercator* with three dozen eggs a week at so much a dozen, is not that a dealing in futures and an uncertain banking upon commodities that may never exist, or the existence of which depends upon the digestive powers and aversion to sedentary affairs of *Gallus's* hens?

"Is not every bargain, every acceptance or refusal of a price for a certain commodity, a bit of gambling? Somebody will probably lose by that bargain or that refusal to make a bargain. Each party is gambling that the price of that commodity will or will not go up subsequent to the bargain or the refusal to make one. All business contains the element of chance, and whether the subject of any particular transaction be an existing or a non existing amount of a certain commodity makes no difference.

"Knowledge, capital, foresight will always be great, and in the long run the greatest factors in business, but the element of chance cannot be eliminated; nor is that element the main element in transactions in options. Only the ignorant speculator, blindly rushing into the market, trusts all to chance.

"If Mr. Pepper and his friends want to abolish speculative operations, they must in fairness strive to abolish all speculative

operations—a large contract, but one that can be executed by famishing or putting to death most of the inhabitants of the United States. If Mr. Peffer and his friends want to prohibit dealing in futures they must abolish in the human constitution the hopeful and the despondent propensity, the eternal bullish and the eternal bearish, as the philosophers of Mr. Henry Villard's fatherland would say. Furthermore, the Anti Optionists should try to pass a law providing that every man shall be compelled to sell and buy at the other man's price. Or a simpler and better means of abolishing dealing with futures would be to abolish the future. As the wit said, 'What has posterity done for us?' And, whatever may be the case with Democratic Anti Optionists like Senator George or Republican Anti Optionists like Senator Washburn, there can be no considerable future for Populists like Mr. Peffer, so that he and they ought to resolve, and can afford to resolve, that the future ought to be and hereby is abolished."

BILLIONS FOR PENSIONS.

THE discussion of the vast pension expenditure of the Federal government continues to occupy a prominent place in the press of the country. The *New York Press* justifies the magnitude of the pension list "because," it avers, "in the course of our tremendous contest the loyal States put, first and last, something like 2,800,000 men into the field." The statement is no doubt based upon the statistics that show 2,780,478 enlistments during the war; but the *Press* apparently overlooks the fact that a considerable proportion of these were reenlistments, some individual soldiers having enlisted as many as four times. The most generally accepted estimate of the number of men who served, or volunteered for service, in the Northern armies is that given by Mr. Blaine in the appendix to his "Twenty Years of Congress," namely 2,063,391.

The number who were actually "present for duty" was much smaller. It is thus stated, for various periods of the war, by the *New York Sun*, whose editor was assistant secretary of war under Lincoln:

"On the first day of January, 1862, there were present for duty 527,204 officers and men, in all of the armies of the Union, including regulars and volunteers.

"On the first day of January, 1863, there were present for duty in all of the armies of the Union 698,802 soldiers.

"On Jan. 1, 1864, five months after Get-

tysburg, there were at the front 611,250 soldiers.

"On Jan. 1, 1865, there were at the front in active service 620,924 soldiers of the Union.

"On March 31, 1865, the date of the battle of Five Forks and nine days before the surrender of Lee, there were present for service in all of the armies of the Union 657,747 soldiers.

"On May 1, 1865, after the fighting had practically ceased, the number of soldiers reported present for service in all of the victorious armies of the Union rose to 797,807. This was the highest point reached during the war, as far as is shown by the tables from the official report of the Provost Marshal General, copied in Colonel Phisterer's 'Statistical Record.'"

The army of pensioners is already larger than any of these totals. It included, on the 30th of June last, 846,893 persons drawing pensions on account of the civil war, besides 29,175 on account of previous wars. Furthermore, as the *Sun* writes, "if the pension bureau has maintained the rate of last year, the six months since June have added about one hundred thousand new names, swelling the actual list at the present time to between nine hundred thousand and a million. Behind these there remain, according to Mr. Raum's last report, about 350,000 original claims, pending and waiting their turn for adjudication, and constantly reinforced by new claims.

"The commissioner's lowest estimate of the appropriation required for next year is \$165,000,000. Competent judges believe that the Fifty Third Congress will be called upon to vote pension appropriations exceeding two hundred millions annually.

"These figures stagger the imagination. No scandal that has ever stained the government of any country has equaled this stupendous plunder of taxpayers in the name of gratitude to the nation's defenders. Thirty years after the close of the civil war we shall be paying a million pensions, or as many pensions as there were soldiers in the Union army at any one time during the war. We shall be paying, on account of a war closed more than a quarter of a century ago, a sum of money three times greater than the total annual expenditure of the United States government at the time when the war began.

"The time has come," is the *Sun's* trenchant conclusion, "for a change of policy. The pension list is manifestly swollen with fraudulent and unworthy pensioners. If

the roll cannot be purified and the annual expenditure cut down to the thirty millions or so which General Garfield declared to be the maximum short of unwarrantable extravagance, then the Dependent and Disability act would better be repealed outright."

MINISTERS AND CONSULS.

ECONOMISTS and utilitarians arise at intervals to denounce our diplomatic service as a superfluous and meaningless extravagance. They point out that our ambassadors nowadays have practically no duties that could not be performed by an ordinary clerk, except that of presenting visiting Americans to the court whereto they are attached.

Here, for instance, is the condition of affairs with our official representatives in the City of Mexico, as incidentally described in an article in the *January Review of Reviews*:

"The American minister at this capital receives \$17,500 gold annually, not to mention the fees that accrue to his office. The function of the legation is purely ornamental, except the messenger service it is called to do for the State Department, the introducing of tourists to the President, and the furnishing of free entertainment every week to the American colony. Why American residents in Mexico should be favored in this latter respect over the citizens of American villages does not appear. The legation is in one part of the city, the consulate in another—the business of both often getting mixed. For half of the present expenditure the United States government might establish a first class consulate in this city, and allow the legation to quietly drop out of existence."

The *New York Press* defends both branches of our system of foreign representatives. "No one," it admits, "will be disposed to deny that neither the diplomatic nor the consular service is exactly what it should be. This is not a partisan matter, and both parties may acknowledge that the existing method of making appointments is not likely to secure the best men. With continuity in the service practically unknown, it is an exceedingly difficult matter to find men of sufficient experience and ability to fill positions which at best are not remunerative."

"Our foreign ministers, at least to the chief capitals, have usually been men of character and eminence. The consular service stands on a different footing. There is not much show and glitter in a

consular position, and people are apt to forget its importance.

"But the consul is a quasi partner of American merchants. If he is efficient he can do much to promote the commercial interests of the country, to extend its trade. His character, his business ability, are matters of great consequence. Consuls, therefore, should be reasonably secure from removal except for cause. A judicious system of promotions should be inaugurated, so that promising young men would see in the service the prospect of a career."

SHOULD WE ANNEX CUBA?

THE annexation of Cuba is a subject that nowadays attracts much less attention than the prospect of consolidation with our neighbors of Canada. It is certainly a far less attractive proposal than that of continental unity, yet it is still occasionally brought forward by those who cherish a passion for territorial expansion, or who regard the "Queen of the Antilles" as valuable for commercial or military reasons.

The *Philadelphia Record* attacks the project on the ground that "this country can get all the sugar and other tropical products of the West India Islands it may want without the need of annexing the land."

"Formerly," adds the *Record*, "the purchase of Cuba was sought as a means by which the area of slavery might be extended and the equipoise of the slave States in the Union be maintained. Now that the Cuban slaves are free, they would not make desirable citizens of the United States—at least, not so desirable that the American people should covet the annexation of the Spanish West Indies."

"It is curious that the admission of Cuba to the Union of States, with its strange population, white and black, should find favor among those persons who are most hostile to European immigration. They propose to put a stop to all emigration from Europe, whilst the possible danger of the approach of yellow fever from Cuba does not cause them the least alarm."

"In the absence of all substantial argument for the admission of Cuba on political, social, or economical grounds, the pretense is made that its acquisition is desirable for military and strategical reasons because of 'the exposed condition of the Atlantic seaboard.' Instead of being a defense, the island, if annexed, would only make the Atlantic seaboard more exposed."

In the event of war an enemy who would not venture to invade the mainland could seize Cuba and make it the base of his operations.

"But whether Cuba be annexed or not, the military contingency is very remote. The desire for its annexation is merely a manifestation of that earth hunger which sometimes betrays itself in nations as well as in individuals. It is in the spirit of the covetous farmer, who goes on adding acre to acre because he grieves to see the land of another contiguous to his own."

THE TRANSFORMATION OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE past, present, and future of New England formed the subject of an interesting discussion, a few weeks ago, between two representative New Englanders—President William De Witt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, and Edward Atkinson. Their audience was that highly intellectual metropolitan society, the Nineteenth Century Club; and their speeches, according to the published reports, afforded a signal instance of the opposition of opinion that may exist between different authorities.

Dr. Hyde holds that the New England of today is sadly degenerate. It is not, he says, the New England of the Puritans modernized, but a land of foreigners, where the descendants of the English settlers are in the minority, and the country is fast losing its wholesome characteristics. In 1640 it was more English than England. In 1800 ninety per cent of the population was of English descent; now there is but forty per cent.

"The farmer," says Dr. Hyde, "leaves his plow, the small merchant his store, and their ambitions lead them into politics, into speculation. The factory girl strives for something that she thinks will improve her social position and becomes a type-writer. The places on the farm, in the country store, and in the factory are being rapidly filled with foreigners. The Irish, Germans, French Canadians, and even Italians and Jews are being identified with New England, while the old time Yankee is becoming a type of the past."

The cause of this degeneracy, according to Dr. Hyde, is the want of religion, the agnostic principles which seem to have gained such an ascendancy over the New England mind; and the remedy will be, to use his words, in "a new Puritanism based on the teachings of the old."

Mr. Atkinson takes an opposite view.

He admits that a great change has come over New England, but he thinks it is one decidedly for the better. He welcomes the foreign element into the country. They are industrious, economical, and in time assimilate with the native population and make excellent citizens. The New England public schools, he said, have been divested of much that was extraneous, and are model institutions. Manual training has been introduced into them, and mechanics, workmen, and artisans are being graduated by the hundreds.

He refers to Boston as an "Irish city," which has just built a large public library and a magnificent home for art. He wants to see less of selfishness, less of narrowness, and more of broad mindedness. These qualities, which are developing rapidly in New England, are doing away with that old Puritanical spirit which was a menace to all progress. New England, he holds, is progressing rapidly through the very means which Dr. Hyde seems so deeply to deplore.

Both Dr. Hyde's and Mr. Atkinson's views are, perhaps, somewhat partial; one sees nothing but evil, the other nothing but good. It is safe to say that, opposite as they are, there is truth in both.

"DOWN WITH THE DUKES!"

THE extent to which the primogeniture system has concentrated the ownership of England's soil into the hands of a small and select class is illustrated by the territorial possessions of the great landed families of her peerage. For instance, of her twenty two dukes—or twenty one, omitting the foreign Duke of Cumberland—all are accounted as millionaires, and all, with the possible exception of the Duke of Fife, whose money came from banking, have their property mainly in real estate.

Some few of these hereditary aristocrats, as for instance the boy Dukes of Marlborough and Manchester, according to the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, "while having nominal incomes of from \$70,000 to \$200,000 yearly, are compelled, by the claims upon their properties and the character of their ownership, to lay out the bulk of this income in merely keeping themselves and their positions in *statu quo*. In some cases, as that of the aged Duke of Somerset, the existing poverty of the family is ascribed to the wanton wastefulness or malignancy of an ancestor. The Duke of Argyll does not grow rich, because his estates are up in barbarous latitudes for one thing, and because his

stupidly autocratic policy has gradually driven off most of the tenantry who once made them comparatively productive. The Dukes of Rutland, Grafton, St. Albans, Wellington, Marlborough, and Manchester are more or less magnified country squires, whose acres have suffered tremendously during the last quarter century of steady agricultural depression."

The richest land owners of all are the four dukes—Westminster, Bedford, Portland, and Norfolk—who own a great portion of western London. "Their ancestors," says the *Times's* correspondent, "invented the peculiarly English system by which land in towns is leased for building purposes for ninety nine years, and at the end of that time reverts, along with all the structures on it, back to the ground landlord. It is easy enough to see how, by the operation of such a system, families which held the title to real estate within sound of the bells of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey four or five generations ago, and stuck to it, might by this time have become fabulously wealthy. What is not so easy to credit is that to this very day this colossal 'unearned increment' practically escapes taxation," for ground rents are not taxed for municipal purposes.

"Three hundred and fifty years ago almost every rood of this land was public property. It belonged to the abbeys and religious foundations of London, but where it was productive the bulk of the proceeds went to public uses of one sort or another. The Russells and Howards of the Tudor period fastened upon certain lots of it when the monasteries were sacked and torn down and hold it firmly still. Other sections came to the Grosvenors and Bentincks by shrewd city marriages some generations later. And while the families owning them have grown to be among the richest people of the world by the mere process of sitting down and collecting toll upon every phase of the growth of London, they have not borne the hundredth part of their share in the burden of taxation.

"It was in the old days of sallets and bill hooks and plate armor that London town last heard the shout of 'Down with the dukes!' In these days of new weapons, the daily paper and the ballot box, we are likely to hear the cry raised again."

Indeed, the metropolitan masses are already beginning to declare that "the dukes

have had their day"—or rather, to quote precisely, "'ave 'ad their day," and as an initial reform the County Council is moving Parliament for permission to tax ground rents.

SELF GOVERNMENT IN INDIA.

THE Indian National Congress, which met at Allahabad in the last days of 1892, and was attended by native delegates from all parts of Britain's great Asiatic empire, gave proof that the spirit of self government is leavening the masses of its vast population. According to the telegraphic reports, a resolution was presented expressing regret that the people of India were not allowed to elect representatives to the Council of the Viceroy. The resolution was referred to a committee, but the manner of its reception showed the increasing popularity of the movement for a national Indian Legislature.

The question of judicial reform, we are further informed, is now a prominent one in India. In some native States there is a gradual merging of the personal autocracy of the Rajah into government by a council; in others an adoption of certain modifications of the representative or elective principle; in almost all, efforts at improvement in the administration of justice.

As the inhabitants of India form about one fifth of the human race, the improvement of their political and social condition is a task vast both in its importance and in its difficulties. The need of improvement is sore enough. A journal named *India*, in contrasting the poverty of India with the comparative wealth of the European countries, states that the average annual income per head of the population of the United Kingdom is \$210; of France, \$130; of Italy, \$60; of Russia, \$50; of India, only \$10. The average duration of life in England is forty years; in India, twenty eight and a half. "Chronic starvation," asserts *India*, "is the lot of a very large portion of the unfortunate denizens of Hindustan."

THE POOR IN PARIS AND NAPLES.

PARIS has often been pictured in glowing colors as the splendid capital of gayety, and not seldom in lurid tints as the chosen abode of gilded vice. The reader almost loses sight of the fact that, as the late Theodore Child* says, "from year's end to year's end a million and a half of people

* Theodore Child, though his name is familiar to readers of the American periodical press, made but one brief visit to this country during his life. He was an Englishman long resident in Paris, and prominent in that city's world of art and literature. While traveling in Persia a few months ago he fell a victim to the cholera that was last year epidemic there.

work in Paris eight or ten hours a day," and that nine tenths of that great town is neither extraordinarily gay nor excessively vicious, but, like every other great town, simply a huge hive of busy, struggling, workaday humanity.

Mr. Child's sketch of the actual every day life of the French capital is published in the January *Harper's* under the title "Proletarian Paris." "Of misery in Paris," he writes, "there is no lack, but it is not obtrusive as in certain cities—like London, for instance. In the districts of Grenelle, Montparnasse, and Montrouge, the struggle for life is hard indeed, and the material conditions in which the working people live are very wretched. The promiscuity of the tenement houses is too horrible to be described. In the district of the Gobelins, the Boulevard Arago, the banks of the Bièvre, and the Rue Mouffetard, side by side with the laborious population we find great colonies of bohemians, *déclassés*, people who have missed fortune's coach, and who are tired of life. In this part of the city live many ragpickers, swarms of Italians who make plaster casts or serve as models for artists, a certain number of nihilist refugees, and poor Russian and Wallachian students. The aspect of humble Paris on the left bank of the Seine is strangely disheartened, unstrung, full of silence and despair."

But the great mass of the Parisian poor are on the right, or north side of the river, in Belleville, Montmartre, and the neighboring districts, each formerly an independent village with its central street, but now ingulfed and amalgamated by the spreading tide of stone and mortar. "In these quarters," says Mr. Child, "are concentrated two thirds of the population of Paris. On these heights, that form, as it were, a crown above rich Paris, some of the houses contain as many as two hundred inmates, and the streets are so crowded that you cannot see the pavement except at night. Here are the reservoirs of poverty and of energy that burst and flood Paris in days of revolution; here are the inexhaustible reserves of cheap labor that make the wealth of manufacturing Paris."

"What swarms of people! What a fermentation of various activity! What a perpetual straining and struggling! And yet, with all that, there is no obvious sadness and very little obtrusive discontent. On the contrary, the people are gay and much given to witticisms and levity; they enjoy the bustle and animation of their sur-

roundings; and they have only to walk a few yards in any direction to find those broad shady avenues and those fine urban parks which the traditions of Haussmann have extended even to the poorest quarters of the city."

With Mr. Child's sketch of the poor of Paris may be compared the more detailed—and far more repulsive—picture of the misery and squalor of the lower classes of Naples given by Jessie White (*Vedova Mario*) in the January *Scribner's*. *La bella Napoli*—Naples the Beautiful—as its inhabitants call it, no longer a capital, but still the most populous city of Italy, is one of the most poverty cursed of the great towns of the civilized world. Twenty years ago it was officially reported by the authorities that of the entire population of Naples two thirds had no recognized means of livelihood. More than one quarter lived in cellars, caves, and grottoes.

The writer tells how she walked along the broad and handsome Corso Vittorio Emanuele, "whence you have the finest view of Naples, of Vesuvius and the sea, and suddenly:

Out of the sunlit glory
Into the dark we trod—

literally dropping down into the Grotto del Brancaccio, where, at first, absolute darkness seemed to reign.

"It was a cavern with mud for pavement, rock for walls, while the water dripped from the ceiling, and one sink in the center served for the wants of all. Here were lodged more than two hundred human beings, some forty families; their apartments being divided by a string where they hung their wretched rags. The families who had the 'apartments' by the grating which served for window, paid ten, nine, eight, and seven lire"—a lira is twenty cents—"per month each. These poor creatures subscribed among themselves two lire so that a poor old man should not be turned out, but allowed to sleep on straw by the common sink, and they fed a poor woman who was dying with scraps from their scant repasts."

This gruesome abode was closed by official authority during King Cholera's reign of terror in 1884, but it was but one of a hundred plague spots. For several years the municipality, aided by King Umberto's government, has been making earnest efforts to improve matters by destroying the crowded hovels of the poorest quarters, the *fondaci*, and replacing them with great blocks of cheap yet decent tenements; but its efforts have, apparently, been sadly

misdirected. Many of the new buildings have been monopolized by comparatively well to do clerks and artisans; there has been great delay in their construction, and meanwhile the evicted tenants of the demolished rookeries are huddled together more densely than ever in those that remain. "When I came here last October," writes Signora Mario, "affairs seemed past praying for; the state of overcrowding in the poorest quarters was worse than ever. I found houses condemned as unsafe and propped up with shores, without a window pane or door on hinges, crowded to excess—the *fondaci* left standing with double their old numbers of inhabitants; the cellars full, and at night the streets turned into public dormitories."

Signora Mario's last paragraphs present the subject of Neapolitan poverty in an aspect in which it has a direct interest to the American reader. The surplus of this seething mass of squalor has hitherto, she tells us, "swarmed off to Brazil and the United States. From the former country many of them return with sad tales of whole families swept away by yellow fever, of hard labor hoeing coffee with insufficient remuneration, and the impossibility of obtaining proper nourishment. And now comes the natural but sad report from the United States that republican citizens are tired of the poor, meek, feckless, unclean offshoots of royal courts and aristocratic institutions who extract a livelihood from New York's ash barrels; who keep the stale beer dives and pig together in the "Bend"; who, used at home to receive but five cents per day and victuals that dogs refuse, undersell their labor abroad, and thus lower the wages of the natives. We cannot wonder that the cry is, 'Send them back!'"

SEEKING THE NORTH POLE.

LIEUTENANT PEARY is to return to the Arctic regions again this summer, starting in June, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and with a three years' leave of absence from the government. The object of the expedition is thus stated by General Wistar, the President of the Academy, in the columns of the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

"It is important that the northern coast of Greenland should be delimited and the character of the circumpolar area determined. A knowledge of that area is of great scientific importance, for many reasons. For instance, in recent geologic periods great changes have taken place in

the northern polar temperature. Coal and other fossils have been found there in tolerable abundance, indicating a tropical temperature so late as the middle tertiary period, and since these facts were known it has always been an object of great interest to ascertain the reasons, which may be, at this moment, similarly modifying the temperature of other portions of the earth's surface.

"The most modern school sought to explain it by the abstraction of vast quantities of water from the temperate portions of the earth and its fixation around the pole in the form of ice, some millions of square miles in extent and quite a mile thick, it being supposed that the process made a sufficient change in the earth's center of gravity to insensibly influence the direction of its axis.

"If Mr. Peary can prove the absolute truth of his deductions, which seem most probable, that the whole circumpolar area is oceanic and not land, the fact would seem to dispose of the last mentioned theory, thus tending to very considerably narrow the field of research.

"Mr. Peary himself thinks that if he should reach those regions under favorable circumstances, there can be no serious obstacle in reaching the geographical pole itself by the use of the means which he has already used so successfully. That, however, is an incidental matter which, while it may possess some interest for the public, has little or no scientific significance."

Lieutenant Peary will travel in sledges, after reaching a point from which he can begin his journey over the Greenland ice cap. Another expedition, also to start toward the pole this summer, will adopt a widely different route and another method. This expedition is that of Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian navigator, whose purposes are thus summed up by the *Denver Republican*:

"It is known that a current comes from the direction of the pole and flows between Greenland and Spitzbergen. It is not definitely known what the course of this current is previous to its appearance along the east coast of Greenland. But the fact that drift which must have come from the other side of the pole has been found there indicates that the current flows very near to if not directly over the pole.

"The warm Gulf Stream enters the Arctic region at the northern point of Norway. It is believed that it then flows along the northern coast of Russia and Siberia until it meets the warm current which

flows from the Pacific through Behring Straits into the Arctic Ocean. These two currents probably meet nearly opposite the mouth of the Lena river, close to where De Long and his party were wrecked. Articles from the *Jeannette* were found on the east side of Greenland three years after the wreck of that vessel.

"For the purpose of his expedition Dr. Nansen has had a vessel constructed with special reference to its ability to withstand the pressure of ice floes. It is built upon the theory that it will be lifted instead of being crushed by the ice. There will be room in it for twelve men, with provisions and fuel for three years. It is estimated that it may require three years for the expedition to reach the open water between Greenland and Spitzbergen. There is great risk connected with this enterprise, and it is possible that after they enter the Arctic sea nothing will ever be seen alive of Dr. Nansen and his men."

THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY.

THE building of a railroad from northernmost Canada to southernmost Chili—a railroad that shall link all the American republics and form, as it were, the backbone of the New World—such a project certainly appeals to the imagination even of those who are the most rigorous opponents of governmental interference in matters of commerce and industry.

"The surveys for the intercontinental railway," according to an article in the *January Engineering Magazine* written by J. D. Garrison, one of the American surveyors, "have been in progress nearly eighteen months and are now nearing completion. Of the three thousand miles or more of territory which were to be examined between Mexico and the Peruvian railway system, only a few hundred miles, included between Nicaragua and the Isthmus of Panama, remain to be surveyed. Two parties of engineers are now at work on that reach; and when their lines have been connected, as they will be early in 1893, the entire line of the intercontinental railway, together with sundry branch lines, will have been gone over with an accurate and elaborate survey."

The writer of the article was a member of "Corps No. 2," the party that started at Quito and worked northward to the isthmus. The general route followed was the depression between the central and western ranges of the Cordilleras; but the depression is at several points broken by cross ranges, and the difficulties en-

countered were great. After the huge Andean mountain slopes had been surmounted, Mr. Garrison tells us, "it had been supposed that the Cauca valley would afford 'plain sailing,' and it had therefore been looked forward to with great eagerness. The vision that greeted the eye of the Patriarch when permitted to look upon the promised land of Canaan could not have been more beautiful than the panorama spread out before the engineers by the Cauca. All roseate hues vanished, however, when the valley was entered. What seemed at a distance to be plain green expanse was found, on closer examination, to be a swamp tract covered with a thorny growth of cactus, forest underbrush, and matted creepers that almost defied progress of any kind. The drier portions of the valley proper—that is to say, within three or four miles of the river—were found also to be cut and laced with treacherous bayous and overflows, difficult to cross, and harboring myriads of reptiles, mosquitoes, sand flies, and gnats of every description, that proved a terror to man and beast."

In spite of all these obstacles, however, a route was "staked" all the way from Quito to Cartagena, on the Caribbean Sea, a distance of fourteen hundred miles. "The surveys," Mr. Garrison concludes, "have demonstrated that the line is feasible. On the route indicated by Corps No. 2 it can be constructed at moderate cost. Many and long stretches can be graded very cheaply, and on the heaviest reaches the outlay would not be excessive."

"Whether it would now pay to build the line is another question. The present population of the countries traversed by it and the volume of traffic in sight would certainly not warrant the outlay that would be necessary. But the possibilities of the line would also have to be considered, and these are many. All of the countries of South America are rich in undeveloped resources that only await the building of railroads; and the building of the Intercontinental Railway would be the 'open sesame' to all their wealth."

THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE railroad is perhaps the most characteristic product of the nineteenth century, and the most powerful factor in the development of the new forces of civilization. The preëminent activity of the United States in the expansion of its railroad system is one of the most typical and signifi-

cant features of our social condition. Without its network of iron pathways, indeed, this nation could scarcely exist. The settlement of the West would have been delayed for a century; our industrial growth would have been checked and stunted, and the maintenance of a stable government over so vast a territory would hardly be possible.

"In considering the railway mileage of the world," writes Henry C. Adams, commenting upon the figures recently issued by the census bureau, "the first fact worthy of notice is that North America and Europe show 319,802 miles of line as against a total of 370,281 miles in the entire world. This suggests that the latest phase of industrial advancement as represented by the nineteenth century is peculiar to peoples of Christian civilization, a fact which is further emphasized by noticing that railroad mileage in Asia, South America, Australia, and Africa has for the most part been built by settlers from European countries.

"The railroad problem in the United States has been to reclaim territory for settlement, while in other countries it has been to provide territory already settled with facilities for transportation."

The census bulletin adds an interesting sketch of the history of railroad expansion in different sections of the country. In New England, there has been little construction in recent years. As early as 1860 the railroads of the six Eastern States reached 3,644 miles, or more than half of their present mileage, and more mileage was built between 1840 and 1850 than during any subsequent decade.

"It would seem that the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania would have been subjected to the same influences, but it is observed that railway mileage in this group continued to increase with about equal rapidity during each decade since 1850. This is doubtless due to the fact that on account of the situation of these States it was found necessary for them to provide, not alone for local traffic, as in the case of New England, but for transcontinental traffic seeking an outlet to foreign countries. The same necessity explains the abnormally large amount of railways in Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana, which contain the great trunk lines running east from Chicago.

"In the Southern and Gulf States there have been two decades of peculiar activity in railway building. The first of these is the decade from 1850 to 1860, and the sec-

ond the decade from 1880 to 1890. The twenty years intervening between 1860 and 1880 do not show much activity in railway building. This is certainly interesting, since it indicates that the war arrested a period of development in internal improvements and that that development has been again taken up during the last ten years.

"In the Western territory which seems to be tributary to the cities of Chicago and St. Louis, the figures pertaining to railway building indicate a remarkable development during the last thirty years, a development which has been increasing in intensity with each succeeding decade. Railway building in the territory immediately adjacent to Chicago is without a parallel.

"Not only has the actual mileage of our railroads increased from decade to decade, but it has increased much more rapidly than population. There seems to be no tendency toward an arrest of the continually increasing demand made by the American people on railways. As compared with Europe the demand made in this country for railway facilities is excessive in the extreme. Thus, against 26.66 miles of line per 10,000 inhabitants in the United States, Europe shows but 3.84 miles per 10,000 inhabitants. This is of course largely due to the density of population in Europe as compared with the diffusion of population in this country; but that the difference is not fully accounted for in this manner is shown by the fact that the United States supports 5.51 miles of line per 100 square miles of territory as against 3.62 miles of line per 100 square miles of territory in Europe."

In connection with the development of railroad mileage it may be interesting to note that in speaking of the increase of railroad speed, the *Engineering News* asserts that "the attainment of the ideal speed of a hundred miles an hour now seems to be pretty well assured." The *New York Press* thus comments on the statement:

"As half this speed is still regarded as very rapid running on most roads, while the average even on express trains is less than that, this attainment of the ideal has certainly come with unexpected rapidity. The record now stands at 97.3 miles an hour, done last November by a locomotive drawing a train of four cars on the Central Railroad of New Jersey"—for a short distance only.

"However, there is something misleading to the unprofessional mind in this way

of reckoning. It takes no account of the vast difference which exists, and must continue to exist, between records of this sort and schedule time. When we begin to talk about traveling at a hundred miles an hour, we mean that it takes only an hour to go from one point to another a hundred miles distant. But no one would seriously assert that the time had come when we could expect to get to Buffalo in four hours and a half, or to Boston in two hours and a half, or to Washington in the same time.

"If we take a straight track, a solid roadbed, a level or slightly descending grade, a piece of road upon which all grade crossings have been eliminated and where an efficient signal system affords ample protection—then undoubtedly a powerful locomotive could draw a train of three or four light cars at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, and maintain the speed for a time which need not be definitely limited. But such absolutely favorable conditions as these cannot be depended upon, even in the case of the best equipped and most ably managed railways.

"Many improvements can be made which will result in an increased average speed; many of them—like the abolition of grade crossings—must be made if our railways are ever to reach that standard of efficiency which the public has a right to demand of them. But even then we must put this 'ideal' of a hundred miles an hour out of practical consideration for a good many years to come."

THE IRON CROWN.

Why is Pittsburgh the chief center of the iron and steel industries of the country? A correspondent of the New York *Times* thinks that it should not be, and predicts that its supremacy must pass to the cities on the great lakes, where, according to his calculations, the work of production can be done with considerably greater economy.

"Why," he asks, "shall not our iron and steel producing plants be driven from the interior to the shore of the lakes? Suppose that a reduction of tariff on iron and steel should cause the removal of works to Erie, or Buffalo, or Cleveland. Then suppose the new works should be built in twin plants, one at the head of Lake Superior, the other on the lower lake. Then let the vessels that carry fuel to the Lake Superior works carry back cargoes of iron ore to be smelted in the Eastern furnaces. How cheaply could iron and steel be made?

Here is the cost of Mesaba hematite laid down at Cleveland:

Mining.....	60
Royalty.....	55
Railroad.....	80
Vessel.....	\$1.00
Insurance and commission.....	20
Total.....	\$3.15

"The same ore at the head of Lake Superior would cost \$2.15 per ton. Thirty two hundred pounds of this ore and one ton of coke will produce a ton of iron or of steel. Given this cheap ore and our producing works situated on the shores of the great lakes, our ironmasters could produce steel rails for \$12 per ton and they could capture the markets of the world."

The prediction arouses the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* to the defense of its city's claim to the iron crown. It bids him who thinks that the iron industry has not yet been forced to seek the most favorable locations to "study the regular reports of furnaces in and out of blast. When he discovers there that about one half of the furnace stacks in the country are constantly idle, he will run against proof positive that when furnaces are not located where there is the greatest economy of production and marketing, they are turned into dead capital by the competition of those that are most favorably located. After he had perceived that fact he might further discover that the furnaces which are most steadily in blast are not located on the lakes, nor are those which stand idle by reason of their bad location all in the interior mining districts.

"The fact that it takes about three fourths of a ton of coke to smelt a ton of Lake Superior ore has often impressed those of a superficial knowledge with the idea that blast furnaces should be located at the iron mines. One or two experiments have been founded on that idea—at very large cost to the experimenters. The syllogism that as it costs less to transport three quarters of a ton of coke one way than a ton of ore the other, therefore it will be cheaper to make pig iron on Lake Superior than in western Pennsylvania, sounds very conclusive. It would be so, if the bulky coke could be transported as cheaply as the heavier ore, and more than that, if pig iron were the final product.

"If those things had been true, the entire pig iron industry would have been located on Lake Superior years ago. But when these gentlemen discover the further fact that it takes from one and a half to two tons more of coal, or its equivalent, to

convert the pig iron into finished iron or steel, they may perceive that there is a further factor. The question, then, is not that of the transportation of three quarters of a ton of coke against a ton of ore, but of transporting a ton of ore in preference to transporting from two to four tons of coke and coal. As long as that is the case the most economical location of iron or steel industry will be near the fuel, rather than near the ore."

THE MAKING OF GREAT TELESCOPES.

THE title of an article by Alvan G. Clark in the January number of the *North American Review*, "Possibilities of the Telescope," is a somewhat misleading one, as it deals not with the work that the great space penetrator is doing and may do for science, but only with the mechanical problems of telescope making.

On this branch of the subject Mr. Clark, who constructed the Lick telescope, and who is to construct a still larger lens for the Chicago University's observatory, is an authority. He briefly reviews the progress that has been made since Galileo showed his first telescope to the astonished authorities of Venice.

"Galileo's first instrument," he says, "was similar in construction to the ordinary opera glass. It was no more powerful, and far less perfect. In fact, it consisted merely of two single lenses, one being convex and the other concave. Even his last and best telescope, magnifying thirty diameters, was much inferior to some of our spyglasses. But even with this small instrumental equipment a new world was unveiled. He saw the spots on the sun, the phases of Venus, the mountains of the moon, the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and thrust back the barriers of the stellar world."

Mr. Clark confines himself to the refracting telescope, which has, as he says, proved itself superior to the reflecting, and gives much greater prospect of future improvement. The chief problem in the making of large refractors is the securing of a perfect lens. "Even towards the close of the last century it was impossible to get suitable pieces of glass of more than six or seven inches in diameter, and these were often of a very inferior quality. When, in 1825, the Dorpat refractor of nine and a half inches aperture was constructed, it was considered a masterpiece, and it was thought the limit had been reached."

But improvements in the making and

working of glass rendered further advances possible, and "as a consequence there were constructed in 1845 two object glasses of fifteen inches aperture. But this limit was again surpassed when we succeeded in procuring discs for an eighteen and three quarter inch glass, which were figured and sent to Chicago. Then followed the twenty six inch lenses of the Washington and McCormick observatories, the thirty inch lens of the Pulkowa, and, finally, the great thirty six inch lens of the Lick observatory.

"It must be remembered that the ground had been disputed inch by inch, and that with each succeeding advance the limit of successful glass melting was thought to have been attained. Even quite recently a noted optician, speaking of the possibility of obtaining discs larger than thirty six inches, said it appeared to him that the chances of obtaining forty inch discs in the present state of the art were remote. And yet there are now in my manufactory two remarkably fine discs of forty inches diameter ready for figuring.

"Who then shall set the limit to this phase of the art, considering the great possibilities of scientific improvement and advance of the present day, in view of what has been already accomplished?"

TALKING WITH OTHER WORLDS.

DURING some recent experiments in marine telegraphy an English electrician, W. H. Preece, succeeded in sending a message through the water for a distance of three miles without the use of a wire; and the London *Spectator* concludes that in this feat we have the germ of a system by which we may communicate with the inhabitants of Mars and the other planets of our solar system.

"Let us hope not," is the comment of the *New York Times*. "The world will have enough on its hands for a long time to come in attending to its own business. There may be highly intellectual beings on Uranus and Neptune, and the women of Mars may be very lovely and fascinating, but it is doubtful that they speak English or any earthly tongue, be it Aryan, Semitic, or Turanian, and it is unlikely that even Max Müller or Professor Whitney could decipher any dispatches they might send to us, and next to certain that they could not read our message to them. Should attempts ever be made at interplanetary communication by word of mouth they would result in what the Germans mean by their proverb in regard to men who talk at

cross purposes, namely, 'One milks the ram and the other holds the sieve.'

"Philosophers and noodles who wish to hear what the people of Mars have to say about matters and things in general have proposed to describe vast triangles, circles, squares, and other geometrical figures on our Western plains in hopes that the Martian men may see and reply to them in similar fashion, and that thus a means of rational conversation between the two planets may gradually be set up. If, for instance, our neighbors should see a large right angled triangle looming up in the distance and should thereupon build another like it, erect a square on the hypotenuse, and draw the Euclidean lines demonstrative of the *pons asinorum*, a point would be gained from which a common understanding might possibly be developed.

"It is, however, by no means sure—as Stuart Mill was at the pains to point out in regard to celestial minds—that the mathematics of Mars is identical with that of the earth, or that there the sum of the angles of a right angled triangle is not something more or something less than two right angles. For us, two and two make four, but it may be that for the mathematicians of Mars they make six, eleven, or any other number, according to the nature of the nervous tissues in which, according to a popular theory, intelligence has its origin. In other words, it is as likely as it is unlikely that the minds of Mars's men and the minds of Earth's men are absolutely incommensurable, in which case no communication of any sort can be attainable.

"But if the other planets are inhabited by beings sufficiently like ourselves to enable us to communicate with them if we can find means of doing so, it is by no means certain that it would be to our or their advantage to rig up telephones for that purpose. As it is, we are discontented enough, in all conscience. We have physics and metaphysics, politics and metapolitics, strikes, lock outs, ill assorted marriages, hopeless loves, bad poetry, and poor criticism in abundance, and little aid in readjusting matters to our entire satisfaction can be looked for from the outlying provinces of the system.

"If the carpenters of Mars, for instance, should go on strike, the solidarity of labor would at once compel a sympathetic strike of earthly carpenters, and perhaps of all handicraftsmen. Telephonic communication, once set up would soon be followed by telegraphic intercourse and the exchange of photographs between the earthly

lover and his best girl on Mars. What anguish when love can never find its earthly close, and when 'Thou art so near and yet so far' shall be literally true and not the mere folly of a singer who dares not put it to the touch."

THE FATE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

NOT long ago it was the fashion among prophets of the Cassandra type to remind us of the earth's inevitable wind up by its gradual congealment into a ball of ice. Vivid pictures were drawn of the last man crawling to the equator for the ultimate expiring ray of heat and then dying like his fellows before him.

A writer in the *San Francisco Chronicle* forecasts the extinction of civilized humanity from a different cause—the approaching exhaustion of the world's stores of wood, coal and iron. "The destruction of forests," says this Western wizard, "proceeds so rapidly that their entire annihilation is only a question of time. Scarcely a vestige of the forests of California will remain in fifty years, and those of other parts of America will not long outlast them unless the destruction is arrested speedily and some plan of afforestation adopted by the government. Wood for building and for fuel will then have to be looked for farther away. It is safe to prophesy the utter annihilation of all the forests in the world within a period liberally estimated at five hundred years.

"The amount of iron ore existing on the earth is unknown and cannot even be approximately estimated. There are doubtless vast deposits of the mineral in the mountain chains of South America, Asia, and Africa, to which the world will soon be obliged to have recourse. The aggregate amount is vast, but by no means inexhaustible. In a few hundred years the United States, with a population of 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 souls, may have to go abroad for its iron. It is evident that the supply of iron will considerably outlast that of wood, but with its numerous and constantly increasing uses there will in time be none left, and if any remains it will be so far off and at such a depth in the earth that its general use will necessarily cease.

"Coal will probably outlast iron for a considerable time, and a portion, at least, of the human race, deprived of most other comforts, will still have the means of warming themselves and of cooking their food. The aggregate coal deposits, like those of iron, are unknown, but they are much

more extensive. In the future, as in the case of iron, the civilized nations will have to go farther and dig deeper for this material, become more precious than gold."

Having brought the world back to its infancy, as it were, by failure in the supply of these three staples, the *Chronicle's* prophet sums up the impending doom of the human race with these alarming sentences:

"The population of the world will doubtless go on increasing till the causes herein alleged begin their work of destruction. These causes will in all probability produce internecine wars, for the human race will be obliged to fight for those limited areas of the world's surface capable of sustaining life. The scattered tribes of the polar regions will first disappear. Then the temperate zones will become uninhabitable. Those who survive the deprivations and sufferings to which they will be subjected will retreat gradually toward the equator, where life will be a little longer tolerable.

"Civilization, lacking all the elements that have created and nourished it, will long since have disappeared, and the few savages that remain, occupants of the very caves perhaps that once sheltered their ancestors, but deprived of even the few means of existence that they possessed, will not long await the fell destroyer. Thus in a thousand years this world will be added to the millions of uninhabited orbs that, 'blind and blackening,' revolve in their perpetual orbits about the countless suns of the universe."

This gloomy theory is controverted by the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, which pertinently observes that it is a case of "borrowing trouble on a group of assumptions which are far from demonstrated. The first is that the world's stock of its present fuel is known and limited. The opposite is the case. The limitations of the coal and iron beds of the world are known over about a quarter of the earth's surface, while the possibilities of new fuels from articles now left to waste are daily hinted at. Beyond that it leaves entirely out of the estimate the advance of knowledge as to new methods of producing heat and power.

"The calculations of Malthus have been entirely confounded by the increased power of the earth to sustain population under the steam and iron age. Who shall say that succeeding generations will not make even greater advances in discovering and developing new forms of heat and

power, hints of which are already given in electricity, if not in the more questionable etheric vibrations of Keeley? We do not need to indorse that alleged discovery to recognize the possibility that future generations may show advances in the methods of extracting the earth's sustenance far more marked than that of the present century over the dark ages.

"Finally our Californian cotemporary may illuminate its darkened view with this consolatory thought: If the time ever arrives when the earth's powers are exhausted, and it cannot sustain as great a population as at present, it will come gradually, and will be accompanied by an equally gradual diminution of population. No single generation will ever be overwhelmed by a discovery of the disaster. But we will hazard the prophecy that the earth ten centuries from now will contain quite as ample a supply of food, fuel, and life as that bounteous globe now furnishes to the children of men."

THE STUDY OF MAN.

POPE's famous line, "The proper study of mankind is man," might be taken as the motto of an address delivered by Dr. Alexander Macalister before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and subsequently published in *Nature*. It was a plea for the recognition of anthropology as an independent science, to be ranked among the great departments of human knowledge and studied in our colleges and schools.

To such a rank anthropology, as Dr. Macalister admits, cannot now pretend. "This," he says, "is indicated by the difficulty in framing a definition at the same time comprehensive and distinctive. Mr. Galton characterizes it as the study of what men are in body and mind, how they came to be what they are, and whither the race is tending; General Pitt-Rivers, as the science which ascertains the true causes for all the phenomena of human life.

"I shall not try to improve upon these definitions, although they both are manifestly defective. On the one side our subject is a branch of biology, but we are more than biologists compiling a monograph on the natural history of our species, as M. de Quatrefages would have it. Many of the problems with which we deal are common to us and to psychologists; others are common to us and to students of history, of sociology, of philology, and of religion; and, in addition, we have to treat of a large number of other matters æsthetic, artistic,

and technical, which it is difficult to range under any subordinate category.

"It is ours," the writer continues, "to trace the progress of man's inventions and their fruits in language and the arts, the direct products of the human mind. It is also ours to follow the history of man's discovery of those secrets of nature to the unfolding of which we give the name of science.

"The task is also ours to inquire into that largest and most important of all sections of the history of culture which deals with the relation of human life to the unseen world, and to disentangle out of the complex network of religion, mythology, and ritual those elements which are real truths, either discovered by the exercise of man's reason, or learned by him in ways whereof science takes no account, from those adventitious and invented products of human fear and fancy which obscure the view of the central realities.

"From the ground of our present knowledge we can but faintly forecast the future of anthropology, when its range is extended by further research, and when it is purged of fancies, false analogies, and imperfect observations. It may be that there is in store for us a clearer view of the past history of man, of the place and time of his first appearance, of his primitive character, and of his progress.

"But has this knowledge, interesting as it may be for its own sake, any bearing on the future of mankind? Hitherto growth in knowledge has not been accompanied with a commensurate increase in the sum of human happiness, but this is probably due to the imperfection which characterizes even our most advanced attainments. For example, while the medical and sanitary sciences, by their progress, are diminishing the dangers which beset humanity, they have also been the means of preserving and permitting the perpetuation of the weaklings of the race, which, had natural selection exercised its unhindered sway, would have been crushed out of existence in the struggle for life.

"It is, however, of the essence of true scientific knowledge, when perfected, that it enables us to predict; and if we ever rise to the possession of a true appreciation of the influences which have affected mankind in the past, we should endeavor to learn how to direct these influences in the future that they shall work for the progress of the race. With such a knowledge we shall be able to advance in that practical branch of anthropology, the science of education;

and so to guide and foster the physical, intellectual, and moral growth of the individual that he will be enabled to exercise all his powers in the best possible directions. And lastly, we shall make progress in that kindred department, sociology, the study of which does for the community what the science of education does for the individual.

"Is it a dream that the future has in store for us such an anthropological Utopia?"

ARE SURGEONS RECKLESS?

IN an article published in last month's issue of this magazine, a New York physician sketched the marvelous possibilities that the discovery of anæsthesia and antiseptics has opened up for modern surgery. On this interesting subject a contributor to the European edition of the *New York Herald* sounds a note of warning. "Surgeons," he writes, "have become so bold and enterprising that there is no organ or portion of the body that they hesitate to attack, and the question has actually been proposed whether this temerity is for the welfare or to the detriment of mankind, and whether the present reckless method of operating will not be followed by a reaction that will bring us back to a more moderate condition of things, situated at equal distance between the reluctance of olden times and the extravagance of today.

"At the period when we had no means of preventing the patient from feeling pain, and when wounds suppurated indefinitely, a surgeon considered the matter twice before taking up the knife, and it was only as a last extremity that he amputated a limb, extirpated a malignant tumor, opened an abscess, or, in short, performed any urgent operation. The fact was never lost sight of that a mere incision of the skin might produce death.

"What a change has taken place! Not only do chloroform, ether, and cocaine throw the patient who has trusted himself in a surgeon's hands into a condition of complete insensibility, but they enable the operator to place the patient in the most favorable position and to take all the time he may desire to perform an operation thoroughly. With the means we now have at our disposal the loss of blood in an operation amounts almost to nothing. The protection we have in aseptic and antiseptic dressings, through the prevention of suppuration, frees us from the fear of infection that was formerly so frequent, and the opening made with the instruments is

so quickly healed that death seems literally to have no longer the time necessary to invade the organism.

"The confidence with which these means have inspired surgeons has led them to undertake the most impossible things. Under the cover of anæsthesia and antiseptics the wielders of the knife have no longer any fear, going into the depths of the brain after an abscess, entering the lungs to scrape and remove tuberculous excavations, and wandering at their own sweet will in the recesses of the abdominal cavity, a region which a few years ago was avoided with the utmost care. They enucleate or remove organs which heretofore have been treated with religious respect.

"Conscious of their power, and almost laughing at death, surgeons have gone further still, and have transformed the knife into a means of diagnosis. Whereas physicians use palpation, percussion, and auscultation to estimate the extent and nature of a lesion, and measure with their thermometers the degree of fever, the surgeons take a much shorter route, and from the fact that the patient no longer feels pain and that wounds are no longer mortal in our time, he requires his knife to reveal to him the nature of the trouble and to tell him with what disease he has to deal.

"What has been called an 'exploratory laparotomy' is simply the opening of the abdominal cavity made purposely in an individual whose intestinal functions seem stopped, or who complains of certain forms of pain. If nothing abnormal is found the abdomen is simply closed up again, unless the surgeon conceives the idea of removing some organ that is not absolutely essential to life in honor of his operation. There is a whole category of diseases peculiar to women that serve as a pretext for these operations.

"This wholesale operating is a danger, though the surgeon's confidence appears to warrant the most extraordinary operations, such as the resection of the stomach as a treatment for the dilation of that organ, and many others of the same nature, which, while they may not cause death, certainly expose the patient to very serious risk.

"The advance in surgery has therefore its dangerous side with its inconsiderate operations that aim at procuring a recovery that could certainly have been obtained by the much milder treatment by physicians and hygiene."

As an instance of an apparently reckless operation the *Herald* cites the case of Dr.

Lambolle, a Belgian doctor, who recently attempted a surgical cure for cholera by cutting into the intestines and irrigating them with sublimate solution. He applied this method to two patients and was entirely successful in the operation—but the patients died almost immediately after it.

But such extreme cases of surgical daring are undoubtedly very rare. As Dr. Hunter McGuire, President of the American Medical Association, said in commenting upon the *Herald's* article, "hundreds of human lives are saved by surgery today that twenty years ago would have been lost. As well give up steam and electricity in every day life and go back to the days before their discovery as to give up anæsthesia and antiseptics in surgery. They alone make possible some operations that save human life, and all operations less hazardous. Exploratory laparotomy never kills—certainly should never kill. Surgery today, like sculpture, is almost complete. Medicine is making rapid progress, but in truth it is generally after the physician fails that calls are made to the surgeon."

CYCLING AND HEALTH.

THE praises of cycling have seldom been sounded more enthusiastically than in an article on "The Bicycle in its Relation to the Physician," by Dr. Seneca Egbert, published in the *University Medical Magazine*. Dr. Egbert, who is a lecturer at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, declares that the use of the wheel is the finest and most beneficial of all forms of exercise. "It takes one," he says, "into the outdoor air, is entirely under control, can be made as gentle or as vigorous as one desires; is active and not passive; takes the rider out of himself and the thoughts and cares of his daily work; develops his will, his attention, courage, and independence, and makes pleasant what is otherwise often most irksome; moreover, the exercise is well and equally distributed over almost the whole body, and, as Parkes says, when all the muscles are exercised, no muscle is likely to be over exercised. This general muscular exercise also has its direct effect upon the other and vital organs of the body, the heart, lungs, and digestive organs especially; and the improvement in general health and digestion after a few weeks' riding is by no means illusory or fleeting.

"We all know that the trouble with many of our patients is purely functional, and that their maladies have been brought

on by lack of pure air, too little exercise, and too much mental worry over their work or business. For these the bicycle furnishes an agreeable remedy.

"Take a case of nervous or anæmic dyspepsia, of hepatic or intestinal torpor; the increase in the flow of the blood current, the gentle vibration and the additional elimination of waste matters through lungs and skin, all results of a ride on the wheel, are just what we desire for the cure of our patient. Or with one of a tuberculous diathesis or with incipient phthisis, how much depends upon teaching him to breathe properly, i.e., fully and deeply, and to spend much of his time in the open air. This the bicycle will do for him, perforce.

"Cases, also, of neurasthenia, melancholia, and other nervous troubles, will derive much benefit from our present hobby, for, in addition to the above hygienic elements, the wheelman must develop—whether he will or not—his will, his independence and self reliance, and the accurate control of all his muscles.

"Those of rheumatic tendencies, especially, will find that regular and systematic riding will do much to keep the disease in abeyance, and even to act as a cure. Some one has said that every muscle is a little heart, and, surely, no better means can be devised of eliminating deleterious waste matters from the whole system than the general and active use of all the muscles, voluntary and involuntary.

"And it is just in these respects that the wheel is destined to be of great benefit to women. It gets them out of doors, gives them a form of exercise adapted to their needs, neither too violent nor too passive; one very pleasant withal, that they may enjoy in company with others or alone, and one that does go to the root of their nervous troubles; for we are beginning to realize that these do not, for the most part, have their primal origin in woman's peculiar anatomy and physiology."

There are, of course, conditions and qualifications to Dr. Egbert's advocacy of cycling. The wheel must not be too large or heavy; the rider must maintain a correct and erect position. Those suffering from heart affections or any organic disease should not ride, or should ride only with great caution; and, as in any other exercise, over exertion should be universally avoided. These are, of course, merely common sense regulations, but they are those whose non observance causes all of the evils that are ascribed to cycling. As Dr. Egbert remarks, "like everything else,

the ownership of a bicycle or the ability to ride it, does not guarantee the possession of brains by the subject."

THE GOLD CURE FOR INEBRIETY.

To the disputation that has been aroused by Dr. Leslie Keeley's "gold cure" for inebriety a rather curious contribution is made by Henry Wood in the January *Arena*. Mr. Wood propounds the question "Does Bichloride of Gold Cure Inebriety?" and answers it, apparently, in the negative. At the same time he is an enthusiastic eulogist of Dr. Keeley, who, he says, "is doing a good work for humanity, and the results justify him in its continuance."

His theory is that the success of the Keeley system, in which he fully believes, is due not to the efficacy of gold as a drug, but to a totally different cause. "We have," he says, "two great, apparently opposing facts, both of which are overwhelmingly corroborated.

"*Fact one.*—Thousands of confirmed inebriates have been thoroughly cured by the Keeley treatment.

"*Fact two.*—That no drug or material remedy can cure drunkenness, as proved both by expert testimony and the experience of ages.

"It is axiomatic that two truths cannot be in conflict, and how shall these two great aggregations of opposing logic be reconciled? There seems to be but one way, and rightly considered it is reasonable and also scientific. It is that the so called bichloride of gold cure is in reality *unconscious mind cure*.

"Of what use, then, is the gold? None whatever, except as a concession to prevailing materialism. Being blind to the potency of higher immaterial forces, it demands something which the senses can grasp. It must have a fetich—a material fulcrum for support. The understanding of average humanity is impervious, except through the low pathway of the sensuous nature.

"If Dr. Keeley had named his establishment a mind cure institute, a psychological hospital, or even a metaphysical sanitarium—leaving out the gold—he would have received such an amount of popular ridicule for *daring* to be unconventional that few would have entered his institution. But gold is 'solid' and of the *earth*, and can be grasped and appreciated.

"It is the *belief* in the gold—with other accompanying factors—which produces the results."

If this be true, and "thousands of confirmed inebriates" are being "thoroughly cured" by their "belief in the gold," it is too bad of Mr. Wood to undermine that belief by the announcement that the gold is really of "no use whatever, except as a concession to materialism," and that, as far as the intrinsic potency of his drug is concerned, Dr. Keeley could achieve precisely similar results with soothing syrup or Croton water.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

THE recent report—which we believe has not been authenticated—that President Harrison was contemplating the possibility of becoming a professor at the Leland Stanford University, suggests to the *Chicago Inter Ocean* that "one of the standing open questions in this country is, 'What shall we do with our ex Presidents?' Just now we have only two, and one of these will soon be doing business at the old stand. Ex President Hayes* has shown good judgment in the maintenance of a modest and dignified retirement, relieved by participation in large philanthropic interests, but nowise connected with business affairs or his profession.

"Most of our Presidents have retired to their rural estates, their farms or plantations, as the case might be, and they best served their country by so doing. John Quincy Adams alone of them all had a career, and a great career, after filling the Presidential office.

"If General Harrison should resume the practice of law in Indianapolis no one could justly accuse him of lowering the dignity of the great office he had filled, but with his superb powers in the mastery and presentation of any subject which may engage his attention he could rise to a higher level as a lecturer than as a lawyer."

Perhaps the question should be enlarged to "What shall we do with our old men—our *emeriti* who have served their time in any of the active businesses of life?" It was said of Mr. Blaine, after his retirement from office, and before the beginning of his disabling illness, that he was "not a man organized to exist merely on comforts and memories"; and his case was a typical one.

"The placid pleasure of books," observes the *New York World*, "and the calm companionship of friends do not quite suffice for the typical American who has all his

life been in the thick of the fray, either in politics or in business. The necessity of doing something and the opportunity to round out a career with new honors and fresh achievements are a positive blessing to men of their type.

"They cannot grow old gracefully and uselessly. They cannot be happy thinking they are rusting out rather than wearing out. They frequently drop out and die from sheer lack of interest in life.

"It is a pity that it is so. We need to cultivate in this country the true conditions of leisure, when leisure has been earned by a life of strenuous struggle crowned with success. An ideal country life in the summer, the enjoyment of books, plays, friends, travel or a visit to the capital in the winter, ought to make growing old in idleness full of delight to a man who is fortunate enough to command comforts and to be able to stop work."

VIGOR IN OLD AGE.

FROM the wonderful bodily and mental activity of Mr. Gladstone, who in his eighty fourth year is bearing such a burden of work and responsibility as few other men in the world have to shoulder, an editorial article in the *New York Tribune* draws a lesson upon the conservation of vital energy.

"How," it asks, "can the intellectual vigor and extraordinary vitality of this leader of men be accounted for? That is a question which Mr. Gladstone himself is preëminently qualified to answer. His explanation, when recently asked what was the secret of his remarkable activity, was embodied in a homely analogy. 'There was once a road leading out of London,' he said, 'on which more horses died than on any other, and inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently the animals in traveling over it used only one set of muscles.'

"It is not work," continues the *Tribune*, "that breaks down the men of our time, although it is the busiest of all the ages. What is destructive to nervous force and intellectual vigor is continuous concentration of purpose upon the same object. What the great majority of workers need is not the rest that comes from complete cessation of activity, but rather the rest that is involved in change of employment and thought.

"Mr. Gladstone's career has shown that

* As we go to press the news comes of Mr. Hayes's sudden and unexpected death, which took place on January 17 at his home in Fremont, Ohio, being caused by an attack of neuralgia of the heart. Mr. Hayes was in his seventy first year, having been born in Delaware, Ohio, on the 22d of October, 1822.

a prodigious amount of work can be done without producing physical or mental exhaustion, provided it is constantly varied. His outdoor life has come into notoriety from the unusual form of his recreation—that of felling trees in Hawarden Park; but the importance of such exercise has been exaggerated. He has always been fond of walking, just as Wordsworth was; but for the ordinary recreations of an English gentleman, riding, hunting, fishing, or cricket, he has never displayed much inclination. While he has invariably arranged his life so as to allow the natural man a fair degree of fresh air and physical exercise, he has not followed any system of hygienics.

"What he has been careful to do is to avoid continuous intellectual labor on the same level. He has never been so deeply immersed in public affairs as to lose sight of his early classical studies, or his refined taste for Italian literature, or the varying phases of religious or economic controversy, or the trend and tendencies of English fiction. Always at work in Westminster or in his library, he has never lacked either inclination or leisure for taking up subjects of opposite kinds. This has been the secret of the wonderful intellectual vigor which he has never failed to display.

"The brain of a great worker like Mr. Gladstone, or Goethe, or Kant, needs precisely what the eye requires; the restful effects of changes in the angle of vision. It was a habit which the Prime Minister formed early in life, to be constantly studying yet never wearying himself by exclusive devotion to any one subject. It has not only tended to make him a many-sided man with inexhaustible resources for interesting the public in his speeches, writings, and personality, but it has also prolonged his life and kept his working power unimpaired.

"It is not hard work that kills men in this overwrought, busy world. It is the dead level of continuous absorption in business or thought that slowly paralyzes the worker. Sir Henry Maine, starting with delicate health and pursuing with unremitting zeal his studies respecting the origin of law, was fast falling into a London grave when he received a commission for India. For a long time he had a complete change of thought and pursuit, and he returned to England with many years of successful labor in reserve. He had not been idle in India, but he had been enabled to work and to think at a fresh level and in a new way. That is what Mr. Gladstone has done all his life."

The moral is that not in an abundance of rest, but rather in a constant variety of occupations, is the longed for elixir of vitality to be found.

PRIVACY AND THE LAW.

A CURIOUS case is at this writing before the Massachusetts Court of Appeals, touching the rights of the heirs of the late Mrs. Schuyler to prevent some ardent admirers of that lady from erecting in Boston a monument to her memory. We are not certain that these well meaning relatives have not defeated the very end they had in view by their persistent opposition, and given more notoriety to the lady in question than the monument itself would have conferred upon her; but the end they have in view, the assertion of the individual's right to privacy, is a most important one. Have we no defense against those who would make public characters of us in spite of ourselves? Thus far the Massachusetts courts have affirmed that we have.

"It is a long time," says the Boston *Transcript*, "since a question has come before the courts of wider interest, or of greater importance, sociologically speaking. For while privacy exists, as it does today, not as a right, but as a boon, subject to the whim of whatever individual or body of individuals chooses to violate it, we have a factor of the very first importance in our social life to deal with. The right to privacy, it has been claimed, does not exist, but it is more probable that it has existed unquestioned until certain phases of modern enterprise chose to assume that it did not. With gossip elevated to a profession and recognized as a branch of journalism, the theory that the individual has any rights which could stand in the way of the gathering of material was too inconvenient to be tolerated.

"As to who has and who has not a right to privacy the Court of Appeals may be allowed the final word, but the French law now defines the two classes quite clearly. He alone has a right to complete protection who has neither expressly nor indirectly provoked or authorized attention, approbation, or blame; or as American lawyers put it, the matters upon which the public have no rightful claim are those which concern the private life, habits, acts, and relations of an individual and have no legitimate connection with his fitness for a public office which he seeks or for which he is suggested, or for any public or quasi public position which he seeks or for which he is suggested, and which have no legiti-

mate relation to or bearing upon any act done by him in a public or quasi public capacity.

"The Schuyler case itself is a curious commentary upon the pass to which we have come. That a life passed in quiet well doing should need the defense of a judicial assertion that such well doing does not involve handing over 'one's personality when living and memory when dead to the public to be used or abused as any one of that irresponsible body might see fit,' is sufficiently startling, while the argument of the would be statue builders that if Mrs. Schuyler were alive she would not be able to help herself if they decided that it was best for her to be dragged from the privacy which she had chosen, has a truly *fin de siècle* flavor. It is time for whatever authority there is for these views to make itself heard."

A DEFENSE OF THE TENEMENT HOUSE.

THE tenement house is one of the best abused products of contemporary civilization. It has been stigmatized as a prime contributor to the evils of city life, and charged with an influence upon its unfortunate occupants that is irresistibly demoralizing. Edward Everett Hale, for instance, has told us that no man can have a "home," properly so called, who has others living under or over him, or who cannot cut windows on all four sides of his dwelling. The tenement house, he declares, should no longer be tolerated in these days of rapid transit; suburban cottages should solve the question of the housing of the city poor.

An opinion that is the very opposite of Dr. Hale's is put forth by Lucia True Ames in the January *New England Magazine*. The writer declares that the apartment system, "if properly managed, furnishes the most sensible solution of the problems of city housekeeping under present economic conditions, involving less waste of time, strength, energy, space and money than any other. I say if properly managed; for exorbitant rents, tiny rooms few in number, insufficient light and no back yards, which thus far characterize our system, are by no means essential features of it, and will be abolished when we get beyond the first crude efforts we are now making to solve the problem of making a city home.

"However much we may all deplore the increasing tendency toward urban life, it must be accepted as inevitable under the social and economic conditions which are

destined to prevail for some time to come. By the year 2,000, it is devoutly to be hoped that local clubs, libraries, amusement rooms, and good roads in country districts may compete with the charms of a great city; that transit may be so rapid and so cheap as not to take a precious hour or more out of a man's day, nor a serious part of his week's wages, as at present; and that employment may be so general and permanent, and under such conditions, as shall permit the ownership of a house by each head of a family, where he may have no one over him or under him or anything to prevent his having windows on all four sides of his house.

"This time, however, has not yet come; and it is best to consider things as they now are. We have found it possible to make homes that are real homes, and to rear children to be happy, healthful, and good, in the city house built in a block; and while this is not to be looked upon as the ideal of a home, for an increasing number of people it is the only one that they will have. So long as it remains necessary or desirable for the well to do, it will be all the more so for the immense shifting mass of laborers who must earn their bread in the great cities. So long as residences in blocks are necessary will the tenement or apartment house remain."

The writer's words are undoubtedly those of truth and soberness. If we would recognize existing conditions it is idle to talk about the abolition of the tenement house. The practical problem is not its abolition but its improvement.

FIRE AND CLAY.

THE appalling destruction that is annually wrought by fires in the United States is taken by Harvey B. Chess as the text of an essay on the value of clay as a building material, published in the January *Engineering Magazine* under the title of "Fire Losses and the Age of Clay."

In the year 1891, observes Mr. Chess, we "converted into ashes and smoke property for which the insurance interest, as its share of the much larger total loss sustained, paid \$142,000,000. We may appreciate what this draft on our national resources means by reflecting that the full value of the pig iron production for the same period was less than the sum named by \$20,000,000. Treasure equal to one and one half times the wealth gained by energy and toil in the great industry of iron production was completely obliterated. If it be true, as asserted by a prominent under-

writer, that in the recorded history of his company forty per cent of all fires appear attributable to easily preventable causes, then neither from an economic nor from a practical point of view is the general fact stated creditable to our national intelligence."

Mr. Chess urges that increased attention should be paid to the properties and the use of plastic earthy materials. Clay has a peculiarity that distinguishes it from wood, stone, metals, and other elements of construction, in that heat solidifies and hardens it, instead of disintegrating it. As a concrete instance of its possibilities as a resister of fire he describes the Japanese *kura*, or safe deposit for valuables when menaced by the frequent conflagrations of Japan's wooden cities. "This," he says, "is a fire proof building consisting of a bamboo and netting foundation or framework supporting clay walls, or, rather, serving as a support for clay walls during the formative period.

"These materials—bamboo netting and clay with tile roofing imbedded in clay—are all that enter into the construction of a *kura*; even the doors and window shutters being made in the same way as the walls, but with stepped jambs similar to the doors of iron fire proof safes. The plastic clay is very gradually concreted on the framework, by successive applications, often requiring a period of two years for the completion of one of these structures. When endangered by fire, goods and valuables are placed in these structures, and crevices around doors or windows are quickly stopped with plastic clay. It is difficult to conceive a building that could longer resist fire than the *kura*; and it is cited here as teaching that for fire resisting qualities we should look to plastic earthy materials."

FOUNDATIONS FOR AIR CASTLES.

In this practical age time spent in the building of air castles is generally regarded as wasted. Thoreau thought otherwise. He saw possibilities of much usefulness in the framing of these aerial structures. "All you need to do," he said, "is to put foundations under them." Easier said than done, no doubt; yet the thought has its applications and its value.

"The good city of Boston," observes the *New York World*, "has perhaps as many air castles with foundations under them as can be found in any town in the land. There have been many lively imaginations there devoted to the inception

of plans for doing good. Some of them have been meddlesome and mischievous. Others have been cranky and queer. But many of the 'Boston notions' have been so instinct with true benevolence and so helpful to those who need help—the poor, the friendless, the young, and the weak—that they have flourished famously and been widely copied.

"A small air castle of this sort, devised in the fertile brain of Edward Everett Hale, has just settled firmly down on its underpinning of hard fact. It is called the 'Noon Rest,' and is a resort for the shop girls of Boston during their nooning. A cheap and wholesome luncheon is supplied to the girls, and there are furnished for their use and enjoyment a parlor, a piano, a reading table, easy chairs, lounges, writing desks, and mending baskets.

"What a haven of rest such a resort may be to the tired girls only those who know what the lack of it is can fully understand. But the 'Lend a Hand' Society guessed the need and supplied it. There is a great call everywhere for corner stone laying under imagined institutions for the public good.

WHAT IT COSTS TO ENTERTAIN.

As the food which he eats is the main-spring by which man lives, so the caterer at a fashionable entertainment is the power behind the throne that calls the whole resplendent affair into being. Furnishing the eatables is but a portion of his duties. From the man who opens your carriage door at the curbstone to the musicians who play behind their bower of potted plants, all can be obtained by applying to him of the *cordon bleu*. More, this mighty magnate of the kitchen can even supply you with a house in which to give your fête.

"You can have anything in the world that you want if you are willing to pay for it." So says one of the leading caterers of New York in an article about his vocation contributed to the *Boston Herald*. In the course of this paper he tells us that lengthy dinners are no longer in favor, that as many as seventy people are sometimes invited, and that the cost of a fashionable banquet varies all the way from ten dollars to seventy five dollars a cover. Fancy one's feelings, by the way, to reflect that one's hostess had spent an even seventy five dollars for the food and drink of which he has partaken as her guest at a single meal! But the writer named proceeds to describe some entertainments he has given for people who do not ask the question

"How much will it cost?" but "How nice can you make it?"

"I must constantly devise something which shall be entirely new, and pretty enough to excite even the blasé admiration of those who dine and wine on the costliest and handsomest tables in the world.

"It often happens that people who desire to give an entertainment at home are unable to do so for lack of proper space. And then a point is reached where the real art of the caterer comes in.

The writer tells of a case where a woman living in a dainty little apartment house wished to entertain a large company at the wedding reception of her daughter. To give such an affair in her contracted rooms was an impossibility, so this man of fertile brain suggested that she hire for one day the house next door, which happened to be vacant, furnish it, and give the entertainment there as if she were in her own home. This was done with great success and at a cost of a thousand dollars.

AN UNEMOTIONAL AGE.

In another department of this magazine (on page 589) mention is made of what may be termed the "statistics of emotion" gathered by certain curious critics from the pages of some old time novels. These undeniably convict the old fashioned heroine of a great lack of command over her emotions. She is perpetually blushing, weeping, swooning, and fainting, upon provocations that seem utterly inadequate to us self controlled moderns.

In a letter to the *New York Press* Walter Besant* propounds the theory, which he says is "based upon a large study of eighteenth century letters and biographies," that "down to quite recent times, men and women alike were much more ungoverned than they are now.

"We find certain evidence that all the emotions—love, rage, jealousy, despair, hatred, revenge, were manifested a hundred years ago far more violently than we can at present understand. Why do we bear the blows—and accept the favors—of fortune with so much more stoicism?

"There are many reasons. First of all, we feel things less; fortune's frowns do not in a general way mean such dreadful things as they did; there is a much thicker shield between us and the depths; there is

no debtors' prison, for instance; there is a vast amount of accumulated wealth; a family in its third generation of success is guarded by these accumulations and by ties of blood against all kinds of surprises; a very great number of families never dread poverty at all.

"Again, people have far less power than they had. Men used to kick their valets, ladies used to beat their maids. When you could do that there was some sense in falling into a rage royal. Again, we now drink much less wine and beer and strong waters than we did. Ladies when they took these things, as they used to take them, regularly and freely, were much more emotional than in these days.

"We no longer fight—less than a hundred years ago men were always quarrelling in public places and fighting with fists and chairs and whatever else came handy. To all these things add the extended use of that salutary herb, tobacco, with—perhaps—I do not know—some softening of manners, some improvement in the minor morals, and we may understand a little how and why we have learned to control our tempers and to refrain—the men from rages and the women from fainting.

"I think that the reason why men have never, even in the most ungoverned times, fainted so readily as women, is that they are slower of imagination. Disaster falls upon a family; instantly the wife and daughters understand clearly what it means—in a moment of time they see the whole change—the train of miseries that the disaster will bring; the change to poverty, the loss of luxuries, social consideration, friends, dignity, self respect, all. The man, slower of perception, takes in the truth more gradually; often he never takes it in at all, because being a man he looks forward to the impossible, and thinks he can succeed twice.

"Only one disaster strikes him instantly; and that is when his doctor tells him he must die. Then—as physicians have told me—he swoons away; he falls down inanimate at his doctor's feet. For death all men can understand. Yet you may tell even a young and happy woman that she must die and she will not faint. Why? Is woman's faith stronger? Is death a lesser evil to a woman than to a man? Tell me, sisters, if you can."

* Walter Besant, the well known English novelist, was born at Portsmouth in 1838, and educated at King's College, London, and at Cambridge, where he took a high position in the mathematical tripos. He went to Mauritius to become a professor at the Royal College there, but ill health compelled him to return to England, and he has since devoted himself to authorship. He has also been prominently identified with explorations in Palestine.

THE STAGE.

"Who loses most when an attraction fails to draw? The star or the manager?" This question, which was doubtless put several times after Mrs. Bernard Beere's abandonment of her American tour, is answered by the Referee, who furnishes New York theatrical gossip to the *Philadelphia Times*. His reply assures us that, in the particular case mentioned, Mrs. Beere was not the greatest sufferer, as her manager, by the terms of the contract, handed over to her ten thousand dollars to cancel the engagement. But it does not follow that the unfortunate Mr. Mayer was compelled to pay this sum out of his own pocket. In engaging an expensive star for a tour of this country it is common for several managers in various cities to unite in providing the guarantee that the artist demands before signing the contract. Thus the risk is divided among several bank accounts, and as the star's life is insured to the full amount, his or her death cannot cause loss.

By the way, there is an opportunity for an insurance company to take risks on the drawing powers of dramatic "attractions."

* * *

NAT GOODWIN has reason to feel very well pleased with the favor won by his new play, "A Gilded Fool." For some years past he has had longings to leave the field of burlesque in which his first successes were made, and each season has seen him making a distinct advance toward the "legitimate." His part in Mr. Carleton's play is one well calculated to display his versatility, there being ample opportunity for comedy work, with here and there a swift transition to the pathetic.

Mr. Goodwin, more than any other man, fills the place left vacant by the late John T. Raymond. But this characterization does not do

him complete justice, for he is a better man in his line than Raymond ever was. Mr. Goodwin himself scarcely seems to realize his own worth to its fullest extent, for we are not saying too much, we think, when we assert that he is the best comedian



N. C. GOODWIN.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

—of his kind, for we are not comparing him with Joseph Jefferson—on the American stage today.

It is reported that Henry C. Miner has arranged to build a new theater in New York devoted solely to comedy, of which Mr. Goodwin will be the bright particular star.

* * *

THE first performance given under the auspices of the Theater of Arts and Letters was not a conspicuous success from a dramatic standpoint. If it proved anything, it only proved what managers—and, alas, sometimes the public, too—found out long ago, and that is, that because a man or a woman can write a good story it does not follow that he or she can construct a good play. The two pieces presented on this occasion—"Drifting," and "Mary Maberly"—were both of lugubrious tendencies. Why is it that first efforts in any line of literary work generally have a melancholy trend?

But these plays are more than melancholy, if we are to rely on a consensus of opinion by the critics. They were both uninteresting, and "neither has any commercial value, but," as the *Times* cruelly remarks, "'Drifting' has one great advantage over the other—it is shorter." Indeed, the heroine in "Mary Maberly" is such an extraordinary creature that Miss Mary Shaw, who was to have assumed the rôle, frankly declared that it would be impossible for her to attempt it, and thereupon severed her connection with the organization.

But because what were supposed to be the chief features of the evening were not up to the standard, it does not follow that the audience were bored. People who have paid five dollars apiece for their seats will see to it that they are entertained, if they have to do the entertaining themselves. And this is just what they did. Everybody knew everybody else, and as there was no orchestra, there was nothing to interrupt the merry chatter between the acts.

The occasion was a great success socially, and as the six hundred seats that were occupied must have brought in \$3,000, the directors can certainly not afford to grumble at the financial result, especially as the impress made by the two opening plays cannot affect the receipts for the remainder of the season, the five dollars aforesaid being only part of a subscription of twenty five, paid in advance by each member of the audience. A good house

at any of the New York theaters means from \$700 to \$900, and as the expenses on this occasion were much less than is ordinarily the case, the society ought, in a few seasons, to have a sufficient surplus on hand to follow the fashion and build a theater of its own.

* * *

It is easy to see the hand of the actor in the construction of "The New South," for there are some splendid situations in the play. Joseph R. Grismer, who collaborated with Clay M. Greene in writing the piece, plays the leading rôle, and does it well, too, the restraint he puts upon himself—a quality admirably suited to the part—being apparent throughout.

In devising their plot the authors observed a tradition of play building which directs that the audience be let into a secret hidden from the personages of the piece. And in few dramas has this device been more cleverly used than in "The New South." From the moment when *Jefferson Gwynne* is killed, the spectator forgets the talky tedium of the preceding portions of the first act. He becomes keenly interested in speculating how *Captain Ford* is to prove himself innocent of the crime, and the interest is not allowed to flag until the final curtain.

There are many crude bits of writing throughout the four acts, there is too little comedy to lighten the general gloom, but this does not lessen the fact that the piece as it stands is intensely interesting—surely a consideration of prime importance with the theater goer.

The various parts are in the main in competent hands. James A. Herne makes a clever sketch of the guilty negro *Sampson*. His "business" in the arbor during the investigation scene is most cleverly realistic. Scott Cooper, as the old Southern gentleman, a type of which we have had many specimens on the stage of late, is eminently successful in his delineation of the present one. Miss Phoebe Davies plays *Georgia Gwynne* with a keen appreciation of the possibilities of the part.

William Gillette's delayed "Ninety Days," which is described as a "spectacular drama," is booked to succeed "The New South" at the Broadway.

* * *

FOR some years past it has been the custom of our best judges, when asked to point out samples of the pure American drama, to mention those that Edward Harrigan writes and helps to play. To be sure they are not of a particularly high

order, but in the field they occupy they certainly hold the mirror up to nature with truer fidelity than is the case with the more ambitious efforts of our other native playwrights. Take the case of Mulligan's son in the "Mulligan Guards' Ball," now enjoying a prosperous revival at Mr. Harrigan's theater; could there be anything truer to the life than the manner in which the young man resents his father's interference at the meeting of the young Mulligans? Of course incidents are exaggerated, but the character drawing is inimitable.

* * *
MENTION of Mr. Harrigan calls to mind a newspaper article detailing the superstitions of various actors. This asserted Mr. Harrigan's belief in a lucky charm attaching to the letter M, to which we owe the Mulligan series. He is also credited with heaping high favors on a black cat which strayed into the stage entrance on the night of the opening of his new theater, and which he declares brought him the good luck he has ever since enjoyed.

Among the other members of the profession accused of a weakness of the same sort are Lillian Russell, who attaches vast importance to the wearing of jewelry, and will not accept a part in which this does not go with the costume; Francis Wilson, who regards adverse criticism as a happy omen, dating from his experience with "The Oolah"; and Tony Pastor, who must always have his salary list amount to a certain sum. Sometimes the members of his company profit by this quirk and receive unexpected additions to their wage; at others they find that their pay has been cut to make the whole amount come to the fateful figure.

This reminds us once more of the \$151 a week "Johnny" Wild receives at Harrigan's, the odd dollar being accounted for by the fact that his contract calls for the largest salary of any member of the troupe.

* * *
THE Lyceum, long one of the luckiest of New York theaters, is doing splendid business with "Americans Abroad." It looks as if Mr. Frohman's contemplated production of "The Guardsman," by Sims and Raleigh, must be deferred till spring. Mr. Raleigh expects to come to New York to

superintend the staging of this play, which, it is hoped, will emulate the success of its authors' "Gray Mare." They have written a new farcical comedy called "Fanny," especially for the Lyceum company, but this



EDWARD HARRIGAN.
From a photograph.

will not be seen until after "The Guardsman" has been given.

* * *
In the year 1879 an advertisement in the New York papers called for children to appear in a juvenile "Pinafore" troupe to give performances at the Fourteenth Street Theater. The notice came under the eye of a little golden haired boy who, having been taken to the theater a short time before to see "Baby" and "Old Love Letters," had returned to his home in Jersey City stage struck. The sight of this advertisement seemed like fate to him. Without consulting anyone, he seized his hat, and, frequently inquiring his way, at length arrived at Chickering Hall, where the voices of the children were being tried.

When the new comer's turn arrived,

"Well, my little man, what can you sing?" asked the stage manager.

"I can sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,'" was the reply.

"Try it," came the command.

They took him up on the stage, and, fired by the great desire of his heart, the little fellow sang out with all his might.

"Good," cried the manager, "you are engaged at two dollars a week."

And thus began the stage career of Henry Woodruff, now playing a leading rôle with Charles Frohman's Company in "Surrender." Parents objected, but Harry persisted, and won quick promotion in his chosen course. Later in that same year the boy was cast for a leading juvenile part with Joe Wheelock in a new play called "The Picture." Three dreary acts passed without a smile or an approving sound from the audience. The climax drew near. Wheelock, in agonies of grief and despair, reviled against heaven in a long speech. No response from the front.

Then came Harry's turn. He walked down to the footlights with important dignity, fastened his earnest eyes upon the audience in a naïvely confidential way, and began his soliloquy:

"Well! If things go on like this much longer, we shall all be corpses!"

That was too much for the public; the lines so exactly fitted the situation that the audience burst into wild applause; they waved handkerchiefs, yelled, rose to their feet, and made it impossible for the play to go on. The curtain was rung down, and Harry was the hero of the day.

Young Woodruff shortly after this played with Booth at the theater which bore his name, and latter he appeared with Adelaide Neilson and Edwin Thorne, constantly improving in his art. In 1887 he became a member of A. M. Palmer's Madison Square stock company, filling parts in a wide variety of plays, and creating the character of *Lathrop Page* in "Alabama." Early in the present season he gave a most

enjoyable impersonation of a young Revolutionary hero in Carleton's ill fated "Earlie Trouble." His present part of the young lieutenant, *Arthur Hubbard*, in "Surrender," was especially written for him by Augustus Thomas. The Boston papers acknowledged his performance to be most effective, and in several numbers reiterated their praise of his work.

ALL who have seen "The Masked Ball" will remember distinctly the profuse perspiration into which one of the characters — *Martenot* — is obliged to walk himself in the last act. This part is played by Harold Russell, and with so much realism that he is said to have suffered with a chronic cold during the entire run of the piece. He manages to get himself into condition for the performance each night by having recourse to Turkish baths.

By the way, "My Official Wife," succeeding "The Masked Ball" at the Standard, is to be in turn followed in the latter part of February by "The Sportsman," by the author of "Jane." Mr. Drew



HENRY WOODRUFF.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



JOSEPHINE HALL.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

goes from New York direct to the Hollis Street Theater, Boston, with the same play and company.

JOSEPHINE HALL, who does such excellent work as *Katherine Lawrence* in "Aristocracy," is a Rhode Island girl, having been born in East Greenwich. She was early seized with the "stage fever," as she herself terms it, and was fortunate enough to fall into the good graces of Lillian Russell, while playing her first New York engagement in "Polly" at the Casino. She afterwards appeared as *Susan* in "Billie Taylor" at the same house. Miss Hall has also played in "Evangeline," and with Eben Plympton and Georgie Drew Barrymore in "Jack." Her previous appearance at Palmer's was in "School," under Abbey's management, when the theater was still known as Wallack's.

Following this engagement Miss Hall went abroad and studied under M. Got, of the Comédie Française. Charles Frohman engaged her on her return for "All the Comforts of Home," and the following season she toured with "Shenandoah." Her career is a very promising one.

DURING the past month New Yorkers have enjoyed a musical treat which may be regarded somewhat in the nature of a surprise. When "The Tyrolean" was brought out at the Casino in the fall of 1891 to help fill out the evening with "Cavalleria Rusticana," it made no particular impression on the town. And small wonder. Its three acts were compressed into two, and the leading rôle boldly transposed from tenor to soprano. The same opera was brought out on December 26 at New York's German theater on Irving

Place, the Amberg, and has been running there ever since to crowded houses, Americans as well as the sons and daughters of the Fatherland being eager to hear such good singing.

To one who saw the work in its garbled



HENRY MILLER.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

version at the Casino, the performance at the Amberg is a revelation. It is brought out here under the original name, "Der Vogelhändler" (Bird Dealer), and, as has been well said by some of the critics, "with a cast of stars." But it is not the principals alone who do well. The chorus sings with a vigor that has nothing of the perfunctormess so often apparent on the native stage, and the orchestra is an exceptionally fine one. The same company has in preparation "Das Sonntagskind," Milloecker's opera, already done at the Casino under the name of the "Child of Fortune." The programmes at this house are printed in both German and English, and an argument of the plot is given in the latter tongue.

"ROBIN HOOD's" successor, the new opera for the Bostonians by DeKoven and Smith, was brought out at the Tremont Theater,

Boston, on January 5. Its name, "The Knickerbockers," tells the American nature of the theme, and it is with pleasure we record a verdict of success for the third venture of these bright young men. The music is reported to be of excellent quality and well fitted to the story, which is laid in the early days of New Amsterdam. The lines in places are quite Gilbertian, and about the whole opera there is that flavor of untainted fun which is such a distinguishing feature of the ever popular "Robin Hood." The high degree of favor accorded to comic operas of this class is as great a compliment to the public that confers it as to the men on whom it falls.

* * *

ONE of the most popular leading juveniles on the American stage is Henry Miller, who is this season touring the continent with the "Junior Partner" company and playing the title rôle in Clyde Fitch's curtain raiser, "Frederick Lemaitre." He is at this writing in the West, and will not appear in the metropolis until April.

Mr. Miller is a conscientious artist and a man of agreeable personality. He made his début when he was nineteen, in 1878, having a speaking part of one line in "Amy Robsart," in which play, by the way, he was Miss Wainwright's leading man last season. He has been a member of three New York stock companies—those of the Lyceum, the Madison Square, and Daly's.

Mr. Miller has been married for some years, his wife being Bijou Heron, daughter of the late well known actress Matilda Heron.

* * *

THE most important announcement of the past month in the theatrical world of the metropolis is to the effect that Mr. French is to give up the Garden Theater on January 1, 1894, to be succeeded there by A. M. Palmer and Edmund C. Stanton. Mr. Stanton will also supersede Mr. French as manager of the Grand Opera House on the 1st of May, by which time Mr. French's new American Theater, farther up Eighth Avenue, will be in running order.

Beneath the above public announcement there is a rumor of rather more startling nature. This involves the abandonment by Mr. Palmer of his present theater at Thirtieth Street, and concerns the association with Messrs. Palmer and Stanton, in the management of the Garden Theater,

of George Gould, who owns the Grand Opera House. With such backing, the public will be justified in looking for extraordinary attractions at the pretty play-house in the big building on Madison Avenue.

* * *

MRS. BOUCICAULT is one of the latest accessions to the galaxy of stars, having begun her tour in Christmas week, in Philadelphia, with "Husband and Wife." Louise Thorndyke, as she was before her marriage, is a New Yorker by birth, although her debut on the stage was made at the other end of the continent at Baldwin's Theater, San Francisco, in Bartley Campbell's "Fairfax." It was while she was playing in the Madison Square road company that she met Mr. Boucicault, playing with him in "The Jilt," as *Kitty Woodstock*, both here, in Australia, and in London.

After going on the road with a company from the Lyceum in "Our Flat," Mrs. Boucicault retired from the stage until after her husband's death in September, 1890. Late in that year she played in "Husband and Wife," in Harlem, and in the succeeding spring created with consummate ability the part of *Mrs. Perrin* in "Wilkinson's Widows." The following season she appeared at Herrmann's in "The Solicitor," "The Junior Partner," and "Gloriana."

Mrs. Boucicault is an actress with strong command over her emotions, and invests all her impersonations with wonderful earnestness of purpose.

* * *

The failure of the Casino as a variety hall does not seem to have discouraged other managers in the metropolis from turning their houses over to vaudeville. Proctor's is the latest to undergo a transformation of this character, and the change is certainly a radical one, as the performance begins at noon and lasts until half past ten at night. Only the absence of the "hall of curios" prevents one from likening the place to a dime museum.

Another variety venture begins where Proctor's leaves off—that is at ten thirty p. m. This is the "high toned" Vaudeville Club, which inaugurated its career in the Assembly Rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House on January 10. A variety show of very select nature is this, although it permits smoking, drinking, and Sunday concerts. The "select" feature appertains to the audiences, not to the stage. It costs fifty dollars a year to be possessed of the privilege of dropping in for a few moments

after other shows are closed, and one must be of irreproachable reputation among the "smart" set or his fifty dollars will avail him naught.

The performers are those who appear at the concert halls of the city, and when one reads of their acts it does seem a little strange to find further down in the newspaper reports of the opening, the names of ladies of the Four Hundred as being present in the boxes.

But perhaps this innovation is going to work to good ends after all. Surely no man will go astray with his wife's eye constantly upon him. It may be that the Vaudeville Club will prove a great moral agent.

* * *

NEW YORK's new theater, the Empire, in which Frank Sanger and Charles Frohman are so largely interested, has followed the



MRS. BOUCICAULT.

From a photograph by Ritzmann, New York.

precedent of all new temples of the drama—with possibly one exception, the Manhattan Opera House—and postponed its opening several times. At this writing the event is set down for January 25, the inaugural attraction being the new play by

the way, thinks it strange that there are no theaters on Fifth Avenue, where every other sort of building under the sun seems to have found lodgment.

* * *

MR. WILLARD'S metropolitan engagement was an eminently satisfactory one. His audiences were large and hailed with enthusiasm the opportunity to see him in comedy as well as in more serious parts. On this page we present a portrait of a member of Mr. Willard's company, Miss Keith Wakeman, who played a neat part in the curtain raiser, "My Wife's Dentist."

From the Philadelphia *Music and Drama* we quote the following story, which Mr. Willard tells as a reminiscence of his early days on the stage, when he was playing in a holiday pantomime called "The Seven Devils." At one point in the piece the devils one by one sank through a trap, on their way, presumably, to the nether regions. On this night, however, one of the demons failed to materialize at the theater, and at the last moment one of the "supers" was pressed into service. In the hurry and excitement his bulk had not been considered, and when the other six had safely descended into Pluto's domains, it was found that the fat "super" was many sizes too large for the opening in the trap. There he

stuck in spite of the combined efforts of all the devils to pull him through by the legs.

This of itself was intensely funny, but when one of the gallery boys, in a tone of intense relief, sang out at the top of his voice: "Thank the Lord, 'ell's full!" there was a universal shout of laughter, in which everybody in the building joined, with the single exception of the fat "super."

The production by Mr. Willard of J. M. Barrie's comedy, "The Professor's Love Story," was one of the most marked successes of his metropolitan stay, and proved a fitting successor to Mr. Barrie's "Walker, London."



KEITH WAKEMAN.

From a photograph by the Celebrities Studio, New York.

Belasco and Fyles, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The house is most advantageously situated at Broadway and Fortieth Street, and bears out its name in its style of interior decoration. It is small, and the stage is extremely shallow, but as it will be occupied exclusively by Charles Frohman's comedians, presumably in society plays, room for spectacular productions will not be needed. The metropolis is to be congratulated on gaining another stock company theater of the rank of Daly's and the Lyceum.

An English resident of New York, by

LITERARY CHAT.

"In my opinion we read too many books," says Alphonse Daudet. So much for the French view of it. Here, on the other hand, is the New York *Tribune* declaring that "Mr. Barry Pain is not far out of the way when he says that the habit of writing has spread and increased far more than the habit of reading." Surely, in this country at any rate, this latter tendency is far more noticeable than the so called evil to which M. Daudet refers. Indeed, the outlook is beginning to grow really serious, for with so many men and women occupied in producing literature, where are we to find those who will read it?

Publishers themselves are somewhat to blame for this state of things. In the fierce competition of this *fin de siècle* age they have not been content to rely for gain on the productions of those men who have made literature a special study. They have sought the work of men celebrated in any field—war, exploration, commerce, finance; paid well for it and realized handsome profits. But with what ultimate results? Those which we see around us to-day.

"If Mr. Whitegoods, who has made a fortune in manufacturing prints, can gain money and fame by writing a book on how he did it, why can I not go and do likewise?" Thus reasons Mr. Hypolite, who has made his millions out of lard, and thus the fever spreads, till it seems as if we should eventually be left without any literary class whatsoever, for the reason that writing for the press will be as common among the masses as writing letters once used to be. In fact one of the causes of the decadence of the correspondence habit may be traced to this tendency to pen one's thoughts only with a view to printing them.

At this writing England is still without a poet laureate, and an appointment seems no nearer at hand than it was a month ago. William Watson, who received £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund for writing the best ode on Tennyson, and whose prospects of being invited to occupy the vacant chair seemed in consequence very flattering, has put himself entirely out of

the competition by going insane—with joy, doubtless.

The payment of this bounty recalls the occasion many years ago when Lord Houghton was urged to obtain a somewhat similar grant for a deserving poet. "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as he and Lord Houghton were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" "My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "it is not as easy as you suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get a pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job."

Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response: "Richard Milnes, on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks you why you did not get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you who will be damned."

THE bringing out of a new and handsome edition of "The Wide, Wide World" seems to have inspired the critics with a novel and appalling method of research. One of them has gone to the pains of reckoning just how many times the heroine, Ellen, weeps in the course of the story. The total has slipped our memory, but it is well up among the hundreds. This unique point of view from which to regard an author's work seems to have found immediate favor among the reading public, for straightway we hear of another calculation of the tearful outbursts in another of Miss Warner's books ("Queechy,") two hundred and seven being the figures for the entire number.

But this is not all. Inspired by the example of these other numerical critics, a correspondent of the *British Weekly* sat him down to reckon up the number of blushes blushed by Faith Derrick in "Say and Seal," and 259 is the result.

Now we submit that this is scarcely fair. The action in each of these stories covers a considerable period of time, and given

the conditions therein described, any girl would doubtless have wept and blushed with the same persistence.

And what a waste of effort to count up such episodes as these! We shall next be hearing of hypercritics who have jotted down in cold numerals the number of times Mr. Howells uses the expression "dramatized a scene" in his novels; even Dickens and Thackeray will not be safe, and Shakspeare himself will come in for a share of this straw splitting investigation.

* * *

We admit that it must be a sore temptation to literary folk suddenly become famous, to write when they have nothing to say, confident that the public will read that for which editors have been only too glad to pay, and pay well, too. This was the thought that came to us when we laid aside Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "My Lord the Elephant," contributed to the Christmas number of *Two Tales* and heralded with an exceeding flourish of trumpets.

Query—would this have been the case had the story been the work of an unknown writer? We trow not. In fact we very much doubt whether the manuscript would have been accepted by the publication in which it appeared, which aims to present only work of the highest class in its particular field. Thrown into verse the tale would have an excuse for being, but as it stands it lacks that all important element of the short story—point.

One is tempted to think that Mr. Kipling must imagine himself back on the staff of the Indian paper he used to sub edit when he wrote verses to fill any aching voids the foreman of the composing room might have on the third page. This individual, Raku Din by name, was accustomed to remark: "Your poetry good, sir; just coming proper length today. You giving more soon? One third column just proper."

But in those days of freshness of inspiration Mr. Kipling could better afford to do space filling than he can today, with a reputation behind him to live up to. Such is the penalty of early acquired fame.

* * *

SOME one has been reckoning up the possible revenue of latter day philosophers, taking Herbert Spencer as an example. Spencer has been writing for over forty years, and his income from his books for that period is figured to have been less than five thousand dollars a year, which is very low when compared with what men of equal rank in the world of fiction receive for their work.

From a recent article in *Lippincott's* on Mr. Spencer we learn that he is exceedingly modest, has a very low voice, and a manner that is almost feminine. He is unmarried and lives now among his books in an old fashioned house on Regent's Park, London. He has but few intimate friends, and the writer of the article already mentioned narrates how "his doctor once told him that it was not good for such a man as he to live alone, as his solitary meals were apt to be marred by thinking too much on a deep subject. He advised him to stay for a while in some boarding house, where the dinner table talk would be conducted by nice, cheery, brainless folk. He went, but did not remain long. It came to his ears that the pleasant lady whose seat was next to him at table had a sad disappointment. A friend asked her how she liked the boarding house; could she recommend it? 'Oh, yes, I think I can,' she replied; 'but there is a Mr. Spencer who thinks he knows about science and philosophy. I have to correct him every night!'"

* * *

MARION CRAWFORD has met with such success in his public readings that he has decided to lengthen his stay in America, and may not return to Italy until next summer. Although born in the land where he makes his home, Mr. Crawford is an American. His versatility in the matter of the local color of his stories is perhaps due to his diversified education, as he has studied in the universities of Cambridge, Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, and Rome. It goes without saying that he is an accomplished linguist, and he has traveled extensively. There are few novelists better equipped for their work so far as outward furnishings go, and it may be added that Mr. Crawford possesses the inward genius to use his literary weapons to the best advantage.

"Don Orsino," recently published, completes its author's trilogy on Roman life, and makes his eighteenth novel. His "Zoroaster" has been translated into French, German, Danish, Italian, and Russian. One can well believe that Mr. Crawford writes rapidly when it is remembered that it is but little over ten years since his first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," was published and made him famous. He confesses at times to having written as much as six thousand words a day, but such fecundity in production is excusable when the thing produced is always up to the standard. There be space fillers and space fillers in the literary world.

HAS an author no redress against the critic who "gives away" the mystery of a story in his notice of the book? We should think that Brander Matthews had a very good case in point with the Boston *Transcript* for defendant. In a review of his book for boys, "Tom Paulding," that paper reveals in a sentence a mystery to the development of which three fourths of the story is devoted. One is inclined to connect the writer of such a notice with the young woman described in one of the dailies, who always reads the last chapter of a novel first. The method she employs with novels that she considers "trash" is certainly unique, but not more so than the reasons she gives therefor. "When I get a novel that I consider in this class," she says, "I read the last chapter first. Then I read the next to the last chapter, and so on until I finish the first chapter. I find that the only way in which to enjoy such a book. If I read it straight through from the beginning I would never be in doubt as to the ending. I have read so much of this light literature that I can always tell pretty well on reading the first chapter or two what the outcome of it will be.

"On the other hand, if I begin at the end, my curiosity is aroused to a lively pitch. Here I have the unraveling of misunderstandings and the restoration to happiness of all the worthy people in the book. But I cannot tell how the doubts and differences came about. One can anticipate the close of such a novel near its beginning, but not its beginning near its close. So I read the chapters in reversed order with continued pleasure.

"In serious novels of worth, in which one cannot guess the ending until near it, I also read the last pages first. This is because if I did not my curiosity would impel me to skim through the book in order to get at the outline of the plot. By learning this first, I am content to read the entire work in a more deliberate fashion."

* * *

SPEAKING of trashy fiction, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* quotes a clergyman of that city as declaring that "our light literature is growing both better and worse. The execution has improved, but the morale has degenerated. The old innocuous love stories, with a moral tacked on at the end, no longer please. The sweet country girl, the designing villain, and the honest hearted lover have had their day.

"The idle hour reader is satiated with such namby pamby diet. He insists on

being shocked. He has turned his back on dreamland and demands realism. He is weary of platonic affections and pink cheeked maidens, who, after a narrow escape from the clutches of designing villains, marry the man of their choice and 'live happy ever afterward.' He wants intrigue with beautiful young wives, duels, railway wrecks, boiler explosions, and blazing steamships. He is tired of autumn leaves and spring posies, and demands 'poems of passion.' The more erotic the book the better it sells.

"A story is told of a young authoress, with a keen eye to business, who requested the editor of a great daily to denounce her book as a flagrant violation of the moral code in order to improve its sale. Whether the story be true or not, certain is it that denouncing a book as indecent is sure to increase the demand for it. It is estimated that barring Tolstoi's 'Kreutzer Sonata' from the mails sold half a million copies of it in America. Enterprising publishers now advertise new books as 'treading close, very close, to the danger line.'"

There is, alas, too much truth in the above. While the highest class of our fiction has been gaining in tone and dignity, the lower grades have been steadily deteriorating. Those who never come in contact with the so called literature that comes under the head of "libraries" in paper covers, can have no idea of the means employed to catch the interest of their clientele. The most effective of these appears to be the discounting of the advancing march of scientific achievement in the creation of monstrosities worked by steam and electricity beside which Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* was an inoffensive lamb. Thus these latter day productions of "hack" pens are nothing more nor less than fairy tales of the wildest description. But their very improbability is doubtless their chief charm with their constituency, who evidently feel that they are defrauded of their nickel if the happenings in the story are such as it would be possible for them to see with their own eyes.

* * *

It is doubtful if there is a literary man in the country whose name is seen in the public prints more frequently than is that of Eugene Field. And yet he has written no novel, and published no epic. His fame rests simply and securely on his verses on homely, every day themes, and on sketches that appeal directly to the hearts and experiences of the masses. Mr. Field, although he has been for several years closely iden-

tified with Chicago, was born in Massachusetts and looks the typical New Englander of the old fashioned sort. But a good pen picture of him can be obtained from an anecdote related by the Boston correspondent of the *Critic* in connection with Miss Guiney, who made in six days the translation of Dumas's "Demi-Monde" now being played in New York under the name "The Crust of Society."

"When Miss Guiney was abroad with her mother, in 1887, she was staying at a house where a friend had left a valise of Mr. Field's. For a long time the Boston poet had desired to meet the Chicago poet, and was in hopes that now when he called for his bag she might have that pleasure. But, instead, she and her mother were disappointed to find, one day, that in place of a gentleman of poetic appearance, whom they could greet as Mr. Field, calling for the article, a medium sized stranger, with a slouch hat far down over his eyebrows, lounged up to the house, and in the most indifferent way declared, 'I believe there is a bag here belonging to a man named Field—I will take it.' Disappointed, they gave the article to the messenger—only to find out a few weeks later that this man to whom they had paid not the slightest attention was the identical Eugene Field whom they had wished to welcome."

Although this story is a good one for our purpose—that of giving the reader an idea of Mr. Field's personal appearance—it possesses little novelty as an anecdote. Too many famous men have been overlooked by accident in this manner. We dare say that every one who read to the close of the second sentence knew what the outcome would be. Some day would be hero worshipers will be wise as serpents in these matters, and give an effusive welcome to every insignificant looking stranger that they meet within a mile of a celebrity's home.

Editions de luxe will be cast into the shade by "Liber Scriptorum," which is the name of the unique book to be issued by the Authors' Club during the present winter. There will be but 251 copies printed, and each article in every one of these copies will be signed in pen and ink by the author. As these authors are of course members of the club, and, by inference, literary lights of no mean order, the autographs alone (there will be more than a hundred of them) will be a handsome addition to any collection.

Among the writers to be represented are W. D. Howells, Frank R. Stockton, R. W.

Gilder, Edward Eggleston, Brander Matthews, Bronson Howard, Horace E. Scudder, and Charles Dudley Warner. The contents will include stories, poems, and essays, and the price of each copy, which may be subscribed for now through Rossiter Johnson, 1 Bond Street, New York, is one hundred dollars. The money thus received is to form the nucleus of a fund to secure a permanent home for the club, which at present meets only once every fortnight in hired rooms on West Twenty Fourth Street.

* * *

We fancy that the lot of the editor of *Atalanta*, the British girls' magazine, cannot be a very happy one among her brothers and sisters in the craft. She has actually had the temerity to suggest that novel writing would make a good profession for young ladies, and what is more, has started a school of fiction with the object of teaching the art.

Teach a person how to write a story! How, pray, is one to set to work? What are the rudimentary studies necessary for the pupil who would go properly about inventing his plot? And where is the corps of teachers warranted to inoculate aspiring authors with ideas? If any such there be they ought to command high prices, and that without waiting for the starting of this unique institution on the other side of the water.

* * *

THE "missing word" scheme for booming circulation has crossed the Atlantic and found lodgment among us, just as the grip did, and as we fear the cholera may do. But we may smile and endure the inflection patiently, grateful that it possesses not the realistically awful features of a premium offer made by a German periodical, whose publisher announces that "owing to favorable arrangements, I am enabled to present to the friends of my magazine purchasing the entire volume a living pig, about three months old, on extra payment of 10 pfennig."

* * *

READERS of Mr. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" will be interested to learn that the voyage therein described was a real one, as were also the three men, one of them being the author himself. He was a bachelor in those days, but now he has a most charming wife and lives in ease and comfort in that London where only seven years ago he was so put to it to make both ends meet. Mr. Jerome is a man of very happy temperament, for he can poke fun at himself and evidently enjoy the joke with all

the zest of an outsider. Witness his hits in "Stageland" at the old, reliable playwrights' expedients, of which he calmly makes use in his own dramas. But why should he not? Both essays and plays are among the most delightful of their kind, and if a man can find material for his pen at home, why, pray, need he go abroad for it? This would be a fitting theme for Mr. Jerome himself to treat. We respectfully suggest it to him.

WHEN an anecdote of one famous personage is related by another famous personage it naturally possesses a double interest. And this is the quality attached to the following story of Emerson, printed by the Boston *Transcript*, for it was told by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, who in her Concord home had many opportunities of enjoying the companionship of the great essayist.

"Those who knew Mr. Emerson best," said Miss Alcott, "were assured that what seemed the decline of his faculties in his later years was largely but a seeming; it was only words he could not command at will. His very forgetfulness of the names of things would often give occasion for a flash of his quaint, shrewd wit.

"I remember once he started for his usual walk, when a light shower came up, and he returned for his umbrella. He could not remember the word umbrella, and we, who had not noticed the shower, had no clue to what he was searching for. Another walking stick was brought him, another hat, a fresh kerchief, only to be refused, with that perplexed, gentle shake of the head. 'I want,' said he, at last, 'I want—that thing—that your friends always borrow—and never—bring back!' Could any one fail to recognize that description?"

THE writing of a play expressly for an American theater by the famous French dramatist, Victorien Sardou, emphasizes anew the fact that our manners and customs are coming to make more and more of an impression on the literature of other lands. Paul Lindau, one of the foremost German novelists, has devoted a considerable portion of his new book (to be published here by the Appletons) to life in the United States, while Paul Bourget, a leading French romanticist, has Americans for two of his principal characters in his "Cosmopolis." These foreign depictions of our own natives are oftentimes sad, if unintentional, travesties, but surely we have made free enough with the English squire, the French count, the German baron,

and the Italian bandit in our own literature. Who will claim that in these characterizations the mirror has always been faithfully held up to nature? A fair exchange is no robbery.

AGAIN and again has the story of the repeated rejections of "Vanity Fair" and "Jane Eyre" been told for the benefit of luckless authors trying to dispose of their early manuscripts. It has become so trite a tale, in fact, that we fear it has nowadays but little consolation to offer to the literary aspirant who sadly contemplates the bulky envelope that has just come back to him through the mails. Such will read gladly this fresh supply of balm for their wounded pride, which we find in the Philadelphia *Times*.

The first effort of "a poet whose name is now on almost everybody's lips was sent to a magazine the editor of which was a crabbed dyspeptic. His assistant and 'reader' came to him one morning with the poem, which he had just finished reading.

"There is some genuine poetry by a new poet," he said with enthusiasm. "What do you think we had better do with it?"

"The editor barely glanced at it.

"Does the writer send postage for return?" he asked.

"No," was the answer.

"Then throw it in the waste basket," said the editor gruffly. His assistant was so annoyed that he folded up the poem, tossed it impatiently into the basket and left the room.

"The next day the editor came to him and apologized. 'After you had gone,' he said, 'I fished this thing out and read it. I think it is—well, I think we had better print it at once.' And so that poet's career began.

"Another manuscript many years ago was read by a publisher, who handed it to his right hand man, with the request that he pass judgment on it. 'I rather like it,' said the publisher. 'Tell me what you think.'

"The next day the man came in and gave the manuscript a contemptuous toss the length of the publisher's desk. 'Weak imitation of Chesterfield without Chesterfield's wit,' he said in a sweeping manner.

"The publisher's spirit was up, his mind settled at once. The other's tone had decided him. He determined to rely on his own judgment of the book.

"Well, I'm going to publish it," was all he said, and the book was forthwith put in

hand. That book was Dr. Holland's 'Timothy Titcomb Letters.'

THE New York correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* lately went to visit the man whom he says we call our "greatest American author." How many of our readers, we wonder, will mentally follow this term with the name that occurs in the next line before they see the latter? But to proceed. The man from the Golden Gate described Mr. Howells as "rather small in stature, round and stout, with warm, dimpled hands, which feel good if you are a young aspirant, with your palm in his. His hair is not quite white, though it is iron gray, as is his slight mustache. At first his face seems impassive, but as he warms up with the conversation his small eyes twinkle, a peculiar light spreads over his whole countenance, and he starts quickly though easily from his indolent position of repose into an attitude bolt upright, a hand on either knee, while he says, perhaps, as I heard him:

"'Janvier! he's a fine fellow! He's immense! I think he's one of our coming novelists.'"

From another informant we learn that each new novel is a source of keen anxiety to Mr. Howells. "I never feel quite confident," he says, "that it will work out just as I would like it to. Sometimes such grave doubts assail me that I suspend work for a while. In the course of writing my 'Undiscovered Country' I was compelled to stop and lay the work aside. It rested for two years, during which time I wrote 'The Lady of the Aroostook' and another book. Then I resumed and completed it."

In a previous paragraph the assertion was made that "the highest class of our fiction has been gaining in tone and dignity." While this is true as regards fiction, the tendency seems to be the other way when we come to biography. As soon as a man or woman acquires any prominence his or her personal life is seized upon with avidity by other writers; and the field having been gleaned over many times for general facts, there are still those who do not hesitate to probe under hedges and into odd nooks and corners for any incidents that have hitherto escaped the light of print. The most trivial happenings are served up as literature. We have even seen wives relating the very words in which their deceased husbands proposed to them.

This is bad enough when it is confined to biography, but when the same tendency

invades the domain of autobiography, and authors sit down to tell us of their first toothache and of the sensations of terror inspired, at the tender age of three, by the sight of a policeman—with such diet served up as literature under the name of a writer who has earned a large guerdon of fame for her original work, we are inclined to ask if nursery tales are to be elaborated into pabulum for all ages.

THESE reflections are prompted by the first installment of Mrs. Burnett's childhood recollections, which appeared in one of our leading magazines for January under the title "The One I Knew the Best of All." Here are three specimen paragraphs, clipped from the chapter called "The Back Garden of Eden":

"A pigsty does not seem fascinating to mature years, but to Six-years-old, looking through an opening in a garden hedge and making the acquaintance of a little girl pig owner on the other side, one who knows all about pigs and their peculiarities, it becomes an interesting object.

"Not having known the pig in his domestic circles, as it were, and then to be introduced to him in his own home, surrounded by Mrs. Pig and a family of little Pink Pigs, squealing and hustling each other, and being rude over their dinner in the trough, is a situation full of suggestion.

"The sty is really like a little house. What is he thinking of as he lies with his head half way out of the door, blinking in the sun, and seeming to converse with his family in grunts? What do the grunts mean? Do the little Pink Pigs understand them? Does Mrs. Pig really reply when she seems to? Do they really like potato and apple parings, and all sorts of things jumbled together with buttermilk and poured into the trough?"

Is this literature? If a pigsty is admitted to be an uninviting object to those of mature years, why should the impression it made on a certain small girl of six be any more attractive? If our authors must delve into the infantile past, let them dress up its baldness a little in the guise of fiction. Mr. Aldrich did this with admirable effect in his "Story of a Bad Boy"; doubtless Mrs. Deland drew generously on personal recollections for her charming "Story of a Child." But to find nearly twenty pages of unadulterated nursery reminiscences in a leading magazine, where it is "featured" as one of the year's attractions—"what next?" is the alarmed inquiry of every well wisher of our native literature.

ETCHINGS.

A BELATED REQUEST.

AMONG the anecdotes of Renan which his death has set afloat, there is a good one of what befell at a sort of literary dinner, at which M. Caro, the beloved of fine ladies, was also present. M. Caro had set himself to prove the existence of God, and his eloquent assertions did not seem to interest the sage. In the middle of one of his most sonorous periods M. Renan attempted to make himself heard. But all the ladies were intensely absorbed; they would not have their pleasure spoiled. "In a moment, M. Renan; we will listen to you in your turn." He bowed submissively.

Toward the end of dinner M. Caro, out of breath, stopped with a rhetorical emphasis. At once every one turned toward the illustrious scholar, hoping that he would enter the lists, and the hostess, with an encouraging smile, said: "Now, M. Renan—"

"I am afraid, dear lady, that I am now a little behindhand."

"No, no!"

"I wanted to ask for a little more potato."

THE UNIVERSAL RÔLE.

SHAKSPEARE was right, the world's a stage—

A busy hive of bees in search of honey—

But Bulwer wrote the play that's all the rage,
And all men seek their rôle in money.

A COLORED CONSCIENCE.

THE Listener of the Boston *Transcript* tells the readers of that staid but entertaining journal many a good story, interspersed with his remarks on the early crocus and the proper demeanor to be maintained while crossing the Common. Here is what he calls a "colored" story, which he declares he has no hesitation in printing, inasmuch as it came to him through the hands of a good churchman.

Some people who went down to Mississippi, and took a plantation, had a black woman in their employ who was very pious. This fact did not prevent her, one week, from stealing a couple of geese belonging to a neighbor. The crime was found out

and properly reprobated by the mistress of the plantation.

Next Sunday the negro woman prepared to go to church, and announced that she would not be home at the usual time, because it was communion Sunday, and she was going to take communion. The mistress was astonished, and asked the woman if she thought that, in view of her recent performance, she was in condition to take the sacrament.

The old black woman opened her eyes in astonishment.

"La, mis'," she exclaimed, "you tink I'se gwine miss my dear Jesus for two ol' geese?"

QUEER DOINGS IN KEMPEN.

THE modern Cloud-Cuckoo-City is undoubtedly Kempen, in Holland, where Thomas à Kempis was born. At one time a fire broke out in the town, and much damage was done because the engines were out of repair. The Council met, and after much argument it was voted that on the eve preceding every fire the town officers should carefully examine the engines, pumps, etc.

One of the greatest profits of the town was the toll exacted at the gates. The Council wished to increase the income, and instead of increasing the toll it doubled the number of gates. This same Council also ordered the sundial to be taken from the court house common and placed under cover, where it would be protected from the weather.

But of all the queer things that are told of Kempen and its people nothing is so absurd as this: Grass grew on the top of a very high tower, and the only way those droll Dutchmen could think of to get it off was to hoist a cow up and let her eat it.

A STARVING EMPEROR.

ONE is irresistibly reminded of King Alfred and the cakes by the following story concerning the young emperor of Germany. While out hunting in Austria recently he found himself three miles from the luncheon baskets when he began to grow hungry. He therefore asked his

companion, Count Dolma, if there was nothing at all eatable in the neighborhood, and the count remembered that there was a small farm not far away. Thither they went, and the woman of the house told them she had only milk, bread, butter, and wurst to set before them, and very little of that.

"Milk, bread, butter, and wurst!" exclaimed His Majesty, "why, that is a meal to set before a king."

And he set to with such good will that soon only a few fragments remained.

"And now, my good woman," said the emperor, taking a golden double eagle from his pocket and placing it in the hand of the farmer's wife, "go and buy yourself more wurst and more bread, and, if you can afford it out of the change, a twenty cent picture of the Kaiser, for you can then point to it and say: 'I once saved that poor man from starvation.'"

PALMISTRY.

I HELD her hand
To trace her fate by line and bend;
'Twas half past eight when I began,
And when I finished—very late.

For I forgot the method, and
Till I recalled it—held her hand
While she became a prophetess
By whispering to my question—"Yes."

VALENTINE'S DAY IN NEW MEXICO.

I AM morally certain that there never had been an excitement over Valentine's Day in the Cubero section house before. There was no reason why there should be. Away out on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, seventy miles from Albuquerque, with nothing in sight but the igneous mesas, the scant valley dotted with a few Indian farms, and the tapering ladder of rails that seemed to come from nowhere and go to nothing—it was the last place in the world for the little and brittle god to waste any time on so busy a day. There were no neighbors to send valentines, nor dwellers in the ugly brown house to send them to, save the senior Mulcaheys and their five scions (the eldest aged six) and four very frowsy Mexican laborers. As for Petra, the Indian dish contester, she slept at home in Casa Blanca, and was not counted as one of the household at all.

But when No. 3 went snuffling westward that morning, and the worn russet pouch came tumbling across the snow, a valentine had certainly arrived in Cubero. It was the only mail—a letter for "Mrs.

Kate Mulcahey, Cubero Section House, N. M.," and it ran thus:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Feb. 13, 1893.

MY DEAREST KATE:

This is the day of hearts and arrows, but I shall send you no other valentine except this little message. We need wait no longer to be happy. I have money enough saved up now. Let us fly from this dreary land and make our nest in some more congenial clime. Never mind the children—let some one else look out for the little heathens. I cannot bear to have you wasting your time with them. Come to me, sweetheart.

Yours devotedly, ROBERT.

To say that Mrs. Mulcahey was dumfounded, outraged, paralyzed, by this unexpected valentine would be an inadequacy so utter as to be criminal or willful fiction. Language would fail to graze the cuticle of her sensations. When articulate speech came back, two window panes yielded to the exuberance of her—

"Dinnis! DINNIS! An' is it hittin' the bed yees are, phwile the faceless divils insools the mother av yer chidher? Bang!" (a chair hits the bedroom door) "Come out, ye lowfer! Here's a blaggar-rd writes me 'his dearest Kate,' an' wull Oi floi wid 'im! An' niver moind the childer—hit some wan ilse tind the haythen brats! Howly Mary! Hilp! Mur-r-dher!"

But let us draw a veil. There are some scenes too painful to be contemplated.

The same morning Miss Kate Mullen, mission teacher of a school of ragged Mexican children at San Rafael, trudged to the post office before school.

"I know Robert will send me a nice valentine," she was saying to herself. "He wrote not long ago that he hoped soon to be able to leave Spicer & Sanders—he hates bookkeeping—and set up for himself. And then—" and she blushed softly and walked the faster.

One letter for Miss Mullen—yes, from Robert. She walked down the road a bit and tore it open shyly. And then she gave a little scream, flung the letter to the ground, and ran into the house, sobbing: "The horrid brute! I *never* will marry him!"

Out in the road the mischievous bit of paper lay till I chanced along and picked it up. It was only this:

SPICER & SANDERS, GROCERS.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., 2, 13.

DEAR MADAM:

We are obliged to decline further dealings with you until your account is settled. We have to pay cash, and so will you.

Yours truly,

SPICER & SANDERS.

I myself think Robert must have dropped a stitch somewhere.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

EDWARD ATKINSON is known as an unusually accomplished statistician. It is perhaps his very familiarity with arithmetical symbols, and his skill in handling them in columns and battalions, that account for his published views on a question which, as he says, "it is very difficult to deal with in mere figures," and to which "one must apply the imagination."

This question is that of the effect of unrestricted immigration upon the social and industrial conditions of this country. Mr. Atkinson holds that the space we still have waiting for tenants is incalculable in extent. Although it may be true that practically all of our government land that is fit for cultivation has been disposed of, he urges that but a small fraction of our soil is as yet in actual use. Our wheat crop, for instance, is raised upon a territory equal to two per cent of the area of the country, exclusive of Alaska; our corn and all other grain crops upon about thrice as much—and this under what Mr. Atkinson calls "rude cultivation" in comparison with the careful tillage of the crowded European lands.

But can Mr. Atkinson guarantee that the immigrant armies whose westward march is now checked, will, if they are permitted to pour again into our ports, move out into the waste places of the West and build up communities on what is now the desert? He seems ready to give such a guarantee. He asserts that even in the crowded cities of the East, "the population is not increasing in the slums and tenement houses. No great proportion of the five and a quarter million immigrants who have come here within the past ten years could have stayed in the cities." But herein he ignores the bitterest complaint that is made against the character of latter day immigration—a complaint that rests upon facts and figures, upon common observation and unchallenged experience.

Ten years ago every week brought us thousands of hardy peasants from the countries of northern Europe, men who contributed worthily to the settlement of our young Western commonwealths. To-day there throng to our ports the ignorant,

squalid refugees of southwestern Europe, people utterly alien to our modes of life and government, who herd and huddle in our city slums, in our mines and factories; an element that is worse than superfluous, and forms a positive menace to the community. Mr. Atkinson speaks of the need of settlers in such unoccupied fields as the Panhandle of Texas. Does he imagine that these exiled Jews of Russia and these beggars from the cellars of Naples are going to Texas and becoming farmers? If so, he is curiously mistaken.

Mr. Atkinson sees no evil in immigration; Senator Chandler takes it for granted that it involves evils so great that an immediate check upon it is demanded by an almost universal feeling. In the Senator's exposition of his views he recites the temporary considerations of a cholera epidemic, which could scarcely be averted were the immigrant tide allowed to resume its flow, and of the World's Fair, which the first appearance of the disease would doom to disastrous failure; but he rightly attaches still more importance to the plea that his bill, now before Congress, enacting a year's suspension of immigration, would "give the much needed time for the discussion and preparation of suitable permanent measures of restriction." There is, as he says, a considerable variety of opinion on the precise degree of restriction that is required, and the best method of enforcing it; but it is becoming more and more clear that there is an overwhelming sentiment in favor of taking some genuine and effective action in the matter.

Mr. Atkinson regards it as "pusillanimous to refuse a refuge to the oppressed of other lands." To realize a danger and take measures to avert it is not pusillanimity—it is prudence.

ARE MILLIONAIRES SELFISH?

IF the late Jay Gould's will provoked comment upon the real or alleged selfishness of millionaires, some subsequent incidents give food for reflections of a different and much more agreeable character. Five times within the last few weeks have the newspapers recorded the bestowal of great gifts upon projects of public utility, by

donors whose very names—Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Armour, Garrett, and Huntington—are synonymous with vast aggregations of wealth.

The smallest of these gifts were the \$100,000 presented to the American Fine Arts Society by George W. Vanderbilt, to enable that association to purchase a gallery for exhibitions of paintings, and a like sum given to the public library of Westchester, New York, by C. P. Huntington. More than thrice as great is Miss Mary Elizabeth Garrett's addition to the endowment fund of Johns Hopkins University. For some time the famous Baltimore college had been endeavoring to raise half a million dollars to found and equip a medical department. A little less than \$200,000 had been secured, of which Miss Garrett had contributed one fourth. On one of the last days of 1892 she completed the half million by a gift of \$306,977, which was offered on condition that women should be admitted to the proposed medical school with precisely the same privileges as those accorded to male students—a condition that was accepted by the trustees of the university.

More princely yet were the benefactions of John D. Rockefeller and Philip D. Armour, of both of which Chicago was the fortunate recipient. Of Mr. Rockefeller's munificence, which, unostentatious though it is, is yet known to be wide, the Chicago University is the favorite object. For the foundation of a great institution of learning in the Lake City he gave no less than \$2,600,000 between June, 1890, and February, 1892; and to that vast sum he added another million as a Christmas offering on the 23rd of December. If his enormous wealth can accomplish it—and there is every reason to believe that it can—Mr. Rockefeller is evidently determined to establish in Chicago a university that shall rival the greatest in the world.

It seems to be an understood condition of his munificence that the building fund, raised by the people of Chicago, shall keep pace with his gifts to the institution's endowment. Most colleges have come into existence with their domicile provided for, but their maintenance left to later benefactors. Mr. Rockefeller's idea is apparently the reverse of this. Whatever Chicago will build, he will equip with revenues ample to secure the fullest measure of activity, prosperity, and usefulness. When the half completed university opened its first session last autumn, it already counted six hundred students—nearly half of them gradu-

ates of other colleges—and over a hundred instructors. With such earnestness of success, the constitutionally buoyant press of Chicago is predicting that within ten years the university's growth will have surpassed the century old development of the famous colleges of the East, and will make it the first center of learning in America. Whether this ambitious forecast be realized or not,—for other universities will not be outstripped without a struggle—the Western institution is already sure of great prosperity and a high degree of usefulness, and is certain to form a magnificent monument to its benefactor's generosity.

No less noble was Mr. Armour's gift to his city—a manual training school that represents, for land, building, and endowment fund, about a million and a half. There could hardly be an institution of more direct value to the community than one whose purpose is to teach the rising generation how to earn an honest and intelligent livelihood. It is said that Mr. Armour for some years has been maturing his project in consultation with such men as George W. Childs and others who may be termed experts in philanthropy. It is scarcely necessary to say that practicality is the great feature of his plans. Very characteristic was the utterance credited to him by a journalist who saw him on the day after his benefaction had become public. He declared that there was nothing to add to the published report. "The institute," he said, "has already been turned over to the trustees, and there is a mission attached to it. There is nothing sectarian about the mission. Its religion will be sixteen ounces to the pound, but undenominational, and it makes no difference to me whether its converts are baptized in a soup bowl, a font, or the river."

Some foreign critic declared, a generation ago, that whereas in England a man who amassed great riches simply desired to found a family, in America he would not be content unless he established a great public institution. There has in late years been a more or less prevalent impression that the comparison did our wealthiest class more than justice. Perhaps that impression should be again revised. The concrete instances to which we have alluded are certainly gratifying confirmations of the hopeful views quoted in last month's number of this magazine from an address by Dr. Gates, wherein the president of Amherst declared his belief that "men of wealth are coming to be ashamed of their

wealth unless they can point to some service which their wealth is doing the public and their fellow men."

THE CATHEDRAL IN AMERICA.

THE building of the cathedral of St. John, formally inaugurated on the 27th of December last, marks the entrance of a new factor into the organic life of American Protestantism. For between a cathedral—such a cathedral as New York's splendid temple is to be—and a church there is a wide difference of nature and of purpose. The cathedral is the embodiment of a distinct religious idea, which has hitherto lacked expression among us; which has indeed been repressed by the influence of our Puritan traditions, and has even been branded as anachronistic and un-American; which nevertheless cannot be permanently neglected in taking account of the instincts that demand recognition in human theologies.

We have heard much of the decline of religious faith that is said to be in progress among this utilitarian generation and in these materialistic latter years of the nineteenth century. A well known clergyman's recent declaration that "Protestantism is a failure in New York" was but the condensation into a phrase of the philosophic pessimism with which many observers regard our established ecclesiastical institutions. But such a conclusion can only be reached by a very partial consideration of the facts in the case. The statistics of irreligion are admittedly alarming enough; but the question cannot be settled by examining one side of it. The statistics of religion are entitled to a hearing, and they are nothing less than imposing.

Protestantism a failure in New York, when there are within the limits of that one city over four hundred Protestant churches! The addition of the Catholic churches would make the total number of houses of Christian worship nearly five hundred; and never, perhaps, was that number increasing so notably as at present. Christianity a failure, when these five hundred churches are the center of such great and growing forces of philanthropic work? One sect alone, the Episcopal, has in New York some seventy educational and charitable institutions of a general character, some of them of the first magnitude, besides the almost innumerable benevolent agencies of its three score parishes.

The churches are a tremendous, a colossal power in the metropolis. But the

churches do not adequately embody the full ideal of Christianity. Noble as many of them are in themselves and in the work they do, there is an aspiration that they do not satisfy, an instinct they do not adequately recognize. The church as we know it is an auditorium with something more or less resembling a platform, from which sermons are delivered, and with perhaps a parish room and possibly a soup kitchen attached to it. Such is at least the popular conception, and such is the form beyond which the church can never advance very far. Its congregation consists as a rule of those who pay for their sittings. It is practically a religious club. It is essentially a local, and more or less a private organization. Of course, in many ways a church's strength arises from these very facts. It "gets hold" of its people as an institution of wider scope cannot. Limitations may give added intensity to that which they limit, but they are still limitations.

The central idea of the cathedral is something very different. What that something is has been so well explained by Bishop Potter that we cannot do better than quote his words. He asks "those who remember Rouen, or Durham, or Salisbury, whether, when first they entered some such noble sanctuary, there was not that in its proportions, its arrangements, its whole atmosphere, which made it, in a sense that it had never been before, their impulse to kneel? We may protest that this is mere religious æstheticism, and in one sense it is; but until we have divorced the soul and the body, the eye and the mind, the imagination and the senses, we cannot leave it out of account. We Americans are said to be the most irreverent people in the world, and of the substantial truth of that accusation there cannot be the smallest doubt. But did it ever occur to ask how it came about? It is time to stop talking about the influence of Puritan traditions to descendants who are so remote as to be unable to distinguish between the austerity that hated ceremonialism, and the debonair indifference that dismisses the simplest elements of religious decorum. We have little reverence because we have but a poor environment in which to learn it. The vast majority of church buildings in America are utterly unsuggestive of the idea of worship. There is nothing in them to hush speech, to uncover the head, to bend the knee. They are expedients devised for a certain use, and that use is one which, under any honest construction of it, in-

volves an utterly fragmentary conception of the Christian religion."

Such is the devotional aspect of the cathedral; there is another no less important. Daniel Webster once declared that there was strong evidence of the divine origin of Christianity in the fact that it had so long survived its being preached in tub pulpits. Bishop Potter adds that its survival in spite of the enormous incongruity of the pew system is stronger evidence still. "In St. Paul's in London," he says, "or in St. Peter's in Rome—sanctuaries, each of grandest proportions, and of most magnificent worship—you may see today what, never since their doors were opened, has by any chance been seen in any one of the sanctuaries that line our chief thoroughfares in the great American cities, and that is a steady stream, not alone of the poor, but of the poorest, ragged, barefooted, travel stained, working men and peasants, with babies in their arms, to whom those Christian temples are not theirs, or yours, or mine, but God's, and, therefore, as free to them as God's air and God's sunshine. If we are going to teach the great lesson of Christian brotherhood, of the absolute equality of all men before their Father who is in Heaven, how more expressively can we teach and affirm it than by rearing a sanctuary in which nowhere nor under any conditions shall there be any reserved rights, any locked pews, any hired sittings, any proscription on the one hand or any favoritism on the other? It is in this conception that the true idea of a cathedral culminates. It is vast, it is rich, it is stately and majestic in proportion and in appointments. It is for the honor of God and not for the glory of man—and it is free to all alike."

This is surely a conception that is neither un-American nor out of harmony with the modern spirit. We see cause for congratulation to the metropolis in the fact that this great ecclesiastical project has within the last year or two made substantial progress toward realization, and that it has found support beyond the limit of the particular sect with which it is especially identified. The builders of the wonderful cathedrals of the middle ages—such as, for instance, those ancient structures of the northern French cities which have seldom been rivaled in later centuries—were sustained and aided by the whole energies of their communities. Those days are not these, yet it cannot be denied that in the work undertaken by Bishop Potter there is much that appeals both to the civic pride

of the metropolis and to a religious sentiment as wide as Christianity itself.

THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF MEXICO.

CONSIDERING the fact that Mexico immediately adjoins the United States along a frontier more than fifteen hundred miles in length, it is somewhat strange that the vast majority of Americans know so much more of the distant lands of the Old World than of their neighbor republic.

On those comparatively rare occasions when our newspapers give space to accounts of events and conditions in Mexico, they display a lack of consistency that strongly illustrates our general ignorance of affairs beyond our Southwestern border. Their estimates of the politics and the society, the progress and the prospects, of the country of Juarez, display a mutual contradictoriness that would be impossible on any but an obscure subject.

We are sometimes told that Mexico is making unexampled advances in all directions. Under the beneficent administration of Diaz, it is asserted, reforms of various kinds have been effected with remarkable rapidity. Religious freedom has been established both in name and in reality. A primary school system has been inaugurated, and higher and technical schools increased in number. Brigandage has been suppressed, and there has been a great improvement in the material condition of the people. The government has favored immigration, aided the development of the country's natural resources, and pursued an enlightened and liberal industrial and commercial policy. What was once thought of by the world as a land whose chief products were cacti and fighting soldiery has become a land seamed with railroads, where men work busily in mine, field, and factory, and where ships load and unload rich cargoes of merchandise. For sixteen years, we are reminded—a long period in a Latin country—Mexico has had internal peace. During that time her wealth has been trebled, and if the present conditions shall continue it is predicted that she will not be long in taking her place among the richest and most prosperous of civilized nations.

In the same strain we find President Diaz, who now holds the chief magistracy for the fourth time, pictured as a great statesman and a true patriot, a man of energetic and resolute character, whose signal abilities are devoted with perfect singleness of purpose to the service of his

country. If he has ambition, we are assured that he desires power only to use it in making Mexico strong and respected. His political opponents are branded as mere reactionists. The extreme clerical party is hostile to him for his maintenance of religious freedom; the so called Anti-Americans antagonize and denounce his encouragement of commercial intercourse with the United States; in fact, all those who are out of line with the modern movement are admittedly against him, but the friends of progress are his friends, and the great body of the nation's public opinion was, it is claimed, faithfully reflected in the result of the elections that recently re-established him in his office.

Such is one view of Mexico and its ruler. But alternately with such roseate declarations our journals publish statements of a very different kind. The country, according to these latter, is ripe for a great revolution. Indeed, since the time when Diaz crossed the Rio Grande sixteen years ago, with twenty five men, marched on the capital, deposed President Lerdo, and seized the government, the only thing that has maintained him in power is the fact that no leader of ability and daring has arisen to oust him. The condition of the country is painted in the gloomiest colors, as one of perennial discord, discontent, and degradation. Its population—and here we are dealing with unquestioned facts—is about twelve millions, more than half of which consists of full blooded Indians, speaking thirty or forty distinct languages, and living, throughout a great part of the country, the nomadic life of savages. There are something like a million native whites, chiefly descended from the early Spanish conquerors; the remainder being mostly mestizos or half breeds, with a sprinkling of negroes and miscellaneous foreigners. To speak of civilization even as a possibility in such a community is to use the term in a different sense from that in which it is usually understood.

In this mongrel population, say the unfriendly critics of Mexico, there are two classes of society—the very few rich and the very many poor. The rich are restless under the burden of oppressive taxes, amounting almost to confiscation of property. The poor are more than restless—they are desperate in their squalid, grinding poverty, such a poverty as is not known this side of the Rio Grande. The rich have no confidence in the government, and no loyalty to it. The poor are ready at any moment to join a revolutionary leader who

will promise to feed them, clothe them, and pay them a trifling pittance.

Order is maintained, the pessimists continue, by the agency of the army, and by that alone. Every city and town is heavily garrisoned with Diaz's troops. And such troops! Most of them are convicts who have enlisted to escape punishment, or banditti whom Diaz has induced to enter the regular service. There is not a penitentiary in the United States where the prisoners are not better treated than are the soldiers of the Mexican army. Many of them are never armed or drilled, lest they should use their weapons and skill to revolt. Most of them are kept locked up in the barracks, or are let out only to labor in gangs, and under guards, upon public works.

Nor does the church escape denunciation. The Catholic priests of Mexico are accused of a laxity, not to say a degradation, that can scarcely be paralleled in the least enlightened countries. Their influence is said to be openly for evil and not for good. "Take the leading church in Monterey, for instance," declares an American correspondent. "You step from the church door to a plaza owned by the church, in which stand fifty tents in which are conducted monte, roulette, and other games of chance. Behind this stands the bull pen, and the profits and rentals go to the church. Think of any church in America indulging in such excesses!"

Of this clerical corruption Diaz is the avowed foe, and therein lies another danger to the established regime. The Mexican clergy have financial agents in Europe, and would be more than willing to transmit money, through channels that would defy detection, to a revolutionary leader pledged to restore their former political ascendancy.

As for the popular support of Diaz, the elections on which he rests his title to office are said to be the hollowest sort of mockery. It is asserted that on the election days there are no booths or polling places open, and no one attempts to vote. A few ballot boxes are sent to certain points, and the officials in charge are instructed in advance how the returns should be counted.

Diaz himself, it is declared, is a despot such as the Czar of Russia never dreamed of being. He got his power by force of arms and has retained it by the same means, reinforced by trickery. He owed his first success to the aid of two men—Gonzales and Trevino, and the three agreed to occupy the Presidency alter-

nately. Diaz accordingly ruled from 1876 to 1880, and turned the office over to Gonzales, who held it to 1884. Then came Trevino's time, but Diaz broke faith with him, seized the post himself, and has kept it ever since. He has since "squared himself" with both of his former associates by enabling them to amass great fortunes; but it is hinted that neither of them has forgotten his perfidy.

The Garza affair of a year ago was, it is argued, a symptom of the incurable unrest of Mexico. Had Garza displayed any ability as a leader, he could have done what Diaz did sixteen years ago. He failed through lack of initiative power, not for want of opportunity; and the forces that stood ready to espouse his cause at the first sign of success are still waiting for some real leader to come forward.

Which is correct, the pessimistic view of Mexico or the optimistic, the bright picture or the dark?

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

PURE speculation is at least an interesting mental amusement, even if it is not strictly speaking a profitable occupation. And why should not the mind have its holidays and recreations as well as the body?

Speculation could hardly find a more attractive field, or one in which it is freer to roam at its own sweet will, than the condition of the human race in some future age. What will our greatgrandchildren, for example, be doing a hundred years hence? What will their daily life be like? Will they be happier and more prosperous, better fed, better clothed, better housed, wealthier and more enlightened than ourselves, or the reverse?

It can hardly be doubted that they will in many ways be better situated than we are. The general trend of human history has been so decidedly toward progress that the tendency is practically certain to be continuously operative. The nineteenth century has been a season of unprecedentedly rapid advancement; in the twentieth the pace may possibly slack, but is much more likely to quicken.

The general condition of living in civilized countries has been greatly improved in modern times. There is still vast room for further improvement, which the next century will see realized, at least in part. Our greatgrandchildren will consume more food than we do. They need not fear that the supply will run short, for the cultivation of the earth will be both extended and

improved by the settlement of vacant land and the perfection of agricultural machinery and methods.

They will probably live in iron dwellings. Engineers predict that not only great city buildings but even country houses will be of that metal, which will be produced in ever increasing quantity and cheapness. The exhaustion of the world's supply of it need not be thought of in connection with so brief a period as a century. Nor is there any prospect of a shortage of coal within that time. There will be no lack of fuel for the vast machineries of the coming generation's foundries and factories.

Besides, new sources of power may be utilized, and new and better methods of applying power may be devised. The solar motor of which Ericsson dreamed may be a reality in 1993. The transmission of force by electricity may render it possible to make the water power of Niagara turn wheels in New York. The tides may be harnessed to do man's bidding; and—still more astonishing possibility—the internal heat of the earth may perhaps be put on tap to warm his dwellings and drive his engines. Those engines may be very different from ours. The fact that in our most economical steam engines only one fifth of the heat generated by their fuel is put to effective use shows the great field for improvement in this department.

Our greatgrandchildren's industrial energies are sure to be mightier than ours. Standard articles of manufacture, which have been greatly cheapened in our times, will be cheaper yet—such as paper, fabrics of wool and cotton, watches and clocks, sewing machines, knives, and tools, glass and porcelain. Abundance of all these things will be easily within reach of the poorest laborer.

On the other hand, wooden articles may be dearer, for improvements in their manufacture will be counterbalanced by an increasing scarcity of suitable woods. And in obedience to another tendency that is already manifest, objects of luxury, and the finest products of artistic industry, will become more and more costly with the growth of wealth.

A radical change in the conditions of every day life, and one that seems almost certain to come within the next century, will be effected by the replacing of draught horses by steam or electric vehicles, probably the latter. This will be a great boon to the inhabitants of huge and crowded cities. All over the world methods of communication will be improved; there

will be new waterways, new railroads, faster locomotives, and more powerful steamers; there may be such wholly novel inventions as Mr. Maxim's aeroplanes. These will help to avert all danger of a failure of the world's food supply, even if chemistry does not come forward with some such magnificent discovery as a practical method of extracting nutriment directly from the soil.

The history of humanity shows that progress is the law of the race; and progress is not likely to end with the present generation. A glimpse at the world in 1993 would probably surprise and delight us as much as a glimpse at our times would have surprised and delighted Bacon or Galileo.

IS GENIUS INSANITY?

THAT genius is akin to insanity has often been said, but rather as a metaphorical generalization than as a precise statement of psychological fact. But Professor Lombroso of the university of Turin, who is ranked as one of the first of European authorities on mental disorders, recently published a volume in which he deliberately and elaborately expounds the doctrine that genius is actually and scientifically nothing more nor less than a form of cerebral disease.

In what the world worships as genius, or at least in the great majority of its manifestations, the Italian professor sees merely an abnormal development of certain portions or functions of the brain—an abnormality that constitutes a clearly defined disease of that organ. "Degenerative psychosis of the epileptoid group" is the specific appellation by which he identifies it for technical classification.

This theory is fortified by a great mass of evidence gathered by much research into historical details. Among the cases considered are those of Newton, Michelangelo, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Byron, Robert Burns, Dante, Goethe, and Victor Hugo; and in each of them Professor Lombroso finds indications of the brain disorder that he calls psychosis. Newton's discovery of the laws of matter and motion was perhaps the most remarkable achievement in the intellectual history of mankind; yet—every one knows the story—to let his cat and her kittens in and out of his study he thought it necessary to cut a small hole in the door for the kittens as well as a large hole for the cat. Similar phenomena have no doubt been observable in the case of many other great men: but they have generally been mentioned

as oddities or eccentricities rather than by the much harsher term that the Italian professor applies to them.

Some of the world's most brilliant thinkers and artists have shown by their disordered lives that they combined splendid imaginative and creative powers with a corresponding lack of capacity for the practical affairs of life. They are like ships with magnificent engines and no rudder. Byron was such a man; Burns was something like him. Goethe, too, had the restless disposition of a wanderer. It is far more easy to regard these as madmen than Newton, whose life was one of quiet scientific research; Michelangelo, whose long career was spent in marvelously prolific toil with brush and chisel; or Hugo, who played a creditable part in politics and was a tireless literary worker.

If Mozart and Mendelssohn were really insane, then we owe to cerebral disease some of the grandest strains that music ever sounded. If Dante was a victim of psychosis, then the very highest order of poetic creation may be a product of that mental disorder. Indeed, we are tempted to inquire where the sane men "come in" in Professor Lombroso's scheme of creation. He seems to leave for them a comparatively insignificant part in the shaping of the world's destiny.

"SCHOOLGIRL" FICTION.

IN a recent exposition of his views upon the nature, actual and ideal, of the novel, Marion Crawford—who certainly speaks with authority upon the subject—laments incidentally that the fiction of the day, like its dramatic literature, is controlled by our too tender regard for the morals of the younger readers or listeners. "We have," he says, "the thoughts and the understanding of men and women, and not of schoolgirls. Yet the schoolgirl practically decides what we are to hear at the theater, and, so far as our own language is concerned, determines what we are to read."

Mr. Crawford is not the first novelist who has chafed under the restrictions that convention imposes upon his craft in the English speaking countries, and who has envied the greater freedom allowed to their French brethren. Taine and other Gallic critics, in turn, have expatiated upon the canon that art has or should have nothing to do with morality, and have branded English and American novelists, from the time of Goldsmith to our own day, as deficient in art because they insist upon obtruding a didactic element into their work.

The question, like most other questions, is one that has two sides. There is a debasing extreme of prurience masquerading as realism, there is a ridiculous extreme of ignorant and narrow prudery, and there is a middle course of sound artistic judgment. The first tendency it is not necessary to exemplify by citing particulars. The second was amusingly illustrated the other day by the library committee of an English town, who decided to banish from their shelves "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random," and other masterpieces of eighteenth century fiction, which are, in the opinion of these provincial Grundies, irredeemably defiled by the unchaste passages that reflect the manners and morals of the days in which they were written. As Mr. Labouchere points out, in noting the incident, such a prudish censoriousness would exclude from our libraries most of the great classics of literature—the plays of Shakspeare, the metrical romances of Chaucer, the satires of Juvenal, the histories of Herodotus, and even the Bible itself. The fiction that these censors would pronounce satisfactory would hardly be so regarded by critics of broader mind.

What we mean by the "middle course" may be illustrated by Mr. Crawford's own statement, with which his works are in consonance, that the ideal novel "must be clean and sweet, for it must tell its tale to all mankind, to saint and sinner, pure and defiled, just and unjust." Sound judgment is always a saving virtue. The end and aim of art is not to be didactic on the one hand nor to be realistic on the other, but to be artistic. It should not subordinate truth to the teaching of a lesson in morality, nor should it subordinate the pleasing, the proportionate, the beautiful, and the noble, to the straining after realism. It is getting money under false pretenses to sell a sermon under the name of a novel. Equally unsatisfactory is a catalogue of observations, a labored tracing of insignificant, unworthy, and often repulsive details.

A picture is something better and nobler than a photograph. The same rule holds good in literary as well as in graphic art. Napoleon defined the purpose of art as being "to create and foster agreeable illusions." It deals with the real, but deals with it to idealize, not merely to reproduce. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely—that is the field of art, and there it will find the soil for a perfect growth, free from the interference of those prim Philistines who would trim and prune

it by their narrow rule of thumb, and free, too, from the rank and choking weeds of an ignoble "realism," so called.

In this conception of art lies the true solution of the question of morality in fiction.

FACING DEATH.

MANY of us are familiar with the Litany's prayer "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us"; yet how many have the courage to face a foreseen and expected end with the calm philosophy of a Western editor, who, a few weeks ago, before undergoing a desperate surgical operation, sat down to write a valedictory?

Country newspapers seldom contribute to literature; but no ancient or modern master of pathos ever penned anything more truly touching than this last piece of "copy" from the busy and weary pen of an Iowa journalist—his farewell to a prosaic life of daily toil. He finds the best illustration of life and death in the railroad train. All see it steaming on, all hear the bell and whistle sounding to warn of its approach, yet none takes heed of it except those who are to be its passengers. These listen to the noise of its coming, watch it as it sweeps down toward them and stops to receive them, and wonder how others can seem so insensible to its rush and roar.

And then the writer looks at the train and those whom it has carried. He sees upon it the men who, since the beginning of his own life, have made this country great and glorious. There are Webster, Clay, Douglas, Sumner, and Lincoln; there are Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bryant, and Whittier; there are Beecher, Phillips, and Greeley; there are Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and Sheridan. From other lands, too, there are Cobden and Bright, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Dickens, and a host of others. And when he looks from these great departed spirits to the world that they have left, and sees none to fill their places, he does not shrink from the thought of following in the footsteps of the men who gave the earth its chief glories.

Then he turns to his own community, and thinks of the neighbors and friends whose obituaries he has written in the past; and when he sees that of those near and dear to him more are gone than are left behind, he says that he "can feel no alarm at traveling this beaten path from our city."

Socrates never uttered truer philosophy.



OUR GRANDMOTHERS' DANCING LESSON.
From the painting by Tody E. Rosenthal.